THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illus[illegible] Weekly
Founded A[illegible] enj. Franklin

AUGUST 1, 1914 — 5cts. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

IN THIS NUMBER: Samuel G. Blythe—George Pattullo—Montague Glass
William Allen White—Charles E. Van Loan—Frederick Irving Anderson

Clean Mills——
Clean Wheat——
Clean Flour——

Every grain of wheat ground into Washburn-Crosby's **Gold Medal Flour** is washed in clear, sparkling water before going to the grinding rolls.

And the milling process is clean and sanitary.

Ask your grocer—HE KNOWS!

Eventually

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

WHY NOT NOW?

Sixty-One per cent Increase in the Sale of Franklin Cars—Explained

During the past year the sales of Franklin cars have *increased sixty-one per cent.*

Today, that a car in its thirteenth year should show such a growth can mean but one thing. A few years ago it would not have been extraordinary. But conditions in the automobile industry have changed. Competition is keen. The demand no longer exceeds the supply. There are many good cars. The customer no longer has to wait indefinitely for deliveries. He has a wide choice and has learned to exercise it.

An increase of 61%, therefore, particularly in a car of a distinctive type of construction, can mean only the *deliberate preference* of buyers, expressed after comparing many cars and studying efficiency, comfort and economy.

A Tendency—Not Chance

A *few* purchasers might for slight reasons happen to select the Franklin rather than some other car. But 61% increase represents not mere chance, but a *tendency.*

This tendency toward the Franklin we ascribe to these facts:

We have been manufacturing on the same basic idea for thirteen years.

In all essentials we have been producing the same model continuously for the past four years.

As fast as improvements are developed they are added to the working model and incorporated in all subsequent production, without waiting for the expiration of some arbitrary period. The refining process goes on continuously.

Scientific Light Weight

At the beginning we adopted as the fundamental of Franklin construction *light weight, scientifically obtained.* Toward that end we have directed the experience of thirteen years. During that time came the vogue of big, heavy cars. We continued striving more and more for light weight. Today light weight has finally become the chief demand of discriminating automobile buyers. They have, therefore, been turning to the Franklin as the dominant light car—the car which as the result of the uninterrupted production of light cars for thirteen years is scientifically light—which means greater comfort, less depreciation, greater endurance and greater mileage from gasoline, lubricating oils and tires.

The other influential features of Franklin construction include flexibility, direct cooling, large tires.

Flexibility

Flexibility is obtained by constructing the frame of laminated, shock-absorbing wood instead of rigid steel, by four full elliptical springs and by the absence of strut rods or torque bars. It results not only in increased comfort and reduced strain on the driver, but also in greater durability of the car.

Direct Cooling

Franklin direct cooling has proved a success because it is the simple method. The Franklin can be driven on low gear all day without trouble. Its service on mountains is phenomenal. There is no freezing and no overheating under the most extreme conditions of weather or driving.

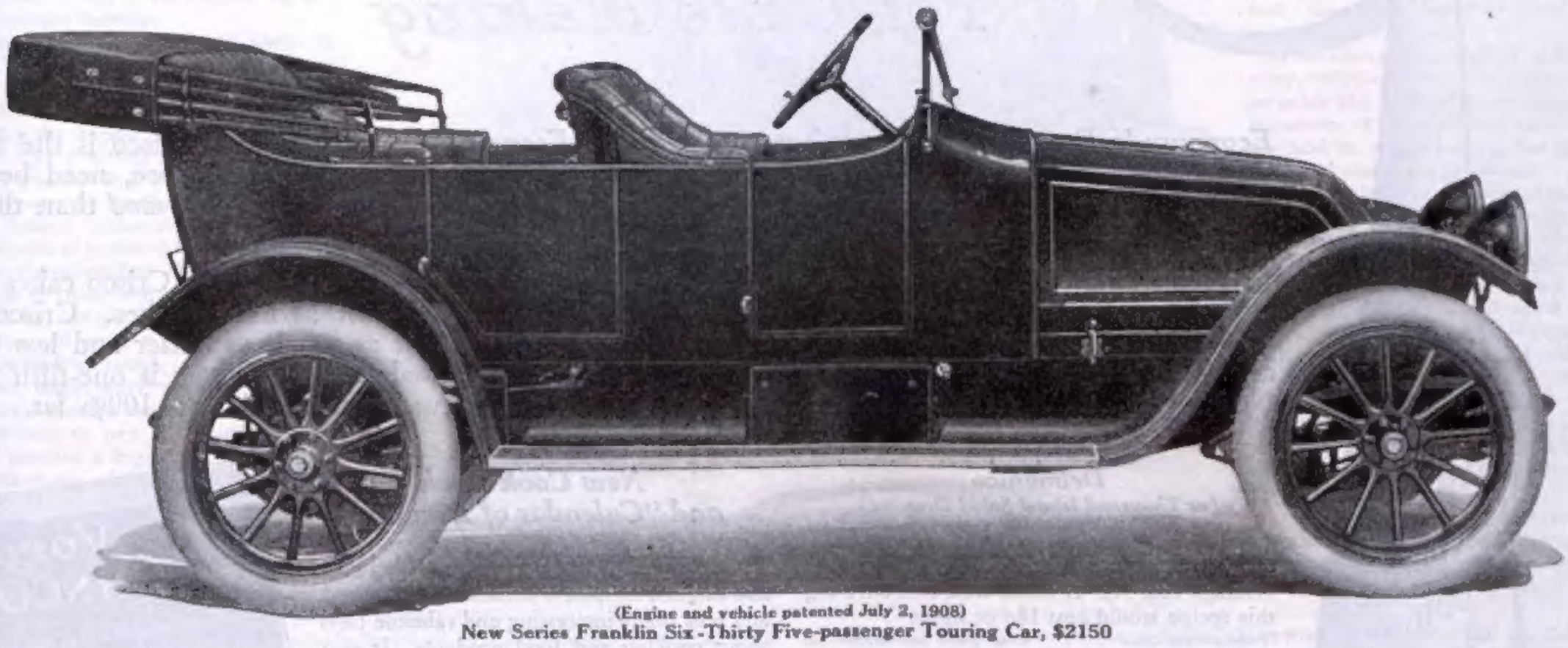
Large Tires

Tire size, in proportion to the weight of the car, is given as much thought in Franklin design as the axle, transmission or any other part. The Franklin car is not only light but it has for many years been equipped with large tires, which has had much to do with the exceptional service obtained from tires by Franklin owners.

The Latest Franklin

We are now beginning to sell the "Series Six" Franklin. This series will demonstrate once more the refining influence of continuous production of the same model. Among the numerous improvements, it contains none that is radical. No startling departures such as were necessarily made when we brought out the first four-cylinder in the days of one and two cylinders, or when we brought out the first six-cylinder. Consistent, however, with the Franklin policy of constantly increasing efficiency, we have made one important advance in the matter of tires. The Franklin is now regularly equipped with Goodrich Silvertown Cord tires or Goodyear Power Saver tires. As is well known these tires are higher priced and increase the efficiency of the car itself about 25%. Your dealer will point out a number of other refinements, all making for increased style, convenience or efficiency.

Send for new catalogue of the Series Six Franklin, to Franklin Automobile Co., Syracuse, N. Y.



(Engine and vehicle patented July 2, 1908)
New Series Franklin Six-Thirty Five-passenger Touring Car, $2150

Specifications:

Wheel base 120", tread 56".
40" full-elliptic springs, 4½" opening in front, 6" opening in rear.
30 H. P.; valves in head; seven bearing crank shaft.
Aluminum body and hood.
Eisemann magneto with automatic spark control.
Needle valve, oil, hot and cold air controls on instrument board, all operated without stopping car or engine.
Re-circulating individual pressure feed oiling system.
Semi-floating type rear axle with bevel differential and spiral bevel gears.

Weights and Prices

Touring Car,	2750	Pounds	$2150
Roadster	2630	"	2150
Coupé	2788	"	2600
Sedan	2924	"	3000
Berlin	3121	"	3200

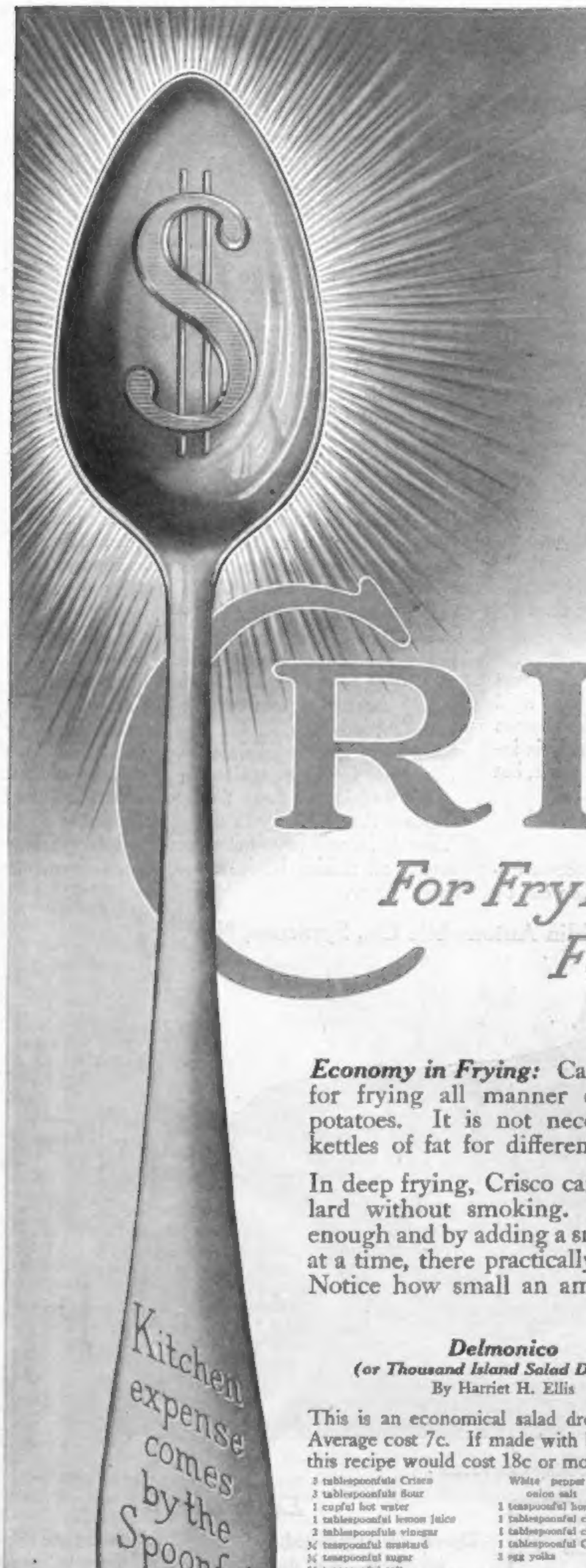
Prices are F. O. B. Syracuse, N. Y.

Ask your dealer to weigh the car for you.

Equipment:

Dyneto direct connected, single unit, 12-volt starting and lighting system. Silent starting is secured and the motor cannot stall. Two bulbs in each headlight, no sidelights. Special trouble light. Willard storage battery.
Golde one-man top. Collins ever-ready curtains, operated from the inside. Warner 60-mile flush type speedometer.
A—B electric motor horn. Goodrich Silvertown Cord or Goodyear Power Saver high efficiency tires.
Two-piece rain vision ventilating wind-shield.
Hartford single cylinder power tire pump.

FRANKLIN SIX, 2750 POUNDS; 4½ IN. TIRES; $2150



One way to reduce the cost of living is to watch the spoonfuls—to learn the many simple ways of kitchen economy.

You have heard a good deal about the discovery of the scientific Crisco Process. Perhaps you have not realized that one of Crisco's most important advantages is *economy*. Besides being a pure vegetable cooking fat, which produces digestible and delicious foods, Crisco also is a money saver. For the following reasons it is economy to use

CRISCO

For Frying—For Shortening For Cake Making

Economy in Frying: Can be used over and over for frying all manner of foods—fish, onions, potatoes. It is not necessary to keep different kettles of fat for different fryings.

In deep frying, Crisco can be heated hotter than lard without smoking. By having Crisco hot enough and by adding a small amount of raw food at a time, there practically will be no absorption. Notice how small an amount has been used.

Economy in Shortening: Crisco is the richest of cooking fats. Less, therefore, need be used. Crisco also is cheaper *per net pound* than the best quality of pail lard.

Economy in Cake Making: Crisco cakes are as delicate and rich as butter cakes. Crisco costs less than half as much as butter and less Crisco need be used, because butter is one-fifth water, salt and curd, while Crisco is 100% fat.

Delmonico
(or Thousand Island Salad Dressing)
By Harriet H. Ellis

This is an economical salad dressing recipe. Average cost 7c. If made with best olive oil, this recipe would cost 18c or more.

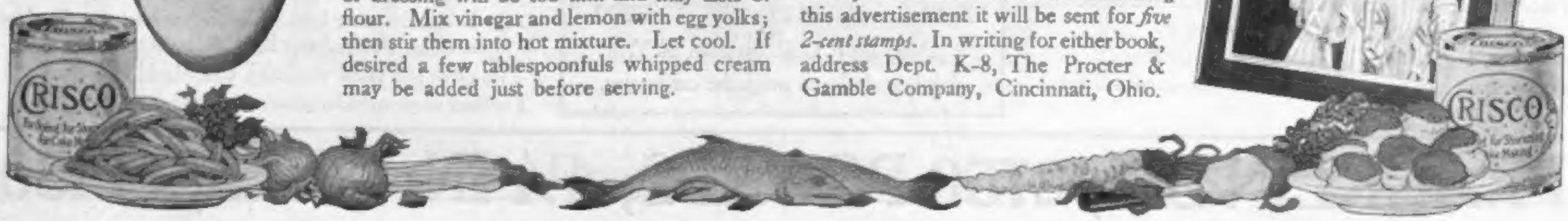
3 tablespoonfuls Crisco
3 tablespoonfuls flour
1 cupful hot water
1 tablespoonful lemon juice
2 tablespoonfuls vinegar
½ teaspoonful mustard
½ teaspoonful sugar
½ teaspoonful salt
White pepper and cayenne and onion salt
1 teaspoonful horse radish
1 tablespoonful chopped green pepper
1 tablespoonful chopped pimento
1 tablespoonful Chili sauce
2 egg yolks

(Level measurements)

Melt Crisco, add flour and dry seasonings; then hot water gradually. Stir constantly to insure smoothness as it thickens. Let boil thoroughly or dressing will be too thin and may taste of flour. Mix vinegar and lemon with egg yolks; then stir them into hot mixture. Let cool. If desired a few tablespoonfuls whipped cream may be added just before serving.

New Cook Book and "Calendar of Dinners"

This new book by Marion Harris Neil gives 250 original recipes, is attractively illustrated, and tells many interesting and valuable facts about cooking and food products. It also tells the interesting story of Crisco's discovery and manufacture. It is free. There is also a quality edition of this book containing a total of 615 Neil Recipes and a "Calendar of Dinners"—365 menus of original and tasty meals. This book is bound in blue and gold cloth. The regular price is twenty-five cents. To those answering this advertisement it will be sent for *five 2-cent stamps*. In writing for either book, address Dept. K-8, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D! 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1914,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 187 PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 1, 1914 Number 5

THE LIBERATOR

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

YOU can kill a man, but you cannot kill an idea. Rafael Barraca ought to have stuck to the sickle and his burro, knowing their uses; should have been content with the station to which God had called him, paying fealty and ten pesos a month to Don Luis Zuberan on a debt bequeathed by his father, which never seemed to diminish, and periodically signing his name to a ballot at the spot indicated by the forefinger of the officer in the election booth.

This oxlike rendering of service to those ordained in the scheme of creation to profit therefrom would doubtless have piled up manifold treasures in heaven for him—had not the priests said as much a hundred times? However, Rafael didn't do it.

Instead, he hated wheezy old Don Luis and toiled sulkily in his fields. He did just as little as he could, and when no one in authority was near preached liberty and the square deal to his neighbors. Both being dream words they listened apathetically at first. Later, constant reiteration pricking their imaginations, they heard him with something of the smoldering fire that consumed Barraca.

There wasn't an ounce of harm in Rafael. He was no anarchist, but he saw a lazy señor holding half a state in the hollow of his hand, and with fair regularity tightening the fingers to squeeze what he owned. Put yourself in his place. Of course if you ride in a limousine you are a strong booster for the things that are, and simply cannot understand the insolent stubbornness of pedestrians in not leaping faster for the sidewalks; but if you happen to be one of those who watch the limousines roll by, and get splashed in the operation, you will nurse a grudge and yearn for a new deal all round.

Rafael might have run away had he not known that he would be caught and brought back to pay the penalty. The penalty entailed a flogging at the hands of the major-domo, who was partial to mescal and enjoyed laying on the whip; afterward exceptional severity and heavier work. So he took it out in bitter denunciation of a system that plundered the weak for the ease and fattening of the strong. He would not harm Don Luis or his pretty young wife; only he would have had the peons forcibly possess themselves of everything Zuberan owned, to the very shoes on his feet, and turn him out to labor with a shovel in the pitiless noonday heat.

Had not all this land once been theirs? How had Don Luis acquired without work more than a man could ride across on a fleet horse between sunup and sundown? By a trick, said Rafael. Yes, it was true—a trick! The infamous law of 1896 had torn from them what had been theirs for three generations. And why? Because they had been unable to read; they were poor and ignorant.

Therefore, Rafael argued, his black eyes glowing, they needed schools. If they learned nothing, would their children or their children's children be in better plight? No, a thousand times no! They were slaves! The land must be taken away from the greedy *hacendados* and restored to those to whom it rightfully belonged. Schools must be established for the teaching of the little ones, and elections must be honest and express the will of the people. Who could vote as he wished if it meant being haled to the *juzgado* on a trumped-up charge and then thrown into the *cárcel*? No more holding in service for debt; no more peonage, but every man a freeman, tilling his own. *Viva Mexico!*

Thus he fumed and denounced for upward of a year, all in secret. And they brooded over what he said, those loose-lipped, listless, hopeless men, whose horizon began and ended with three scant meals a day and a place to sleep. Not because Barraca commanded any special respect, being merely one of themselves, but because what he said fitted their case. The crazy, black-haired dreamer had a message they could understand.

Then, on a sunny afternoon in October, Colonel Casimir Potoski came jingling down the valley at the head of thirty men. A wagon toiled in the rear. Rafael was trampling out fall grain in one of Don Luis' river farms, driving five horses to a long breastyoke round and round a post. They had gathered it with scythes and sickles, and on the next windy day he and Juan Jesus and others would toss it aloft, to the end that the chaff might be blown away and the good, firm grain fall to the ground.

"Yes? So Sleepy? It is a Pity to Wake Them"

The Polish soldier of fortune pulled up his horse and watched him a moment. The line came to a halt. They, too, stared at Rafael. He was frightened and doffed his hat to the great captain, but he did not stop his team.

"Is that the fellow?" asked Potoski.

"That is he," said a man of San Pedro, who sat beside the driver of the wagon. He would not look at Rafael.

"*Hombre!*" called the colonel sharply. "Come here!"

Quaking, Rafael left his work and approached, hat in hand. The rurale commander turned to an officer at his back.

"Tie him up," he ordered, "and fetch him along. Be quick!"

And he started off. His little son, aged seven, rode at his knee on a mettlesome coal-black pony whose accoutrements blazed with silver.

"But, señor ——" wailed Rafael in protest, throwing himself in front that he might make his pleas.

The abrupt movement startled the pony, which lunged against Potoski's horse, scraping the boy's ribs against the rough *tapaderas*. Paul cried out, then instantly checked it, remembering that he was a man and could not show hurt.

Two white spots appeared at the corners of Potoski's nose, his face grew livid; he raised his quirt and lashed Barraca over the head. His son cried out gleefully. As it came away the rawhide left a red wale from temple to chin and some drops of blood. Again he struck, and Rafael threw up his arms to protect his face, whimpering.

In swift repentance the child cried: "Don't; oh, don't!"

His father jumped his horse at Rafael, knocking him down. He cut at his legs as he lay on the ground. Then, Paul setting up a cry, he desisted.

"You Mexican pig!" he said with such controlled passion that his cutthroats held their breath. "For two pins I'd flay you alive for this. Bring him along. Dump him in the wagon, or tie him to the end, if you like, and let him walk. Did he frighten you, precious? Yes, huh? He scared my darling boy, didn't he? Never mind; he won't ever do it again, will he? No, huh?"

The wale was high and purple on Rafael's face when he staggered into the Tumbling-H headquarters at the tail of the wagon at sunset—seventeen miles across a broken country, with the hot dust welling up into his mouth and nose, dragged along by a rope round his middle, his wrists bound behind him. One of his sandals came off and the sand burs pierced his feet. What times he stumbled and fell the company cook whipped up his team in order to see Rafael bump off the stones and clods, but he somehow regained his feet each time.

We were sitting down to supper at the ranch when Potoski arrived. Tio was carrying fat bacon and *tortillas* from the stove, and a pot of coffee was sizzling and bubbling on its top. He was first to glimpse the rurales, and he went a pale green under the ears.

The Pole halted his force near the windmill and had them dismount. Then he sent a man to summon the boss, and Lee Hardin went. Potoski wanted a beef.

"Miguel," yelled Lee, "go fetch the fattest heifer you can find in Zacaton Bottom."

When Miguel brought up the bawling creature at the end of a forty-foot rope—with a flourish, because the crack fighting men of Sonora were there to see—the rurales were building fires near the tank, and Rafael lay on the ground under the wagon. His head was in his hands and he sobbed softly and steadily. He raised his face, with the mark of shame flaming across it from brow to chin, and they looked at each other, these brothers, without sign.

Then Miguel tossed the rope over the heifer's back and down behind her heels and flopped her in the dirt.

"Hi-yi! Here she is. Come get her, *hombres. Pronto!*"

They fell upon the beef with exultant whoops, and within half an hour their pots were steaming. The cook made a stew cunningly of inwards we are in the habit of casting away, and when all was ready a bugle sounded.

Potoski did not eat with his men or with his officers. They were forty miles from anywhere, but he dare not let down the bars that fenced him off. An orderly unfolded a tiny table and set it about thirty paces from the camp, spread it with snowy linen, placed silver knives and forks and spoons for two. A bottle of wine in a wicker basket came next. The orderly moved quickly. Two camp-chairs, a trip from the fire to the table, and he drew himself up stiffly in front of his chief and saluted. Upon which Potoski and little Paul sat down to supper, the colonel unstrapping an automatic from his waist and placing it with careful precision on the ground beside him.

None of the Tumbling-H outfit ventured down near the rurale camp. Caution mastered our curiosity. Rumors of trouble had recently been so rife that Americans were packing off their wives and valuables to the border. Therefore we lounged behind the fence in front of the bunkhouse, feigning indifference and passing discreet comments in whispers.

"Wow!" said Al Sullivan. "Here comes the Big Noise."

Potoski was walking toward us, leading his son by the hand. Tio gave one look, dropped the tin plate he was washing and flitted through the back door of the kitchen.

You would never have picked on the colonel if you had wanted sympathy. He was a broad, squat man with bowed legs and a close-cropped head. His eyes were hard and steady, he wore a short, upturned military mustache, and something had occurred in a varied career to flatten his nose. All his movements were heavy, yet in some indefinable way he conveyed an impression of catlike alertness, of listening and watching and weighing. His uniform was of khaki and severely plain. The automatic aforementioned was at his hip and appeared to be at home there.

"Hello, Lee," he cried. "Why don't you come to see a fellow? Yes, by George, huh? Have you forgotten your old friends, huh?"

The boss smiled, flattered by the tone. It meant something to him that the military dictator of a state should hail him familiarly in the presence of his men.

"Have a chair, colonel," he responded with eager hospitality. "Have a chair. I hope that beef suited you all right?"

"No, I can't stay. The heifer was all right, Lee—yes. But I like mine to hang a day, huh? Will you smoke a cigar with me, Lee? Perhaps some of your boys would like one?"

He held out a handful of cigars wrapped in gold foil. The boys accepted these favors in awkward silence, peeled them as though they were hot potatoes and commenced painstakingly to smoke. Potoski drew the boss to one side.

"That is all," he said at the end of a brief talk, punctuated by nods of acquiescence from Lee. "So he can sleep in there, huh? It is fine, Lee. I don't want him down with my men. No, by George, huh?"

"Sure, bring him up," Hardin agreed. "We'll find room."

The invitation was hearty enough, but there was a curious inflection of voice which Potoski seemed to detect. However, he chose to ignore it, and turning his head snarled an order over his shoulder. An orderly came running to him with a cup of water; he lighted a match for the colonel's cigar. Of course the cowboys eyed this ceremony in awe, which pleased the Pole.

The boss stooped to fondle the child and admire him, and the colonel beamed. His manner lost its covert suspicion; he fairly radiated satisfaction as Paul saluted in soldierly acknowledgment of the knife Lee presented to him.

"Will you be long in this country, colonel?" Hardin inquired.

Repressing a grin over the assumed indifference of the query the colonel replied: "No, I expect not. We're just going along the border a piece to see that nobody gets across, Lee. Yes, by George, huh? To-morrow we'll go east a few miles, or perhaps west. It all depends, doesn't it?"

"Well, whenever you see our brand and happen to be out of beef, you know what to do, colonel."

"I usually do," said the soldier calmly, and strolled back to his camp, where the roll call was in progress.

Lee was in a bad temper when he rejoined us. Doubts troubled him. Said he: "He'll have to sleep in there with Tio. We can't have a yellowbelly in here with us, Potoski or no Potoski. Besides, we're too crowded as it is. I wonder what he wants by sending him up here, anyhow. I wonder if ——"

At that moment the prisoner arrived between two rurales. They marched him solemnly up to the door, and there stood passive, awaiting orders.

"Take him in that room," said Lee, indicating the shallow chamber beyond the kitchen where Tio and Miguel slept.

They led Rafael into the dark, bare, earth-floored chamber and tied him to an iron ring in the wall that Tio had once used to hold fast a dog stolen from a passing freighter. Having given him about six feet of slack they left him. Rafael never uttered a sound. He had ceased to weep, and lay on his side with his face to the wall.

The first hours of dark wore away. The rurales had some music and gambled a little. Potoski heard his son say his prayers, tucked him in bed, and began to read Madame Junot's Memoirs in the door of his tent. Shortly he closed the book and started to undress. A bugle sounded, his troopers went quickly to bed, and quiet reigned.

We played mild stud, but nobody took any real interest in the game.

"Let's get some sleep," yawned Lee about eleven o'clock. "We've got to get that herd moving by daylight."

Not long after our lights were extinguished I heard some one steal in by the back door and go toward the room where the prisoner was. My nostrils told me it was Tio—I could identify him at half a mile. The prisoner turned over and the iron ring clanked.

"Who is there?" asked Tio softly.

No answer; there was a breathless moment of waiting.

"*Hombre*, who are you?" said Tio again, and Rafael told him in muffled tones.

Then the cook tiptoed to the chuckbox in the kitchen, and soon I heard sounds as of one tearing into beef. Half an hour, and a man came in with a bucket of water. Despite his caution his spurs clinked. It was Miguel. Where he had been all evening I did not know.

The bunkhouse was like an oven. Long and low, its adobe walls seemed to have gathered all the heat of its thirty years of being, to send it pulsating out to torture us. There were stirrings and wrigglings and sudden snaps in the sod roof, where the grass grew a foot high. In the good seasons you could raise quite a hay crop on that roof; in the terrible drought it cracked and dropped streams of dust down your neck as you sat at meat.

Somebody began to snore. That was the last straw. And then there drifted in to me the acrid smell of Tio's cigarette. He had a villainous habit of smoking in bed, rising at three every morning for another. He excused himself by saying that that was the best one of all.

I rose as noiselessly as I could and carried my bedding outside. There under the stars I spread it and lay down to rest. A puff of wind came frolicking from nowhere, soothing my discomfort.

Suddenly I had the feeling of dropping from a dizzy height, and woke, muscles taut for the bump. There was no precipice, but I was out on the hard ground and the stars were twinkling down at me mirthfully.

All was still in the Mexican camp. Their fires flickered low. Some horses were munching grass near the home-pasture fence. One of them raised his head and nickered. Immediately an answering neigh came from the cottonwood clump back of the bunkhouse.

"A stray," I thought, for a horse should not have been there, and rolled over to find a softer spot.

Somebody stirred in Tio's room and there was whispering.

"It may be a trap. Do not go."

"How can it be a trap? I tell you they are all asleep, Miguel. Look, I will take your horse and be across the border before daybreak. They will think I stole him."

"Don't go. They will catch you and kill you for sure."

"But they will kill me, anyway. Yes, I know. Did not the colonel beat me with his whip? Here, feel where he struck. And I—I had done nothing."

In a sibilant murmur Miguel cursed Potoski and all his ancestors to the fourth generation.

"You know their way, Rafael. Why did they leave you alone here if it is not a trap? Bide your time, Rafael. Maybe it means only a little time in the *cárcel*. We will find a way to pay, I and you, and then all will be well."

"No, no, it is worse than that. I saw it in his eyes when he struck. I shall go to-night, Miguel, and to-morrow I will be safe. Do you follow me when you can."

The voices ceased. I lay still, listening, and praying dumbly that nobody was going to play the fool. Not a sound betrayed the prisoner and Potoski's camp was sunk in sleep. Five minutes dragged by; I dozed.

Then there came a single sharp cry from the cottonwood clump, a crackle of rifle fire and the death scream of a horse. In an instant the camp was buzzing like a hive of beeves. It was as though the rurales had been awaiting a signal. They swarmed up from the windmill, weapons in hand, and scurried to the back of the bunkhouse. Voices cried to know what was amiss, but Hardin shouted above the din: "Lie still, boys. I don't want a man to move a finger. I'll fix this."

When he emerged Potoski was there to meet him, bareheaded, in his shirtsleeves, automatic in hand.

"What's up?"

"That is just what I came to find out, Lee. Yes, by George, huh?"

An officer came, panting, to make a report. Having heard him through the colonel explained the incident.

"The prisoner tried to escape and my men shot him. It is to be regretted. He had stolen a horse from you, Lee, and they accidentally killed it too. I am sorry. It was saddled and tied to a tree back yonder."

"There ain't any saddled horse ——" began Lee unguardedly, and stopped.

"No? Maybe you are wrong, Lee. Maybe one of your men forgot to turn him loose. Surely that was it. Don't you think so, Lee? It is too bad, Lee, he was a good horse. Well, I am glad it is no worse. I thought at first ——"

What the colonel thought he did not say, but meditatively stroked the butt of his gun.

"This prisoner," asked Lee with some hesitation—"did they kill him? How did he get away?"

Potoski shrugged his shoulders. He was not the least bit interested in that phase of it.

"He was a fool," he said coolly. "Why did he try to run? He would have received a fair trial. But my men, they have to shoot when a prisoner will not stop."

The boss received this explanation without comment, and the Pole entered the house, passing through to Tio's room. There lay Tio and Miguel, both apparently sound asleep. When the soldier stooped above them and flashed a lantern into their faces they sat up and rubbed their eyes foolishly.

"Yes?" The rurale commander smiled down at them. "So sleepy? It is a pity to wake them."

He next examined the rope. It had been cut, and he grunted.

"It is unfortunate," said he, "that he should have been so rash. We do not let prisoners get away. He should have known that. I thought everybody knew that. But perhaps it is all for the best. It saves taking him with us."

"*Sí, señor*," agreed Miguel humbly, as though not comprehending, and the colonel went out.

Before going back to his bed he delivered a general order in English, that the Tumbling-H outfit might profit from it:

"Leave the fellow where he is. Don't touch him. Not a man is to lay a finger on him."

II

THEY broke camp before the sun had routed the morning mists, and set out toward the border. Beside the colonel pranced his little son.

The trail led through the cottonwood grove where a limp form sprawled face downward in the dirt, one hand tightly clutching a tuft of grass. Beside the body stood a native, gazing down on it. The carcass of a horse lay near and perched in a cottonwood was a buzzard.

The fresh sunlight played upon the colonel's trappings so that they glinted and gleamed. The air was clean and bracing and he chattered lightly with the boy. None of them bestowed more than a glance on the gruesome tableau under the cottonwoods. Hatless, in tattered shirt, his eyes red and hot, Miguel stared at them across what was left of Rafael, and not a muscle of his face twitched.

He did not join us in the work that morning and the boss did not send for him, but at noon he overtook us as we were moving the herd along a high mesa eight miles from headquarters, and fell in with the drag. Hardin asked no questions, but several times he glanced at Barraca curiously.

"I buried him," said Miguel at last. "He was my brother. He was my—dear brother."

We halted the cattle on the San Pedro for water and ate dinner. After we had got them strung out for the afternoon Miguel went to the boss and asked to be let off.

"They are going fine and you do not need me. I will be back in the morning," he promised. "I go to tell his wife."

"All right," said Lee.

We turned the herd over to Lon Fuller and went back to the ranch. Miguel was already there when we trotted up to the house. Tio was boiling coffee for him.

"She knows—my brother's wife," he reported. "Of what use was it to keep it from her? And she cried, Paula did. She cried and tore at her hair and took down the little wooden cross from above the door. And now she has gone away from there, back to her father. She will begin to look for a new husband, I suppose."

Perhaps afraid that he might show emotion he left us abruptly and joined Tio in the kitchen. That hardshell pessimist, who had never been known to speak a cheery word after he took to cooking, brought food to Miguel as he might have done to an invalid.

Barraca was a big, powerful fellow, with flaxen hair, blue eyes and delicately chiseled features. He preferred to herd with Americans, professing scorn for his own race. Until Potoski's visit to the Tumbling-H he had always been the buffoon of the outfit, eager to make himself ridiculous if he could raise a laugh, forever singing ribald ditties, and submitting to the gibes of his coworkers with the abandon of an overgrown boy.

What did Miguel care for schools? Why should he worry that Don Luis held the land of others? Was not he, Miguel, drawing fifty pesos a month from the cattle company? It was so—fifty pesos each month—and all he had to do was to ride fourteen hours a day seven days in the week; and the chuck was fit for a king. A bit of money in advance when he needed it, a stout horse between his knees, a change of shirt, and once every so often a trip to town, where there were girls and cold beer and *tequila*, and perhaps a cockfight. His was a fine, carefree life, and he went singing through it.

Equal rights and a fair chance for all? Education for the masses? Distribution of the land among the rightful owners? How he had laughed at Rafael's vaporings! Such notions were all right for dreamers, but why should a successful cowpuncher bother his head over other people's troubles?

However, what Rafael preached when alive and hearty was one thing; what Rafael's dumb, bleeding wounds said was another. Out of the still form sprang a cause, and Miguel made it his own. They had killed the man, but the idea had burst flaming from the sacrifice.

How the fellow worked from that October day. Take nine out of ten Mexicans, and you'll have nine able-bodied persons with a pronounced penchant for sleep or for having a little music in the shade during the noonday heat; in fact the average negro is worth two of him for steady application. But Miguel was the tenth. He had always gone at it hard, half from vanity through pride of his horsemanship and roping; but now he worked with a savage purposefulness that astounded the outfit.

"He's a regular workin' fool, that feller," complained Al Sullivan. "Buf'lo, you flank with him this afternoon. I'm all wore out. He just picks out all the biggest ca-alves and goes to 'em, Miguel does. Crackee! I'm sore all over."

For six weeks did Miguel give service that had never been equaled on the ranch. Between whiles he and Tio, with whom he seemed to have formed an alliance, would withdraw a mile or more to a wide draw and practice shooting with a rifle borrowed from Lee. The boss did not object to this pastime until he caught them dusting some antelopes, just to see them twist and swerve from the spots where the bullets struck. Then, as the company was preserving the herd, he took the weapon away from Miguel and requested him to use Tio or some other of his friends as target.

"If he keeps working at this gait I'll give him a native outfit to ramrod over in the Ajos," Lee confided to me. "Miguel's shaping right for a useful foreman."

Along about Christmas, just when we were planning a spread, with three fat turkeys and a sturdy yearling as the framework and every canned vegetable that money could buy for trimmings, Miguel frustrated Hardin's intent by asking for his time. Tio accompanied him.

"Where're you going?" demanded the boss.

"My sister is dead," said Barraca.

Hardin scrutinized his impassive features for several minutes, then jerked out a pad and wrote him an order for his money.

"No use arguing with you, I reckon," he said glumly. "When a man fixes to quit he's going to quit; that's all there is to that."

Espying the cook he vented his spleen in a bellow:

"Well, what the tarnation do you want? What're you doing here?"

"My father," explained Tio glibly, "is sick of the head and of the stomach. He is old and like to die. If I stay here my brothers will surely steal my share. Let me go, Meester Lee."

"That father of yours," returned the boss with an unnatural calm, "has been dead three times to my certain knowledge. He croaked once over in Tepitate in 1905, and another time you attended his funeral in Nogales. Maybe you remember that—when I bailed you out, you know. And didn't he perish of the smallpox last fall too? That time they brought you home stewed from Agua Prieta?"

Unabashed, Tio replied: "Then it is my mother's sister who is sick. I must go, Meester Lee, and I would take ol' Chiggers. You gave him to me, you remember, and he is mine."

"Tio," said Hardin not unkindly, "if you leave, who'll we get to cook for us? Have you thought of that? Why, you've been with this ranch for thirty years, Tio. Man alive, if you ever got off it for longer'n a week you'd just naturally let out a long howl and turn up your toes."

"No," replied Tio, "I don't believe I would."

It ended by the cook receiving a check for seven months' arrears of pay, and the hopeful pair departed at nightfall toward the mountains. Miguel was mounted on a roan horse he had secured in a trade; Tio followed on the sorry Chiggers. Next night one of the boys heard in San Pedro that Captain Barraca and his aide had passed through on their way to the mountains.

Of course we all bet that they would be back within the month, penniless and hungry and repentant, begging for their old jobs. However, we made a bad guess.

Early in February Lee and I had occasion to go south to Espuela to buy some hay; the grass was eaten up and dying at the roots. Espuela was a village of about one hundred souls.

"What is the fête?" the boss queried of the *jefe politico*. All the inhabitants were in the street, jabbering and gesticulating.

"It is no fête," answered the mayor in agitation. "General Barraca has just gone through with his men toward the hills. And he laid a levy on certain of us in Espuela."

"And who is General Barraca? I thought Colonel Potoski commanded in this state?"

The *jefe politico* humped his shoulders and threw out his hands, making a wry face.

"Thieves and cutthroats to-day; colonels and generals to-morrow! What can we do? The government takes taxes from us. Along comes an unwashed thief who makes us pay for having given to the government. It is no time for honest men, Señor Hardin. Me, I am planning to turn robber too. Every rascal these days can take to the mountains and live like a don."

"How many men did this fellow have?"

"Four only," returned the mayor unashamed. "Yet he takes what he will and burns when he is opposed. He is a lion in ferocity and a bull in strength, this Barraca. Me, he robbed of two hundred pesos, and of the stores he took what food they needed."

Here the mayor's wrongs got the upper hand of his caution, and he began to swear fluently and with deep feeling. The boss laughed, said, "*Adiós!* You can get it back out of the next farmer you run off, Salazar," and we went on our way.

In the stress of the spring work we quite forgot the incident, but in June we made the same village again, and found all the stores closed and the *jefe politico* in hiding. A long search discovered him in a mausoleum in the cemetery.

"What's the trouble, Salazar?" asked Lee, restraining his laughter with difficulty when the mayor reluctantly emerged, covered with dirt and perspiration.

"It's that cursed Liberator," brushing lime from his trousers. "He went through again to-day, and me he would have hanged had I not happily thought of the tomb of my uncle. May vultures tear his heartstrings and ——"

"What general is this now? Another?"

The *jefe politico* lowered his voice.

"The same Barraca, Meester Lee. Now he sets himself up to be the champion of the poor, and plunders all who have a dollar saved. A fine champion—the robber, thief, liar and ingrate!"

"But why don't you arrest him?" cried Lee, to stem the torrent of his wrath. "I wouldn't let a tin-horn bandit run it over me that way, Salazar. Get your men together, or have some rurales hide where they can kill him next time he drifts this way."

"The rurales?" repeated the mayor scornfully. "I have tried that, and they would not come. They were too busy, they said. Don't you know? Whenever he fights he has the victory, this Barraca."

"The Liberator," said Lee musingly. "Is he the fellow who has caused all the talk round the state this summer?"

"He is the man," assented the *jefe politico*, and relieved his feelings in some choice invective. "Bah, I spit upon him—thus." The rebel chief being thirty miles away by that time, the *jefe politico* was afraid of nothing. "Sixteen hundred men passed with him through our peaceful town to-day, all on horses and mules of a bigness, and dragging murderous cannon, Meester Lee. Yes, he has an army, this Barraca. In four short months he has raised it—guns and wagons and burros in hundreds, and women. The Liberator, indeed! That is what he styles himself, this ignorant peon! I tell you, Señor Hardin, any thief in Mexico can give himself airs today. Would that Don Porfirio were back."

"I used to know a Miguel Barraca," said Lee, just to sound the mayor; "but of course it couldn't be —— What like is the Liberator? Is he a tall, fair man, with white teeth and a bent thumb?"

"The same. The very same. Do you know the carrion, Meester Lee? And his chief of commissary—this Tio—ha, ha! This Tio who was once a dirty cook. Behold him now. He wears gold lace on his uniform and all of it stolen. And he is a colonel. Yes, a colonel—chief of commissary for the Legion of the North."

The boss whistled; then he looked at me and we both shouted with laughter. It seemed too ridiculous! Miguel and Tio. But suddenly we remembered the dead man under the cottonwoods.

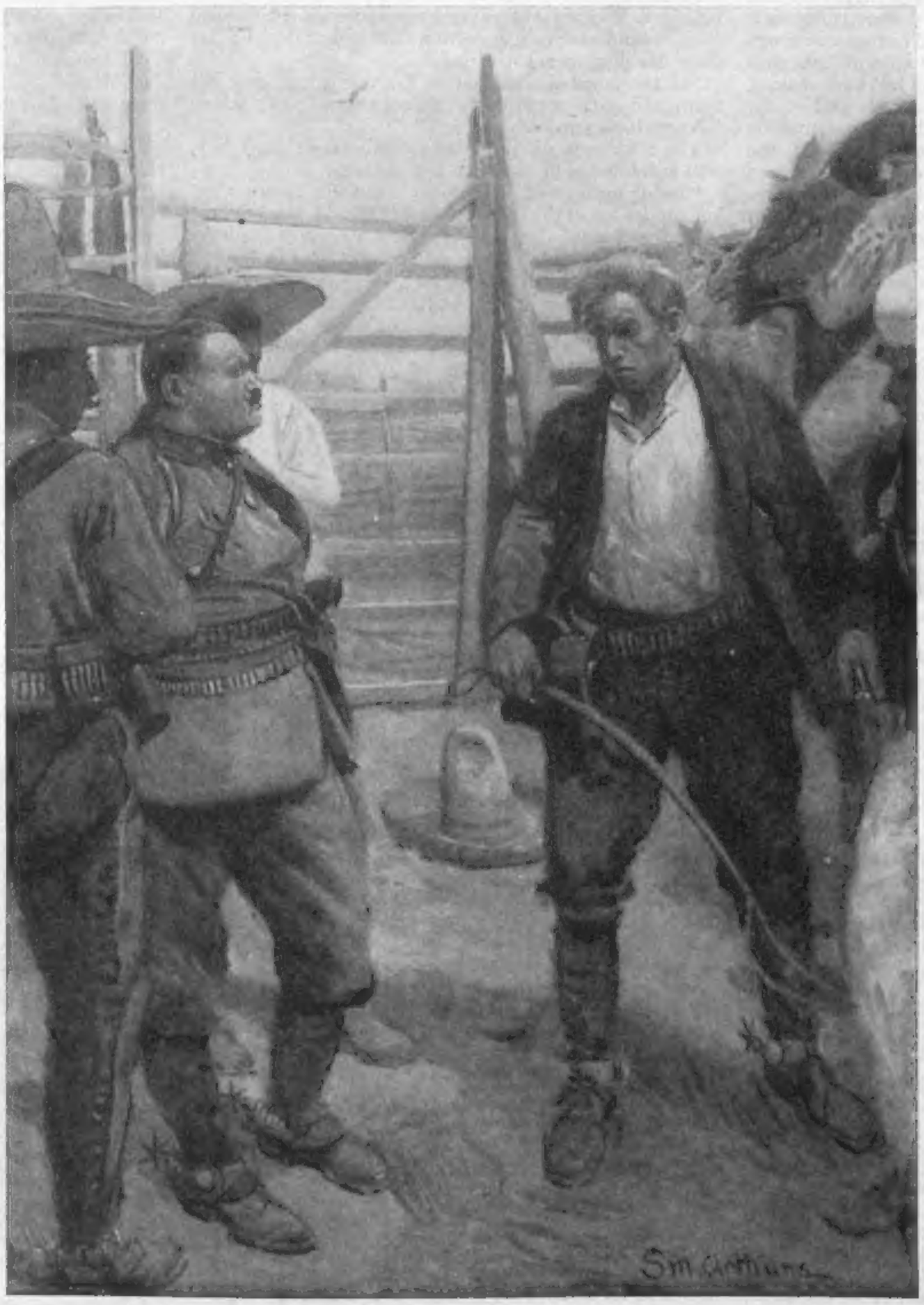
We went back to the ranch, to the daily grind of riding range and doctoring sick cattle and skinning the dead. It was the bad year and three thousand head had perished.

After a while there began to filter to us reports of depredations and pillage, of fights, of routs and sacking of towns. Some of the stories were of the wildest, but all tallied in one particular—this Barraca person invariably had the victory, as the *jefe politico* expressed it.

The Liberator captured an important town, and the local paper, adroitly turning its political coat overnight, achieved this:

The Federals, stupefied, discharged their arms and fell against each other, stammering words of encouragement and falling in puddles of their own blood. One of them got down on his knees, asking for

(Continued on Page 26)



"Jo! I Have Got You"

THE STRANGE BOY

"If the Marshal Sees That He'll Arrest You!" Said the Man

By
William Allen White

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

THEY had just returned from their work in the Manual and were considering large matters concerning their coming hike. They were Twelve, Thirteen and Fourteen, and full of the joy that washes into life with the first full tides of youth. At the Manual they had been making things with their hands in wood and iron and stone. Creation seemed good to them. And they talked, making their to-morrow a kind of exalted yesterday, which is the way of youth. An old party of forty-five, sitting near them reading a musty book that had been off the list of best sellers for six long months, closed the book over his finger to mark the place while he listened to the chatter of the boys.

There was talk of a day's walk in the country; of a raft to be made at the river under the scoutmaster's direction; of fishing tackle to be had at the town's stores; where the best rods might be bought; what minnows were worth. Some consideration was given to the various grades of khaki for scouting suits. Also, not a little incidental gossip was sprinkled through the talk of the scores of the baseball kings, and of records on the high-school tracks of those nearer and more palpable heroes whose prowess was attainable even to Twelve and Thirteen and Fourteen.

They were good scouts of the first and second classes, and much of their chatter was of the camp and the field. The old party, hearing of riverbends where he had sounded the flat-bottomed depths, and of fields that were woodlands in his day, and of riffles he had dammed, let the hand with the book drop to his knee as the talk woke in his heart a faint pulse from some underconsciousness that had not been stirred for years.

The boys were lying on a lawn beneath the stone veranda railing whereon his old feet rested. From time to time the youngsters looked up as automobiles went whizzing by and in monosyllables checked off the makers and perhaps the owners of the machines; but the checking did not stay their talk of the glorious to-morrows, silvered and gilded with yesterdays. Life, through the boys' eyes and in their visions, was a splendid picnic; and, like every picnic, it was away from home.

The garage in the rear of the lot whereon they were lying, the coal bin in the cellar of the house beside them, the great shade trees that overhung the lawn, the formal rows of flowers and clumps of shrubs about them, the wide parking, the asphalted street before them, and the house behind them, had small place in their tall talk. The athletic field, the ward playground, the gymnasium, the public highway beyond the town limits, and the river, which to them seemed designed as a part of their rather formal business of playing, furnished their minds, like set pieces in a clean and well-appointed room.

"Canned!" sighed the old party. "Canned boys!" he repeated.

The boys looked up and, seeing the feet disappear from the railing, Thirteen rose quickly and said as he appeared:

"Yes, sir. What was it, father? Did you speak?"

The old party shook his head, and the boys stretched out again on the blue grass. As he opened his book and fumbled for his place, over the page top he saw, coming round the house from the rear, a thin, freckled, barefooted youth, with long trousers rolled up halfway to his knees, showing the flowered calico lining. Suspenders striped the shoulders of the boy's coarse-checked blue-and-white cotton shirt. Twisted into his right suspender was a Y-shaped stick, wound with rubber, with a diamond-shaped leather piece dangling from two strings.

"If the marshal sees that he'll arrest you!" said the man; and as the strange boy grinned the old party asked: "Where have you been so long?"

The other boys did not seem to notice the strange boy, who grumbled as he sat down beside them:

"Doing my chores. Old Sooky's calf like to never got her supper out of the bucket. And old Sooky tried to hold up on me. I think they ought to make somebody brush the flies off while I milk. I bet old Sooky hit me in the eye a dozen times with her tail. Say, they's a mangerful of kittens in the south stall; but I bet the old Tom will eat 'em up before mornin' if the girls don't take 'em in."

The other boys looked up when the old party shifted his feet and groaned:

"Oh! These are not real boys—they're canned boys! All the other industries have left the home for the cannery—why not boymaking? Here, boys!" The old party lifted his voice sharply.

"Yes, sir!" cried Fourteen, rising agilely and saluting.

"Which one of you knows what wood makes the best arrows? Which one of you ever seasoned a piece of hickory behind the stove over the wood box all winter for your bow? Do you know what bodark is?"

"Yes, sir," replied Thirteen. "It is a corruption of the French words *bois d'arc*, meaning wood of the arch, and is probably an Indian translation of the French habitant's word describing the tough, springy wood of the Osage orange, or common hedge plant."

The strange boy grinned and the old party answered:

"Oh, grand! Now then, Bud, you tell them about the bodark."

The boys sat down, and the old party took the words from the strange boy's mouth and went on talking:

"Bodark is a hard brown wood and makes the best bow you ever saw—better than hickory even. Few boys that I knew ever had a bodark bow, though all of them knew that the Indians prized bodark highly. Bud"—the old party turned to the strange boy—"do you remember that Beasley boy whose mother was scalped by the Indians in the raid of '69, when the Cheyennes came up from the territory and cleaned out all the settlements along the creek bottoms and carried that boy off when he was a baby?

"Well, he came back when he was ten years old, a thoroughgoing Injun—silent, stubborn, mean, revengeful; but, lordy-lordy, what a shot with a bow and arrow! And what a lot of things about horses and dogs he knew, and how he could get round in the woods! You boys think you worship Ty Cobb or Johnnie Kling; but we boys bowed down before Jack Beasley as to a graven image."

Twelve, Thirteen and Fourteen were chinning by the stone railing and eagerly looking at the old party, who smiled at the strange boy.

"Bud," cried the man, "do you remember how we gave Jack our marbles?"

"And he put 'em in his slingshot and threw them at the birds," answered the strange boy.

"And we were proud of his scorn of the marbles!" laughed the old party.

"He threw my black agate—my best black agate, that cost me twenty glassies and a dozen potteries and a whole cigar box of commies—he put my black agate in his slingshot, whirled it round his head and killed a pigeon with it on a roof."

"And he taught us the Injun pinch," laughed the man as he closed his book. "Say, Bud, give the boys an Injun pinch! And he sold us by making us eat Injun turnip—and about burned our mouths out."

"I can taste it yet; but I was mighty proud to be sold by Jack Beasley," said the strange boy; and added: "What a mean little devil he must have been!"

"And filthy too! Why, Bud, do you remember the day at the old limekiln swimming hole when Jack cooked a chicken without cleanin' it, and ate it—tops and all?"

The strange boy grinned.

"But how he could run! Used worm oil on his legs to make 'em limber; put a lot of fishworms in a bottle and fried 'em in the sun; and ——"

"Snake oil that was," interrupted the old party. "Say, boys"—the man addressed himself to the youths whose faces beamed cherubicly over the rail—"suppose you could have Ty Cobb and Teddy Roosevelt, and the greatest scoutmaster in the world, and the greatest football player, all rolled into one right here in the yard—who would wait in the barn while you ——"

"What barn?" cut in precise Thirteen.

"Well, the garage, then"—the man corrected himself and hurried on—"while you went into the house and stole fried cakes for him, and ——"

"He Put My Black Agate in His Slingshot and Killed a Pigeon With It"

"Stole what?" cut in Twelve.

"Why, fried cakes—doughnuts. Don't you boys eat doughnuts?"

"No man in training would, I'm sure," explained Fourteen.

"Oh," humbly returned the old man, drawing a deep breath. "I forgot you boys are highly sanitary—absolutely pure! You probably never ate sheep sorrel, nor ——"

"Nor sucked a grapevine in spring—nor ate redbuds?"

"Bud," smiled the old party, looking into the blue eyes of the strange boy with that fond reminiscence which is the keenest joy of maturity, "do you remember how we used to go trailing through the woods, browsing off the young fresh twigs like gods in the elder days?"

"Perhaps we were gods," replied the strange boy.

The old party gazed mutely for a moment across the green carpet of the lawn and saw a strange thing: A thick, deep wood, stretching up over a wide bottom land; a shimmering stream, flashing in merry ripples over brown stones; a water bird flickering round a distant bend, disappearing as into some mystic sanctuary; overhanging elm trees far up the stream, shading the green water; a curling path, leading down to the brink, worn smooth by a thousand boyish feet. And he heard—above the heron's cry and the jay's fretting, blended indistinctly with the mourning dove's complaint—the far, shrill call of boys' voices, chattering like the herons and the jays—voices that came through the underbrush nearer and nearer, until soon the woods resounded with their calls. In a moment he saw them flash, naked and beautiful, into the still, green water, and, running up the slanting elm's great branches, drop screaming with joy from the elm top into the pool.

"Yes," he answered softly; "perhaps we were—perhaps we were!"

"Perhaps we were what?" insisted Fourteen. "What are you talking about, father?"

"Can you make a whistle from a hickory sapling?" replied the old party, ignoring the question. "Can you make a horn from the stem of a pumpkin leaf? Did you ever belong to a band that went trailing out, single file and naked, through a cornfield, and down through the horse-weeds of the tall timber, to a swimming hole, playing on horns made from pumpkin vines, with the little boys blowing on peach leaves held between their upright thumbs? No; you never did such a thing!" He shook his head sadly. "Well, Bud and I have!"

He Heard the Far, Shrill Call of Boys' Voices, Chattering Like the Herons and the Jays

"Did you and the other boys have feet like goats, father?" suggested Twelve timidly.

"Yes; hard, callous, cut, bruised, sore, brown, ugly and adventuring were our feet," answered the old party. "And those were the pipes of Pan—those pumpkin-vine horns, those hickory whistles, and those peach-leaf clarinets. And once we got a conch shell from the whatnot and sang into it, and made wonderful music. Bud! Bud, do you remember that?"

The strange boy's face beamed with delight, and Thirteen cut in:

"How very interesting!" and then asked: "What is a whatnot, father?"

The man looked his mild scorn at the question, but only the strange boy saw it, and he chuckled:

"They don't understand! They were never as we were. They are of the higher order."

"I think," mused the man, "when the barn went the half gods went and these gods appeared. The barn was the temple of earlier gods—they who were neither brutes nor gods, but half of each. The barn was our real abiding place. Why, Bud, when the old barn went and the garage came, I saw each timber go as one bids good-by to an old friend.

"The very rafters were sacred! There our trapeze swung; there were the rings dangled on which we turned buzz-wheels; there was our springboard before the haypile in the manger; there we gave our shows; there we played our first casino and seven-up; and there we learned in whispers the great mysteries of life. The barn was the boy's Eden. He entered it in the sweet innocence of childhood and played ghosts there, and talked with voices there, and held communion with the gods; and when he left it—when the barn no longer held him—its creaking doors banged on him, and he walked past the flaming sword into life, filled with the knowledge of good and evil! What will boys do when there are no more barns?"

"Come on!" said Fourteen, taking his chin from the stone railing. "Father is tired."

The three sprawled on the close-cropped sward—on back or belly as it pleased each; and the talk droned from carburetors and a cynical criticism of the talking movies to the proper weight in tennis rackets, then into the local boy problems in wireless, and on into the mysteries of the new pulmotor over at the engine house of the fire department. But on the veranda the old party and the strange boy were holding forth on the splendors and glories of the Golden Age.

"And yet," returned the strange boy, "what they have—all this large leisure to consider the universe, all these store things, all this machine-made pleasure and formal joy—was what I hoped for, what I longed for most eagerly. They are as I would have had the angels in my heaven. They are the visions I saw of good boys made perfect."

"And you," repeated the old party gently, "you, Bud—you are the dreams I dream!"

"I wonder," smiled the strange boy through his great brown freckles, "if your next heaven will be so—well, so different in a way from what you thought it would be—as my heaven is here!"

"I wonder too, Bud!" The old party drew a deep breath before going on. "I wonder if our heaven isn't mostly behind us!"

"I know," said the strange boy, "I should not be so wise for my age; but living with you has kind of wised me beyond my years. So I'll venture to guess that most of our heavens are behind us—when we pass forty-five."

"You're a nuisance, boy!" laughed the old party. "Some day I'm going to discharge you—fire you—throw you out—get rid of you! I wouldn't keep you round but for one thing, and ——"

"And that is ——"

"And that is because if it wasn't for you I'd die! You are the cupbearer who brings me the oil of gladness. You bring the quick clank of steel on dark-green ice; the whizzing landscape that reels past the bobsled. You carry with you the taste of hackberries in winter woods, and in your whistle is the call of redbirds, glistening like divine fire among the somber woods of February. You take me trudging to my traps in the winter dawn, and teach me again the intimate secrets of the field and water and timber lot, and the tangle of the unbroken forest. Because you come, I remember the joy of splitting black walnut and hackberry, and how the crooked stick fills up the wood box.

"Ah, but you're a rascal, Bud! You're a rascal; a wool-dyed villain! How slow you work before Sunday-school! How long you lie behind the blackberry bushes in the back garden in the shade when your hoeing takes you past this shelter! What a thief you are—stealing old man Boswell's tobacco from the field; swiping old man Howe's chickens, and rolling off old man Ewing's watermelons from in front of his store! While old man Young, wearing his marshal's star of great pride, chases you through the alleys to your pirates' cave! Old man Garrison knew you when you raided his apple wagon in the autumn with your apple stealer. All the old men knew you for a scoundrel—old men who were in their forties then! Old men? Old men who died only two decades ago! Old men? Ah, Bud, only one old man in all the world ever knew you and loved you—just one old man!"

The strange boy turned away and pretended to be interested in what the youths were saying on the grass below.

"Bud, I've been pretty good to you—haven't I—since you came back, twenty-five years ago?"

"Was it that long ago? Why, I thought it was only——"

"Twenty-five years, Bud! I didn't miss you so much for half a dozen years; and then when you did come back I rather ——"

"Yes; you've spoiled me probably, so far as that goes," the strange boy broke in; "made a pet of me—and a fool, more or less."

"But, Bud, answer me this," said the old party quickly: "What became of you in those years—those beautiful years of youth? Where did you go and why did you go?"

The strange boy stood still and looked at the ground.

"Aw—why, that's all right!" he answered evasively. "I'm here, ain't I? Say, do you remember the time we tied Nate Brown to a tree all night and ——"

"Stop it, Bud! Answer me: Why did you go?"

"Do you want to, honest—honest?" asked the strange boy, drumming his fingers on the cool stone.

"Honest to God, Bud!"

"Won't you ever tell—her?"

"Who?" He followed the strange boy's eyes toward the house; and the old party went on with his oath: "Honest to God, Bud! Hope to die! Hope to be any name you can call me—cross my heart, and hope to drop dead!"

"Well —— Aw, I'm not goin' to do it!"

"Ah, yes! Come on! Why did you leave me so suddenly and only come back in my dreams? Come on, Bud! Tell a feller something, Bud!"

The boy looked at the open door of the house. He stepped close to the old party.

"Aw—well, it's nothin' much—only she—her in there—that used to live across the alley —— Well, you know just as well as I —— Aw, I ain't a-goin' to tell!"

The old party looked gently into the strange boy's red, shame-colored face. Tears streaked through the freckles, but he tried to smile.

"Go on, Bud; I'll understand."

"Well, you remember that night she was standing by the fence that June evening when we came home from Pilliken's party? Well, doggone it, she killed me—killed me as dead as a nit, I tell you! She did—she who is in the house—she who has been in the house all these years—she killed me, I tell you!" The strange boy wagged a vengeful head toward the door.

"How? Why, how, Bud?" exclaimed the old party under his breath, also furtively keeping his eyes on the door.

"With that—that —— Oh, you know—with that first awful kiss!"

"Oh—I—see!" replied the man. "And so she ——"

"Yes," interrupted the strange boy; "she turned me into a dream and you into a man—and we parted."

As the book fell to the floor the old party cried:

"Son! Son, how about that music? Isn't it time for your practicing!"

"Just a minute, daddy!" called back Fourteen. "I'm inventing a new kind of airship, with an armor-plate bottom, for war!"

And the young man saw visions.

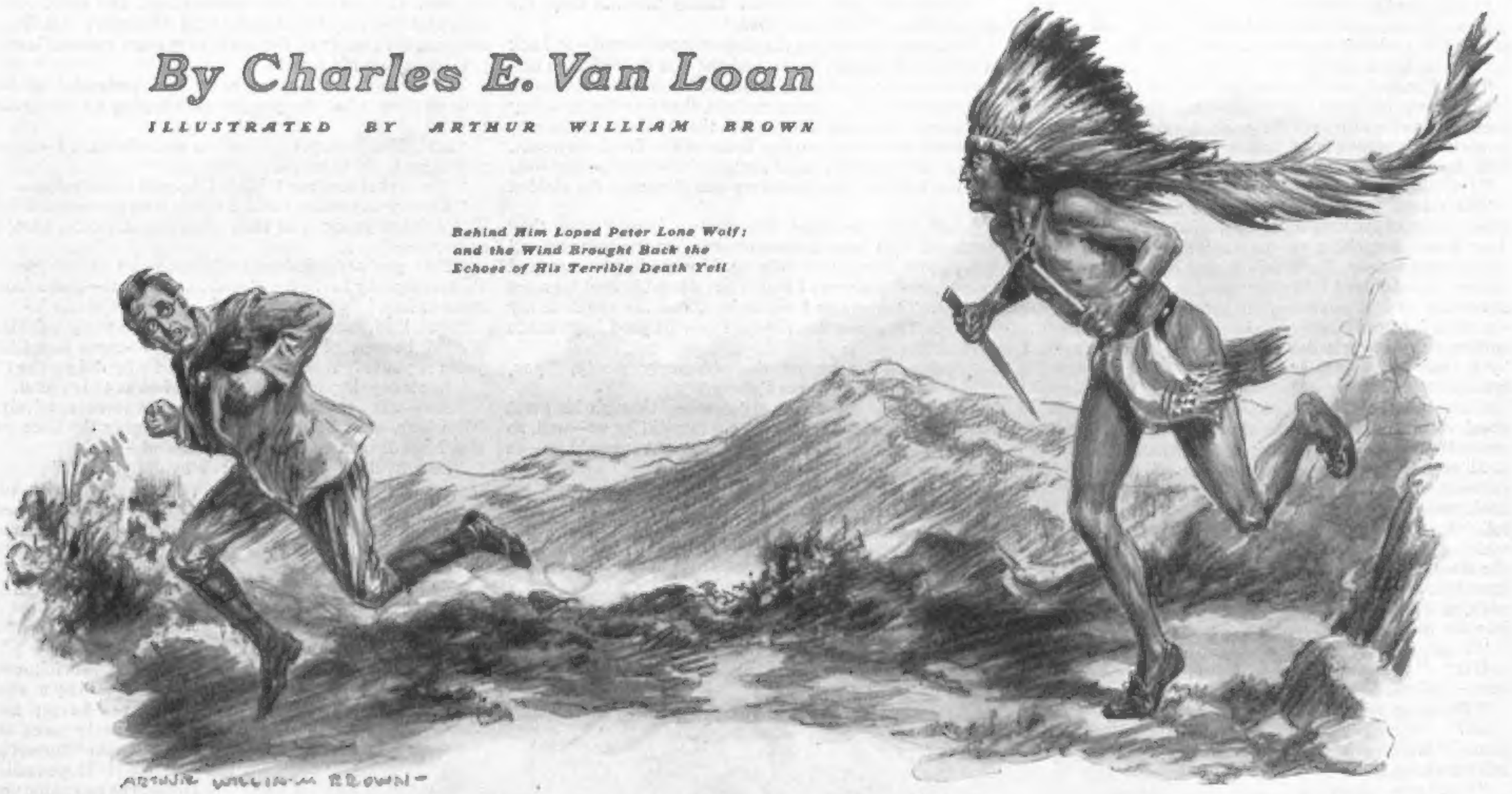
The old party smiled sadly and sighed as he saw the strange boy dragging himself slowly round the corner to finish his evening chores, limping heavily as he went, and whispered:

"And the old men dream dreams!"

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



Behind Him Loped Peter Lone Wolf; and the Wind Brought Back the Echoes of His Terrible Death Yell

DAVID SELIGMAN, vice-president of the Titan Company and a prince in the moving-picture realm, had reached his position of eminence solely by reason of his ability to keep abreast of the times. No other branch of industry has developed with such astounding rapidity, but the changes, as they came, found David in step with the drumbeat of progress.

"Do something new, and do it first!" was his motto; and he clung to it, though he drove directors to the point of emotional insanity. From his office on Fifth Avenue, in New York, he kept an eagle eye on the field, and if he could not always be the standard bearer he was seldom far behind the flag as it moved forward.

A film pioneer, he had watched the evolution of the moving picture from the days of its very raw infancy, when anything that could be thrown on a screen was good enough to get the money, and the cost of photography was the largest item of expense. Then the novelty wore off and audiences began to demand something more than a plotless jumble of pictures. David took thought and issued a proclamation to his managers and directors.

"We've got to quit making up these picture plays as we go along," said he. "Up to now we have been getting away with it, because people didn't believe it possible to make photographs that move; but they come to see 'em and are satisfied. The game is getting too big for the bunk stuff; the public won't stand for a film without a story in it. Art—that's what they want; and we'll give it to 'em. Let's have real plays and real actors from now on."

Company pay rolls doubled and trebled, actors were enticed from the stage, and scenario departments came into existence. Art entered into the making of moving-picture films, and this sufficed for many years; but original ideas became scarce, competition grew keen and the flag moved again.

"Names!" said David Seligman. "That's what they want now; good stories by regular writers and names to carry 'em. Some of the other fellows have been dramatizing novels and getting away with it—old moth-eaten novels that are out of date. A dead writer is no business. Me for one that's alive!"

A few days later Seligman touched an electric button and summoned his secretary, Marco Lazarus.

"You don't read much fiction—novels—do you, Marco?" he began.

"Where would I get any time to read?" asked Marco.

"You should take time," said David reprovingly. "You got your nights to yourself."

"A good musical comedy show is better than any book," said Marco with the air of one dismissing a subject.

"So you think," said David. "Now this book here"—he touched a flaring cloth-bound volume as he spoke—"which was written by a party named Peckinpaw—Marcellus M. Peckinpaw—maybe you never even heard the name of it—eh?"

Marco shook his head.

"The name of it is The Lure of the West," said Seligman. "I am surprised at you, Marco. It's a best seller and they advertise it everywhere, like a circus. Everybody is talking about it. I read it the other night and I don't wonder at it at all. It's got more action than a dog fight. In every chapter there is shooting. . . . Do you know any authors, Marco?"

"I seen one once at a theater," said Marco, "but nobody could have told it to look at him."

"Did you think maybe he would carry a pen behind his ear?" asked Seligman. "Now this Marcellus M. Peckinpaw is a little man with glasses and a cough. If you ask me I would say he is absolutely the extreme end of the limit."

"How do you know he is?"

"Didn't I have him to dinner last night at the Astor? And didn't I sign him up for the moving-picture rights to his novel? Five thousand dollars it cost me before he would do business at all. And what do you think this party insists we shall do?"

"How should I know?" Authors and their ways were beyond Marco.

"I had to write it in the contract that he must be consulted about making the picture; and that, Marco, was a compromise. What this Marcellus M. Peckinpaw wanted was that we should let him take full charge and do the directing himself—and he never saw the inside of a studio in his life. Think of that for nerve! He says that we are liable to spoil the atmosphere of the book!"

"Atmosphere! What's that?"

"I don't know exactly, but in this case I think it is mostly gunpowder and cowboys and Indians. All the Indians I ever saw had plenty of atmosphere. You couldn't stay in the same room with one."

"Huh!" said Marco scornfully. "For five thousand dollars he should worry about a little thing like atmosphere!"

"Just what I told him—absolutely; but he would not sign any other way. He was going away mad and I had to meet his terms. I am paying his expenses to Los Angeles. I will advise Montague about the atmosphere, and Montague will get along with him somehow."

"Montague will be sore," prophesied Marco.

"Montague is always sore at this office," said David. "He kicks more than all the other directors we got; but he also delivers the goods. I sent him a night letter that he should get the book and read it and have a five-reel scenario ready when this Peckinpaw gets out there. . . . Would you like to read the book, Marco?"

"I'd rather see the picture," was the cautious reply.

"So would I," said Seligman. "Montague will make improvements on the story. He always does. What I can't understand is how a man living in New Jersey knows so much about cowboys and Indians. The book is full of 'em, Marco!"

"There ain't no Indians in New Jersey," said the secretary skeptically.

"Not outside of Princeton," said Seligman; "but this Peckinpaw, now, he knows regular Indians—feathers and yellow paint. He told me so. And he writes about a cowboy so natural that you almost see him. With everybody reading the book and talking about it, a five-reeler should get the money."

"Montague will be sore," repeated Marco. "You know he thinks he shall be the whole pig or none."

"Take a letter," said David. "You see, Marco, in order to land this Marcellus M. Peckinpaw I had to let him think that Montague would be a kind of office boy to him. I will explain to Montague that he must humor the fellow as much as possible. They will fix it somehow."

II

BEN LESLIE and Buck Parvin, property man and moving-picture cow-puncher, were loafing in the shade outside the Titan Company's studio building, smoking brown-paper cigarettes and exchanging reminiscences.

"And so I told him," said Buck, "pretty much what I thought of him. 'You are the most ignorant guy I ever saw in my life,' I says. 'You don't know nothing and always will; and you ought to be careful or the hawgs will eat you up. You come round here telling me my business and some day I will get annoyed and hit you. I don't like your shape, your feet don't track, and there's something wrong with that wart on top of your shoulders.' 'You mean my head?' he says, kind of sore. 'Head!' I says. 'Don't kid yourself, Percival! That ain't no head. Your neck just naturally growed out and haired over.' And that was how it started. He picked up a whippletree ——"

Buck's narrative suffered an interruption in the shape of a small, narrow-shouldered gentleman, at sight of whom Buck's eyes and mouth opened and remained fixed in a combination stare and gape.

The stranger wore a slate-colored corduroy riding suit, reënforced with leather; pigskin puttees; a broad gray sombrero, very new and stiff as to crown and brim; a soft white shirt; a flowing tie, and immense round spectacles with heavy rims of dark tortoise-shell. His features were mild enough, but the spectacles imparted to his countenance somewhat the look of a startled ground owl.

"I—I beg your pardon," said the stranger, enunciating very clearly and peering at Buck's chaps and green silk shirt; "I beg your pardon, but perhaps you can inform

me where I shall find a Mister—Mister ——" He paused and, fumbling in an inner pocket, drew out an envelope, glanced at it and resumed: "Oh, yes—a Mr. James Montague. I have a letter of introduction to him."

"Straight ahead, first turning to the left and down the hall," said Leslie.

"Thanks very much," said the stranger, and entered the building. Ben and Buck exchanged amused glances.

"Name it and you can have it," said Ben.

"Thanks very much, old chap," mimicked Buck, "but I ain't collected any curios since I was a kid. Did you pipe that make-up? And I bet I saw something that you missed: The little sucker had a handkerchief up his sleeve an' a watch strapped on his wrist. He did, on the level!"

"And I saw something that you missed," said Leslie. "I got a slant at that envelope and it was from the New York office—old man Seligman's private stationery."

"No! Maybe the high boss is tryin' to saw off a comedian on Jim. Or maybe this is a shipment to the animal farm, Ben. Him and that long-nosed anteater ought to be great little pals eh?"

Ben thumped his knee, with a sudden exclamation.

"I've got him pegged, Buck! You know that five-reel Western picture that Jim has been working on for a week—the one he's making over from a novel? Remember how he was cussing round here about Seligman shipping the author out to help us put it on? Well, this is the fellow. Jim has been expecting him."

"That little billy-owl?" said Buck. "Get out!"

"I'll bet you the drinks. The round eyeglasses tipped his mitt. Authors wear 'em because they think it gives 'em that literary look."

"Him—write a Western novel?" scoffed Buck. "Why, where would he get it? It can't be done!"

In this Buck was mistaken. It had been done. Marcellus M. Peckinpaw—for it was indeed that renowned genius—had written a Western novel and a best seller. Western critics—crude fellows of the baser sort, no doubt—had hinted that Mr. Peckinpaw's knowledge of the noble savage had been gleaned from the works of Mr. Fenimore Cooper. They had also pointed out that his cow-punchers conversed in a dialect unknown on land or sea; but these innuendoes were unfair as well as unkind.

Marcellus M. Peckinpaw knew his West and freely admitted it whenever possible. He had made one trip from ocean to ocean; men have written volumes on less. True, it was warm and dusty in the Pullman after the train left Kansas City and the curtains had been down during the daylight part of the journey; but, in spite of this slight drawback, Mr. Peckinpaw had managed to see a great deal of the sandy Southwest.

At Albuquerque, for instance, he had spent a fascinating half hour in careful inspection of the wooden-faced, pottery-peddling aborigines. The Indians had also inspected Mr. Peckinpaw; so the benefits, if any, had been mutual.

He had lingered one whole week in a tourist hotel on the Pacific Coast, dressing for dinner each evening and absorbing local color and atmosphere. Then, returning home by another route, he had seen the broad-hatted and bow-legged sons of Wyoming; in fact, had even spoken with one on the depot platform at Green River.

Nor was this all—far from it! The Lure of the West had been written under direct inspiration.

Mr. Peckinpaw, commissioned to do a magazine article dealing with the various places of amusement in the city of New York, had visited a Wild West Show in Madison Square Garden. The press agent of the establishment, scenting high-class publicity, had taken Mr. Peckinpaw below stairs to view the West at close range.

He had seen real Indians, feathered and smeared with ochre, reclining on bales of hay. He had been introduced to Chief Singing Mule, and had grasped the hand that had grasped the hand of the late lamented Sitting Bull. He had the press agent's word for it. He had seen a mangy buffalo; had heard a cow-puncher from Springfield, Massachusetts, warble the opening stanza of The Cowboy's Lament; had made obeisance before the sole surviving scout of the plains—and the very next week the first chapter of The Lure of the West had been written. It was a great novel. If there be doubters let them ask for a copy of Mr. Peckinpaw's royalty statement and thereafter hold their peace.

Mr. James Montague, himself a genius whose fame as a producing director girdled the globe, took a pipe out of his mouth to greet the distinguished visitor. It cannot be said that Montague was in a pleasant frame of mind. For four days he had wrestled mightily with The Lure of the West, endeavoring to stretch it into five reels; and the things he had said about Mr. Seligman and Mr. Peckinpaw came hot from his heart.

After the usual polite nothings, during which the men took stock of each other, Mr. Peckinpaw came abruptly to business.

"I presume you are ready to begin the—er—photography, Mr. Montague," said he. "My time is limited. I should like to finish by Saturday night, if possible."

"By Saturday night!" ejaculated the amazed director. "Holy Moses, man! Saturday night! How long do you think it takes to put on a five-reel feature?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, I'm sure," said Mr. Peckinpaw, stifling a yawn. "It's merely a matter of turning a crank, isn't it?"

Montague threw himself back in his chair and howled until the windows rattled.

"Merely a matter of turning a crank!" he said after recovering his breath. "That's good! That's immense! Say, look at this pile of typewritten pages, will you? That's only a piece of the scenario—just a beginning. Then, when everything else is fixed, I'll have to move the entire company out into the hills and pitch a camp. We may have to stay there a couple of weeks, getting the location stuff. After that we'll come back here and make the studio scenes. By Saturday night! If we have a lot of luck we may get through with it in a month! It'll take a week to get the extra people together."

"It seems a long time," said Mr. Peckinpaw; "but why bother with all these things?" He pointed to the typewritten pages. "Why can't you start at the beginning of the book and work through, chapter by chapter? That would seem to be the simplest way."

Montague's pipe sagged in his mouth and he stared hard at his visitor.

"Say, are you trying to kid me?" he demanded.

"Did You Pipe That Make-Up?"

"Most certainly not. I was merely offering a suggestion."

"Oh, that was a suggestion, was it? I thought it was a joke. Well, Mr. Peckinpaw, I haven't the time just now to explain why all this preliminary work is necessary to the making of a moving picture. You can take it from me that laying out the ground plan of a five-reel feature is quite some job. It's not a thing you can go at hit or miss. I'll call on you at your hotel this evening and we'll go over the scenario together as far as I've got. Meantime you might look round the plant and amuse yourself."

"But," said Mr. Peckinpaw, stiffening slightly, "Mr. Seligman told me I was to superintend this work. I have a copy of my contract at the hotel. Mr. Seligman said ——"

"Dave is a great kidder," said Montague. "What he meant was that you should assist with your ideas as to the way the scenes should be played, and all that sort of thing. I'll be glad to have your suggestions when we get to the acting; but this mechanical work must be done first. You can't help me with it because you're not a moving-picture director. You're an author."

Something in the way Montague pronounced the last word brought a flush to Mr. Peckinpaw's sallow cheeks.

"My contract ——" he began.

"Yes, yes," said Montague soothingly; "I'll look at your contract this evening. If there is anything in it about your succeeding me as director of this company ——"

"I didn't say that!" snapped Mr. Peckinpaw, nettled. "Mr. Seligman told me — "

"I wouldn't believe Dave Seligman under oath. Greatest kidder in the world! But we can thresh that out this evening. Meantime this junk"—Montague's hand fell lightly on a copy of The Lure of the West as he spoke; it may have been an accident—"must be licked into shape. If it was up to me I'd only make a one-reel picture out of the book. Where did you say you were stopping?"

Mr. Peckinpaw gave the name of his hotel and rose to go.

"One thing I shall certainly insist on," said he firmly, "I wish to select the actors. I am a believer in type, Mr. Montague."

"You've got nothing on me," was the rejoinder. "Picking types is one of the best things I do. I'm noted for it."

"Now, for instance," said Mr. Peckinpaw, to whom no remarks were quite as important as his own, "there is the character of Shining Cloud, my young Indian chief. I shall require the perfect Indian type—high cheek bones, prominent nose, and—er—all that sort of thing. I positively will not permit a white man to play Shining Cloud. I must have an Indian."

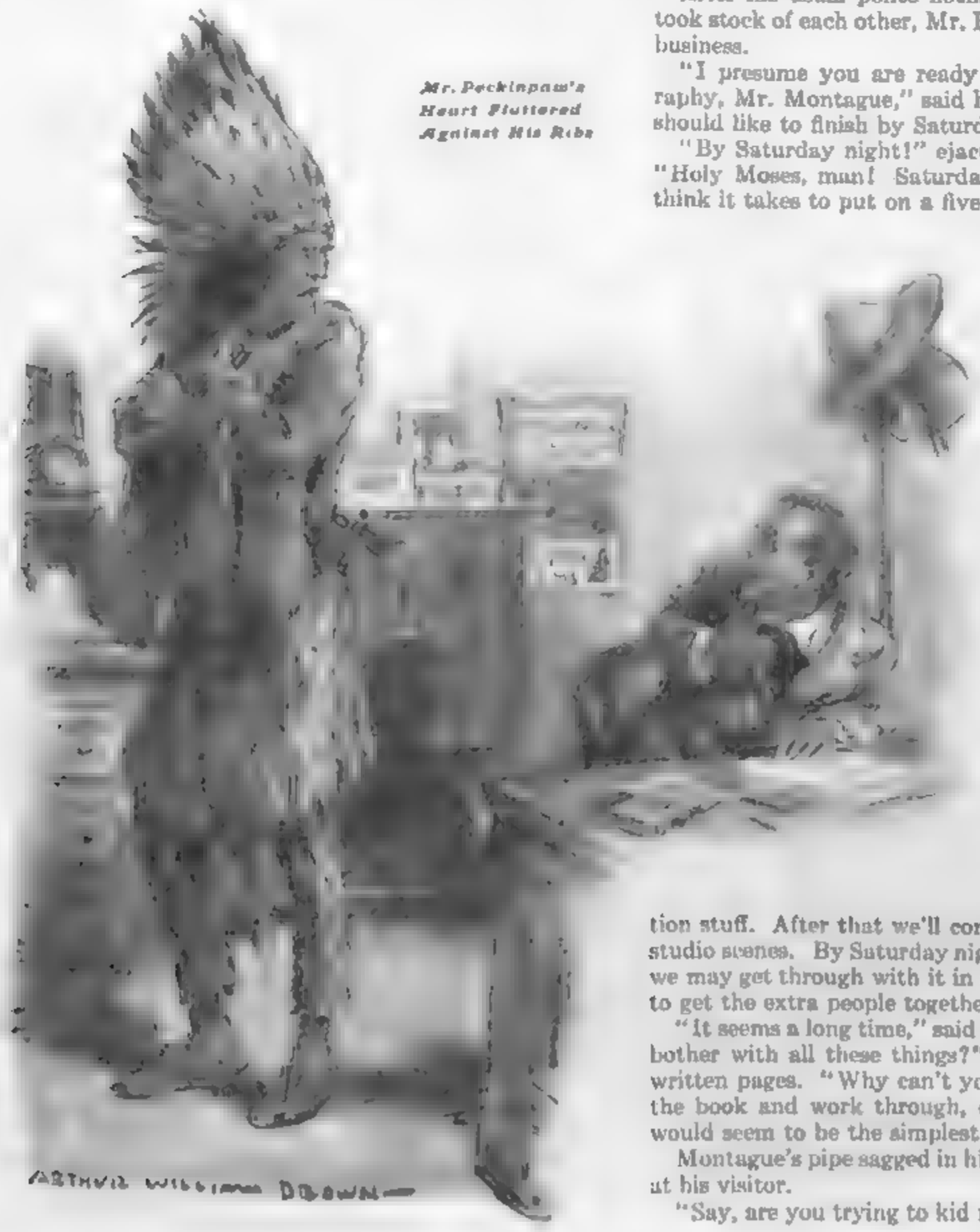
"Calm yourself!" said Montague. "I've got the very man you want. His name is Peter Lone Wolf; he's a full-blooded Oglala Sioux, and he's about the typiest type of Indian that you most ever saw. He can act too. See you later. Good day!"

At eleven o'clock that night Mr. Montague stepped out of the elevator into the lobby of the hotel that had the honor of housing Mr. Marcellus M. Peckinpaw. He walked straight to the telegraph desk, scribbled a message on a night-letter blank, flung it at the operator and marched out, his heels clattering on the tiled floor.

Ten minutes later Mr. Peckinpaw appeared and hurried to the telegraph desk. After considerable thought he also composed a message. The next morning Mr. David Seligman chuckled as he handed two telegrams to Marco Lazarus, who read as follows:

What have I ever done to you that I should have a nut like Peckinpaw wished on me? If you want to turn this studio over to pin-headed authors you can count me out. Wire him to mind his own business. MONTAGUE.

Situation here extremely difficult. M. seems disposed to question terms of contract—even suggests adding characters and incidents not in book and altering plot. Will never consent to this! Wish to avoid open clash if possible. What do you advise? M. M. PECKINPAW.



Mr. Peckinpaw's Heart Fluttered Against His Ribs

"I knew you would start something!" said Marco. "How are you going to straighten it out?"

David Seligman grinned and winked at his secretary.

"I am a diplomat," said he. "I wired 'em both to hurry up with the picture. Only loafers have time for fighting."

III

MR. SELIGMAN'S telegrams produced the desired effect, and the open clash which Mr. Peckinpaw dreaded was averted by a narrow margin. Montague found it wise to drop the subject of certain changes his experience told him were necessary to the success of the picture; and the author, believing he had carried his point, became, as Montague remarked, almost human in spots.

The dove of peace found the director's small office more crowded than usual, because Mr. Peckinpaw insisted on having a table in one corner, where he toiled manfully at something Jimmy Montague was pleased to call the character scenario. He gravely assured the author that this was of the utmost importance.

"Of course, Peckinpaw, I get an idea from reading the book what these folks ought to be like," explained Montague, "but I don't want to trust my own judgment. You created these characters and it stands to reason you know 'em better than anybody else. Write everything out in full—how you think these people ought to look and walk and talk. The more I have to work on, the better."

"And, if you'll believe me," said Montague to Charlie Jennings, his assistant, "he fell for it! It keeps the little devil out of mischief; he lets me alone and he actually thinks he's helping me! He's writing his fool head off. Yesterday he wanted me to read nine pages about that Injun of his!"

"Shining Cloud?" asked Jennings, who had found it necessary to read The Lure of the West.

"That's the bird—Shining Cloud. He says that all the people who wrote him letters about the book were stuck on the Injun. Some of 'em said he was the noblest character in fiction."

"On the level, Jim," said Jennings, "do you think this fellow ever saw a regular Indian in all his life?"

"Darned if I know! Judging by the book I'd say he hadn't. He'll see one this morning, though. Peter Lone Wolf is just finishing up that Western picture for the Alpha Company down the street. He's going to come over in all his make-up. Peckinpaw is daffy to see him; he's afraid Peter won't come up to the plans and specifications of Shining Cloud. You know, Charlie, this little shrimp has been patted on the back so much about his book that he's come to think that those characters of his are real! He talks about Shining Cloud as though he was alive."

It was on this very morning that Mr. Peckinpaw ceased his labors to offer another suggestion.

"Mr. Montague, I believe I have found the very man to play Deep Creek Jordan, the cowboy lover," said he.

"So-o?" from Montague, with a rising inflection.

"It's that chap who hangs round here all the time—typical Westerner—quaint sort of individual. He wears a green shirt and ——"

"Oh, Buck Parvin! He can't play Deep Creek—that's a part for the leading man. Buck can ride and do stunts, but he's no actor. Never will be. Jack La Rue is the fellow. He'll not only look Deep Creek but he'll play him like a streak. Jack is some lover—take it from me!"

"I'm sorry," said Peckinpaw. "You see, in a way I had promised the part to this Buck, as you call him."

"Been making friends with Buck, have you?"

"Rather! We had quite a chat yesterday. He was telling me some of his experiences among the Indians—quite thrilling they were."

"I'll bet!" said Montague dryly.

"He has read my book," said Peckinpaw, "and he asked for an autographed copy. I rather suspect he intends making a present to a lady. Women seem to prize autographed copies. He says ——"

What else Mr. Parvin said is not known, for the door of the director's office swung open and a tremendous and imposing figure entered. It was Peter Lone Wolf, moving-picture Indian, all six feet of him bravely decked out in buckskin, beads and feathers. Mr. Peckinpaw, taken entirely by surprise, gazed on this colorful vision of savagery and made a noise like a frightened duck.

"Hello, Peter!" said Montague.

The young Indian nodded his head slightly in acknowledgment of the salutation and the feathers of his towering war bonnet swept the ceiling. He did not speak, but Mr. Peckinpaw did.

"Wonderful! Magnificent! What a noble bearing! What expression! He is the living image of Shining Cloud—by heaven, he is Shining Cloud! Does—does he understand English, Mr. Montague?"

Montague did not answer; he was watching the Indian. Peter Lone Wolf turned his head slowly and looked down at the little author as an eagle might look at a linnet. His grave and beady scrutiny took in every visible detail of Mr. Peckinpaw's attire, and was focused at last on the large round spectacles. Mr. Peckinpaw experienced the sensation of shriveling physically; he felt himself growing smaller and smaller under that piercing regard. Some unidentified instinct prompted him to back into the corner of the room, but those unwinking eyes held him captive. He could not move hand or foot, but he did manage to hunch one shoulder.

Peter Lone Wolf seemed to swell and grow larger. His head lifted; his chin thrust itself forward. Then, still staring at Mr. Peckinpaw, he folded his arms on his chest and broke the silence with a terrific grunt, which seemed to come from the very soles of his moccasins:

"Woof!"

Mr. Peckinpaw's heart fluttered against his ribs and, ostrich-wise, he closed his eyes; but as nothing happened to him he opened them again in time to witness a dignified and majestic exit. Peter Lone Wolf, his arms still folded on his chest and his eyes on Mr. Peckinpaw to the last, backed slowly out of the room and departed, grunting at every stride.

"Well," said Montague, "how do you like my Indian?"

"Superb! Glorious!" Mr. Peckinpaw was recovering from a nervous chill and was chatteringly voluble. "What native grace! What insolent pride! Why, the man might have been a king, the way he looked at me! And he positively makes one feel his physical superiority! I wish I might have talked with him in his own tongue—gotten his viewpoint on life and what it means to him. There must be a mind behind such eyes! And what a wonderful face—so stern and sad, and yet so brave! All the sorrows of a vanishing people are written on it; all the records of a hopeless struggle against a superior race. . . . But are we a superior race, Mr. Montague? Are we? Where have we a specimen to match this magnificent savage in physique, in simple dignity, in—in ——"

Not having his Dictionary of Synonyms handy, Mr. Peckinpaw stranded, gasping. Montague bent his shaking shoulders over his work, but said nothing.

Later Mr. Peckinpaw found pleasure in emptying himself of sensations and adjectives for the benefit of Buck Parvin, who listened soberly enough, but with eyes dangerously bright and twinkling.

"Civilization," said Mr. Peckinpaw in conclusion, "has never produced such a type. It cannot!"

"And a darn' good thing!" said Buck. "Listen to me! I know this Injun—knew his ole daddy too. He was Chief Curly Wolf. You remember him, don't you?"

"The—the name is familiar," said Mr. Peckinpaw. "I cannot quite place him."

"That's funny—and you made a study of Injuns too! Ever heard of Sitting Bull?"

Here Mr. Peckinpaw was on established ground. Eagerly he spoke of the intimate relations with Chief Singing Mule and the hand that had grasped the hand of Sitting Bull.

"Well," said Buck, "Curly Wolf was the guy that put the Bull in Sitting Bull. Sitting Bull got all the press notices, but the Injun that deserved the credit was Curly Wolf. He was the worst ole murdering cutthroat that ever turned a rancher inside out to see what made him tick! Him and Sitting Bull was as close as two fingers on a glove; and, if it hadn't been for this Curly Wolf, Sitting Bull would have been as tame as a nanny goat. Curly Wolf used to rib him up to commit all them meannesses and then go along with him to see that he didn't weaken. Sitting Bull wouldn't no more think of going on the warpath without his pardner than he'd fly to the moon! . . . Kind of unfortunate about this Peter Lone Wolf; but, seeing who his daddy was, I reckon he comes honestly by it."

"Look Out for the Injun! He Was Tipping a Little Bit Last Night"

"Comes honestly by what?" asked Mr. Peckinpaw, all ears.

"Why, his habits. Every so often he goes sort of bug—crazy; paints himself for war; gives the death yell, and wants to butcher somebody like his daddy did. He was born while his family was up in the Little Big Horn country pulling off the Custer Massacre. Maybe that's got something to do with the spells he takes."

"Prenatal influence unquestionably," murmured Mr. Peckinpaw.

"Hey? Well, whatever it is, it comes on him just so often, same as a periodical souse. Sometimes he gives warning; sometimes the only warning you get is the death yell. I see you mention the death yell in your book, so you know about it."

"Does he ever—hurt anybody?" asked Mr. Peckinpaw timidly.

"Well, no—he don't seem to aim to torture 'em none; his notion is to kill outright," was the reassuring answer.

"And—has he?"

"As to that," said Buck judicially, "some say he has and some say he hasn't. It depends on whether you count Mexicans. Some do and some don't. It's all a matter of how you're raised. Personally, myself, I never seen him get that far. We gener'ly rope an' hawg-tie him before he gets a good start. In a day or so it wears off and he's all right again. I thought I'd tell you, so you wouldn't go pesticating round him too much. He ain't very strong for Easterners; it was an Easterner that filled his daddy full of buckshot."

"Why, he's dangerous!" said Mr. Peckinpaw. "He has the homicidal mania!"

"He's got all that," said Buck cheerfully. "The best way is to keep an eye on him all the time. If you hear him cut loose with that war whoop of his don't stop to ask any questions. Fade right away while your hair is on your head. Why, he even tried to scalp me once!"

"He did! What did you do?"

"Busted him on the head with the butt of my gun. I'd have shot him—I wanted to—but Montague wouldn't let me. The Injun was working in the picture and it wasn't finished yet. And say, speaking of Montague"—Buck paused and his embarrassment was quite evident—"speaking of Montague, I'd like to ask a favor of you."

"Anything at all, Buck," said Peckinpaw.

"I wish you wouldn't tell him that I tipped off this Peter proposition to you. He—he didn't want you to know or else he'd have told you himself. If Jim should find out that I done it—good-by, Buck, that's all! He'd fire me in a minute."

"I promise you I won't mention it to a soul!" said Mr. Peckinpaw earnestly. "Not a soul!"

"Thanks," said Buck. "I'll kind of keep an eye on this Lone Wolf, and if I see any signs of it coming on I'll tell you the first one."

"I wish you would, Buck," said Mr. Peckinpaw. "You won't forget?"

"You bet I won't! You've called me Buck; so I'm going to call you Marcellus. No; I reckon I'll call you Marsh for short. Is that all right?"

"Call me anything you like," said Mr. Peckinpaw, "but watch that Indian!"

That night the author of The Lure of the West did not rest well. He dreamed of Peter Lone Wolf and gory scalps, and waked to find himself in a cold sweat.

IV

IT WAS early evening at the field headquarters of the Titan Company. It had once been a deserted ranch house—lonely buildings lying at the foot of the low California hills—but now horses whickered in the corrals, lanterns flashed in the barn, men and women sat under the great oaks or moved about the porch; and from the kitchen came tempting odors telling of ham and eggs and coffee.

Tents were pitched in the yard and the meadow beyond; and in one of them a celebrated author sulked and waited for the dinner call, while in another and larger tent James Montague swore softly as he checked off the list of scenes made that day. He swore because the list was shorter than it should have been—and there was a reason.

Charlie Jennings entered the director's tent; but, seeing that his chief was in a savage humor, he held his tongue. Montague finished his work, threw the papers into the table drawer, slammed it shut and looked up.

"Where is he, Charlie?"

"In his tent."

"Well, I wish he'd stay there!" said Montague. "I'm getting good and sick of his nonsense. I thought, from the way he acted after the first run-in we had, he was going to show a

(Continued on Page 32)

THE LATE MR. KREIN

But Not Too Late—By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

YES, Mr. Schafran," said Isaac Sipkin, surviving partner of the firm of Sipkin & Krein, as he sat in his office late one February afternoon, "it's an elegant likeness." He heaved a rather forced sigh toward the wall in front of his desk, on which there was hanging a framed and glazed portrait of the late Max Krein. It had just been delivered by the picture framer.

"It don't look bad," Schafran the *Schatchen* admitted; "but I didn't know that Max Krein belonged to the Knights of Sparta."

"Me neither," Sipkin said; "but they found the button in his coat when they dug him out of the wreck; so for fifty cents extra I had them put it in the picture."

Schafran nodded sympathetically.

"Yes, Mr. Sipkin," he said, "it must have been a big shock to you." He referred to Krein's death and not to the extra fifty cents. "But, after all," he continued in a professional tone of voice, "the only thing you could figure on certain sure is dying."

"And Krein figured on it like he figured on everything else," Sipkin agreed, gazing at the strong features of his late partner. "Just before he started on his last trip he took out for twenty thousand dollars a policy in the Mercantile Casualty Company, of Paterson, y'understand, which it gets doubled up on him when he dies in a railroad wreck." He heaved another sigh; but this time there could be no doubt of its genuineness. "Me I been carrying accident insurance for twenty years, Mr. Schafran," he concluded, "and I ain't got to show for it so much as a packing case falling on my little toe even. That's the luck some people got it."

"Do you call it luck that Max Krein should get killed in a railroad accident?" Schafran exclaimed.

"A man must got to go some time, Mr. Schafran; and think of the thousands of people which dies from high-priced sicknesses like diabetes or *Magenbeschwerden!* And all the wife collects on is a five-thousand-dollar policy which is got a loan on it up to the full paid-up surrender value. Am I right or wrong?"

Schafran nodded absently. He was adding forty thousand dollars to Mrs. Ray Krein's interest in the firm of Sipkin & Krein, which he estimated at twenty thousand dollars, more or less; and he was proceeding to compute the customary broker's commission on the total amount when Sipkin coughed impatiently.

"We're pretty busy here," he said, "on account they found the order book in his valise; and as there was a little delay in sending it on here we're behind in our deliveries."

"So Mrs. Krein told me," Schafran said. "It's wonderful the interest she takes in the business!"

"Well, she don't got to if she don't want to," Sipkin said rather brusquely, "because I wouldn't do her for a cent, Mr. Schafran. I ain't that kind."

"I know you ain't," Schafran hastened to assure him. "She's got every confidence in you, Mr. Sipkin; and her uncle, Mosha Fried, of Jerkowsky & Fried, says to me, 'Mr. Schafran, my dear friend,' he says, 'there is a man which is that woman's natural protector,' he says; 'and a young woman like that,' he says, 'which ——'"

"A young woman like what?" Sipkin demanded, and Schafran gazed at him in hurt surprise.

"Mrs. Krein is a young woman," Schafran said reprovingly; "because a woman forty-eight is still in the prime life."

"You don't say so!" Sipkin retorted. "Well, forty-eight ain't young even if she would be forty-eight, which if I could get a line of credit for so long as she is over forty-eight, Mr. Schafran, I wouldn't got to pay my bills till the fall of 1920."

"But, Mr. Sipkin ——" Schafran protested.

"Furthermore, Ray Krein could be twenty-eight even, Mr. Schafran," Sipkin broke in, "and if it's my misfortune that I am a widower and want to stay one, that's my business, Mr. Schafran; and I don't want no suggestions from Mosha Fried."

"But all he said to me was that in a case where the people was so happily married like Max and Ray Krein, why then ——"

"What do you mean—happily married?" Sipkin cried.

"Mr. and Mrs. Krein was a happy marriage, wasn't it?" Schafran said.

"Even If I Would of Prayed for Him I Wouldn't of Prayed for a Sick Feller Like Yours"

"Sure, I know—a happy marriage!" Sipkin declared, rising to his feet. "Which me and my poor wife—*olae hasholom!*—was also a happy marriage, Schafran; and you could take it from me, Schafran, the only difference between happy marriages and unhappy marriages is that the happy marriages keeps their troubles private."

He gathered up a bundle of sample swatches by way of terminating the interview.

"And now, Mr. Schafran," he said, "I got business to attend to; so if you would excuse me, Mr. Schafran, you could go back and tell Mosha Fried that just so soon as he finds a match for Ray Krein he could count on me to give the couple a wedding present of a summons in a lawsuit to wind up the business. I ain't working my head off to make a living for nobody but myself and Mrs. Ray Krein."

"Believe me, Mr. Sipkin," Schafran said, "I argued with Mosha Fried he shouldn't put such ideas into Mrs. Krein's head, on account I told him if you wouldn't consider the proposition and she marries somebody else, which would bust up the business here—what is it?"

"You bet your life what is it!" Sipkin agreed. "The stock and fixtures here is worth nothing. It's the goodwill what counts; and if I go out from the business, y'understand, the customers goes with me. You could tell that to Mosha Fried *mit* my compliments, Schafran. And you could also tell him that without one of his relations in my business I could buy just so good linings from some other concern as Jerkowsky & Fried. And you should look out going down the stairs that you don't break your neck, Schafran, on account it's getting pretty dark now."

"Well," Schafran said, "I guess I'll be going."

He placed his hat on the back of his head and started for the door.

"I hope I'll see you soon again, Mr. Sipkin," he said as he paused at the stairway. "Take care of yourself!"

"Don't you worry about that part," Sipkin shouted; and he was still snorting indignantly when Harry Gomel entered, a few minutes later.

"What do you think from that *alte Bube*, Harry!" he cried. "She wants to get married again."

"What *alte Bube?*" Harry asked.

"Ray Krein," Sipkin replied. "Did you ever hear the like?"

"Why, Mrs. Krein ain't no *alte Bube*," Harry said.

"Ain't she?" Sipkin roared. "What do you know about it anyway? For a feller which is only a salesman and used to was, up to two months ago, a shipping clerk for a rotten concern like Klinger & Klein, Gomel, you got a whole lot to say for yourself."

Harry began to think he had gone too far.

"What I mean is this, Mr. Sipkin," he protested: "An *alte Bube* she may be, *aber* it depends on how old the feller is that she wants to marry, Mr. Sipkin. If she would want to marry some one her own age, like ——" He was about to say "like you, Mr. Sipkin," but something in his employer's steady gaze made him pause.

"If she would want to marry some one her own age, like that feller which was just in here, for instance," he continued blithely, "then I would say all right. *Aber* if she would want to marry some one much younger as herself, like you, Mr. Sipkin, then that's something else again; and I give anybody right what calls her an *alte Bube*."

Sipkin's face softened into an amiable smile.

"That feller which was just in here takes awful good care that he don't get married himself, Harry. His idee is, y'understand, that he ropes in other people they should get married," Sipkin explained. "He's a *Schatchen*, Harry."

"I thought I seen him somewheres before," Gomel said. "Ain't his name Max Tischberg?"

"No, it ain't," Sipkin replied. "It's Schafran; and a fine crook he is too."

"I bet yer!" Harry agreed fervently. "A *Schatchen* is got to be a crook, otherwise he couldn't be a *Schatchen*."

Nevertheless, when Harry Gomel paid his dinner check at the proprietor's desk in Wasserbauer's Restaurant and Café that evening he overcame his prejudice against marriage brokers sufficiently to make a few pointed inquiries.

"Tell me, Wasserbauer," he said, "you got a big acquaintance among the people, ain't it? Do you know a *Schatchen* by the name Schafran?"

"A question!" Wasserbauer exclaimed. "Him and me belonged for years to Brotherly Love Lodge 144, till she busted up there in that big fight they got into in 1895. The way it come about was this, Mr. Gomel: Schafran and me was ——"

"It's all right, Wasserbauer. I take your word for the fight," Harry interrupted. "The question I want to know is: Where does Schafran live?"

II

"BUT what is the use talking, Mr. Gomel?" said Jacob Schafran. "Mrs. Krein ain't looking to adopt nobody. She wants to get married."

"Did I say she didn't?" Harry Gomel retorted.

It was precisely one hour after Wasserbauer had disclosed Schafran's address, and Harry had lost no time in personally announcing his candidacy to the *Schatchen* at the latter's apartment on Kelly Street, Bronx.

"But you're too young," Schafran insisted.

"What d'ye mean—too young?" Harry exclaimed. "When a business man decides he should get married a couple years difference more or less either way or the other don't figure at all; and, anyhow, Mr. Schafran, I am the one to kick about that."

"*Aber* her uncle Mosha Fried, of Jerkowsky & Fried, would never consider it," Schafran declared.

"Listen, Mr. Schafran," Harry said: "Has the Mercantile Casualty Company paid the policy to Mrs. Krein *oder* to Jerkowsky & Fried?"

"They ain't paid it to nobody as yet," Schafran said.

"But when they do pay it, and things goes through all right, I want you to know that if you are dealing with me, Mr. Schafran, you are dealing with a business man; and I could be sixteen or I could be sixty, Mr. Schafran, but you would get yours, Mr. Schafran, just the same."

"But I am telling you Mosha Fried would never stand for you," Schafran remonstrated again.

"Listen, Mr. Schafran: If you are going to try to find a *Parti* which must got to suit the *Kahlo* and Mosha Fried both, then all I could say is you got your work cut out for you. An old feller like Mosha Fried would take right away a prejudice against somebody just because he's good-looking and a swell dresser. Am I right or wrong?"

Here Gomel raised his chin and ran his forefinger round the inside of his collar.

"Whereas, with Mrs. Krein the shoe is on the other leg," he continued. "So all I got to say is you should make a

date for me I could meet Mrs. Krein, y'understand, and for Mosha Fried I don't care about at all."

He shook the marriage broker's hand in a warm farewell.

"I eat my dinner every night by Wasserbauer's," he said, "and I hope to hear from you there to-morrow night."

Schafran nodded; and as he preceded his visitor to the door he glanced nervously at his watch, for he was more than half an hour overdue at the residence of Mrs. Ray Krein, where he had agreed to disclose to the widow and her uncle the result of his call on Sipkin.

"I'll do my best," he said as he opened the door, "and ——"

"*Nu*, Schafran!" cried a husky, asthmatic voice. "What was keeping you?"

Immediately afterward Schafran discerned the burly figure of Mosha Fried, who was panting up the dark stairs, closely followed by Mrs. Krein.

"If You are Bringing Into the Business Forty Thousand Dollars, Harry, I Am Sure You Will Make a Good Husband"

"*Stigun!*" Schafran hissed, and thrust Harry back with one hand while he extended the other to the outraged lining merchant.

"Why, Mr. Fried!" he exclaimed. "This is a pleasure."

"Not for me it ain't," Fried declared, puffing and blowing as he reached the landing. "You keep me and my niece sitting round like a couple damn fools for over an hour and expect us to feel good about it yet?"

"Come right in, Mrs. Krein," the *Schatchen* said in what he believed to be refined accents; and as he led the way to his front parlor he closed the door of a bedroom behind Harry Gomel. "Ain't it a lovely weather?"

"It's raining ice, if that's what you mean," Mrs. Krein replied. "I bet yer I get my death o' cold yet. My feet are wringing wet already."

"Sit right up against the radiator, Mrs. Krein," Schafran pleaded; "and, believe me, if I would keep you waiting it's on your account, not mine."

"What do you mean—on our account?" Mrs. Krein said. "Do you think I enjoy it when I sit round with my uncle all evening?" Here she paused, and then, as an afterthought, added: "Waiting round all evening for somebody which don't show up at all!"

"Well, if I would seen you any earlier, Mrs. Krein," Schafran explained, "I wouldn't been able to tell you all which happened."

"*Nu!*" Fried cried. "Make no more *Meises*, Schafran! What did you done?"

"I done all I could, Mr. Fried," Schafran declared after they were all seated. "I seen Sipkin and he wouldn't consider the matter at all. Furthermore, he says if Mrs. Krein marries somebody else the only wedding present he makes her is a summons in a lawsuit to wind up the business."

"Then that settles it!" Mosha Fried announced.

"Why should that settle it, Mr. Fried?" the *Schatchen* asked. "After all, the business ain't everything, Mr. Fried. If she wants to get married she's got anyhow to fall back on the forty-thousand-dollar policy in the Mercantile Casualty Company, of Paterson."

"Could I sell linings to the Mercantile Casualty Company, of Paterson?" Fried roared. "Don't talk like a fool, Schafran! And besides, Schafran, it ain't necessary she should get married to Sipkin at all. He will give her just so square a deal in the business as if she was married to him—squarer even, Schafran, because she draws now week in week out fifty dollars, Schafran, whereas if she is married to Sipkin, Schafran, all she gets is her housekeeping money. And you know as well as I do, Schafran, some weeks when business don't go so good a business man is liable to hang his wife up on the housekeeping money."

"And once your husband gets behind in the housekeeping money," Mrs. Krein commented bitterly, "he don't take it so particular that he catches up, either."

"That might be with an old husband, Mrs. Krein," Schafran corrected; "*aber* with a young husband which marries for love, Mrs. Krein, it's a difference matter entirely."

"What has a *Schatchen* got to do *mit* love?" Fried demanded. "When every feller marries for love, Schafran, they will got so much use for a *Schatchen* as a mail-order catalogue house has for a traveling salesman."

"If they marry for all love—yes, Mr. Fried," Schafran replied; "*aber* I am speaking now from a young man which marries for anyhow fifty per cent love."

"Well, with a woman my age you ain't going to find such a young man," Mrs. Krein said resignedly; "so what is the use talking?"

"It ain't no use at all," Schafran agreed, "unless you let me do the talking, Mrs. Krein; because what I am trying to tell you now for the last half hour is that I got such a young feller and he is in the house here right now."

Both Mosha Fried and Mrs. Krein became suddenly red in the face; but, while Mrs. Krein's color immediately faded, Mosha's blush intensified until he became purple with rage.

"And who the devil asked you you should do such a thing?" he cried. "Do you want to ruin us?"

"What d'ye mean—ruin you?" Schafran interrupted.

"You know very well what I mean!" Fried shouted. "If Sipkin hears that Ray has even got an idea to marry a young feller he will right away wind up the business."

"Even so——" Schafran began.

"Even so, nothing!" Uncle Mosha broke in. "What do you think Leon Jerkowsky does to me if he finds out I am losing on him a good customer like Sipkin?"

"But with this young feller you ain't going to do nothing of the kind, Mr. Fried," Sipkin assured him; "because the young feller I got in mind is Harry Gomel, who is now selling goods for I. Sipkin over the selfsame territory as Max Krein—*olav hasholom!*"

"You mean the young feller with the black mustache which I seen there last week?" Mrs. Krein asked, reaching for her bag, which proved to be fitted with a mirror and the customary toilet articles.

"That's him," Schafran said, "and an elegant salesman he is too."

"What good does that do us?" Fried said. "It'll be a big consolation to my niece when Sipkin winds up the business to think that she is married to an elegant salesman!"

Mrs. Krein's face again became suffused.

"Ain't you got no delicacy, Uncle Mosha?" she said. "You talk like I wouldn't be in the room at all."

She hastily ministered to her ruddy cheeks with a little rice powder.

"And besides," she added, "things don't go so quick as all that."

"They'll go quick enough so soon as Sipkin hears of this," Mosha retorted.

"Don't you believe that for one moment, Mr. Fried," Schafran said. "Sipkin dassent do nothing; because if Gomel leaves him he takes all Max Krein's old trade with him. That's the kind of salesman Gomel is!"

Mosha Fried nodded satirically.

"As much as I know about *Kabbala* you know about salesmanship, Schafran!" he said.

Schafran glanced at Mrs. Krein and made sure she had completed her toilet to her own satisfaction.

"All right!" he said. "I'll bring the young feller in and you can judge for yourself."

He opened the door leading to the hall in time to see Gomel tiptoeing hastily to the rear of the flat.

"Mr. Gomel," he called, "where are you?"

Gomel continued his tiptoeing to the end of the long hall; and then, facing about, he strode noisily back.

"What is it, Mr. Schafran?" he said.

"Come inside," Schafran replied. "I want you to meet a couple friends from mine." Gomel squared his shoulders and followed the *Schatchen* into the parlor.

"Mrs. Krein," Schafran said in impressive tones, "allow me to make your acquaintance a friend, Mister Harry Gomel—Mrs. Krein."

"Pleased to meet-cher!" Harry murmured, and bowed with what to Mrs. Krein seemed the grace of John Drew and William Faversham combined.

"And also," Schafran went on, "the uncle, Mister M. Fried, from Jerkowsky & Fried."

"Pleased to meet-cher!" Harry murmured again, with a polite smile, which was not, however, reflected on the face of Mosha Fried.

"You met me once already," the latter said harshly.

"I don't remember it," Harry replied.

"Well, I do," Mosha Fried continued as roughly as he had begun, "because it ain't six weeks ago you come round to my place with them serges Klinger & Klein returned on me, and you was fresh to me like anything."

He turned a beetling look on Schafran the *Schatchen*.

"Yes, Schafran," he said, "I seen this snip before."

"Snip!" Mrs. Krein and Gomel cried together.

"That's what I said," Fried shouted—"a snip of a young feller which he used to work by Klinger & Klein as a shipping clerk; and if Sipkin wants to hire him as a salesman that's Sipkin's lookout, but he'll never marry my niece if I got anything to say about it."

"If you got anything to say about it!" Mrs. Krein exclaimed. "What have you got to say about it anyway? Ain't I got my husband's insurance?" She looked at Gomel and nodded encouragingly.

"You've got it when you get it, and not before," Mosha Fried said; "and if I would swear that I couldn't indentify the remains as Max Krein you'll be a helluva long time getting it."

Mrs. Krein gasped aloud at this evidence of her uncle's perfidy.

"Do you mean to say we ain't got the proofs by the jewelry and the order book which was in the valise under the berth?" she cried.

"*Aber* what about the Knights of Sparta button in his coat?" Fried retorted.

"And didn't I bury Max Krein in the cemetery plot from my own father *selig?*" Mrs. Krein went on hysterically, avoiding Uncle Mosha's imputation.

"I don't know who you buried there," Mosha rejoined. "All I know is you buried somebody which looked so much like Max Krein as a Hamburg steak looks like a cow."

"Could you expect a gentleman should look natural after he comes through a railroad wreck?" Schafran demanded; but Fried waved him angrily aside.

"S'nough, Schafran!" he bellowed as he seized his hat. "Go ahead and fix up the wedding, Schafran; but if you are hoping to get commissions from a busted-up business and a lawsuit on an accident policy, y'understand, you got a big, long hope ahead of you."

He turned to his niece with a malevolent grin.

"And as for you and your friend there," he said, grasping the handle of the door as though it were the combined necks of Gomel and Schafran, "I wish you both joy!"

III

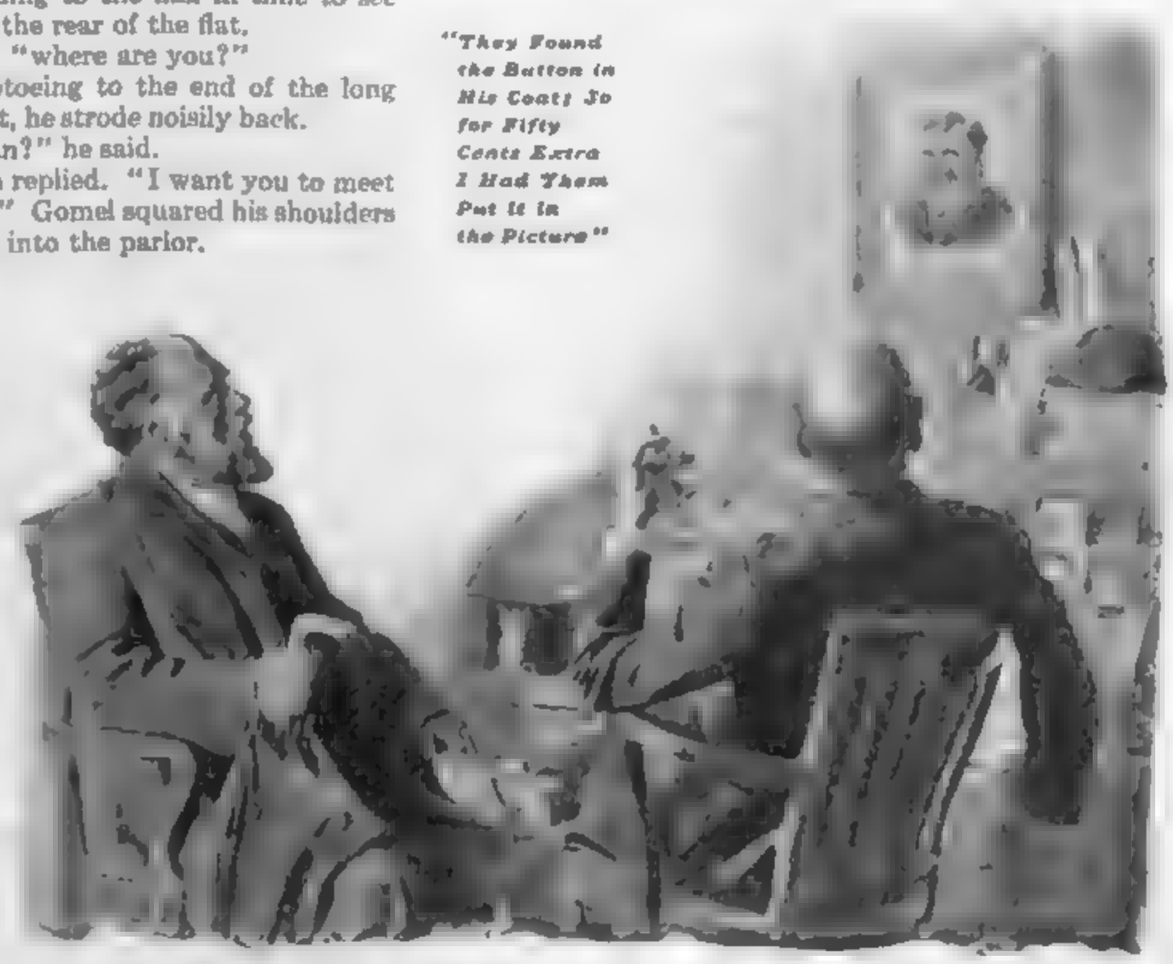
THERE have been instances in the history of casualty insurance where death claims have been paid so promptly that a photographic facsimile of the beneficiary's check has been published as an advertisement in the newspapers of the morning following the accident. Max Krein's case was not one of these, however; and the delay in the payment of the forty thousand dollars had been the subject of many an acrimonious visit by Mosha Fried to the New York offices of the Mercantile Casualty Company. Therefore when Mosha arrived promptly at ten o'clock the day after his rupture with Mrs. Krein he was received none too pleasantly by the insurance company's staff.

"He ain't in!" said the clerk behind the counter as soon as Mosha entered.

"Who ain't in?" Mosha asked.

"Nobody," the clerk replied; "and you needn't wait, because we'll pay that Krein claim this week sure."

"They Found the Button in His Coat; So for Fifty Cents Extra I Had Them Put It in the Picture"



"Well, that's where you are making a big mistake," Mosha cried. "You don't got to do anything of the kind—or next week, neither."

"Why not?" the clerk inquired

"I should tell you why not!" Uncle Mosha said. "Since when was you raised to be the manager of the claim department here?"

For a brief interval the clerk glared at Mosha.

"All right! Take a seat," he said at last, "and I'll let him know you're here."

There was nothing in the appearance of Delos H. Vernay, the manager of the Mercantile Casualty Company's claim department, to suggest that he paid death claims promptly either as an advertisement for the company or out of compassion for the unfortunate victims of the accident. Indeed, his first impulse was to treat every railroad wreck as the result of a conspiracy between the policyholders and their beneficiaries; and his only reason for paying Max Krein's claim was that he could find no legal excuse for avoiding it.

"Well, Fried," he said after the clerk had admitted Mosha, "what's troubling you now?"

"Mr. Vernay," Uncle Mosha began, "that fresh feller says you are going to pay on Max Krein's policy this week."

"We are," Vernay replied.

"Then I want to ask you, as a particular favor to me, that you should hold it up for a couple of months," Mosha said earnestly.

"What for?" Vernay asked; and Mosha shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't think my family troubles would interest you a whole lot, Mr. Vernay," he said.

"Family troubles are just the things that do interest me," said Vernay, who in his experience as claim investigator and manager had long since discovered family troubles to be a fruitful source of evidence for the defendant in actions on insurance policies. "So fire away, Fried, and let's hear them."

"Well," Mosha began, "it's like this ——"

And for more than a quarter of an hour he recounted to Vernay the details of Mrs. Krein's matrimonial projects, while the manager listened attentively, in the expectation that Fried would drop something which might prove a valid excuse for avoiding the payment of the forty thousand dollars.

"So that's the way it goes, Mr. Vernay," Mosha concluded. "For twenty-five years Max Krein was married to my niece and he done everything for her. He give her always a good living, Mr. Vernay. Every year he bought from us over two thousand dollars' goods and took my niece to the mountains; and now he ain't three months dead—and what is it?"

"I sympathize with you, Fried," Vernay said. "What with the new tariff and the attacks on the railroads, the lining business is none too good as it is; but I don't see anything in your story that makes Mrs. Krein not entitled to her money."

"Did I say she's not entitled to it?" Mosha said, coming at once to the object of his visit. "But couldn't you hold it up on her for a while on the ground that the remains wasn't properly indentified."

"How so?" Vernay said. "You believe that Max Krein is dead, don't you?"

"Sure, I believe he's dead," Mosha replied; "because if he wouldn't be dead he would of showed up long since." He placed a forefinger against the side of his nose and leaned forward confidentially. "*Aber* if you ask me is he buried *oder* not, that's something else again," he said.

"You were at his funeral, weren't you?"

"I was at a funeral," Max answered, and he laid a significant emphasis on the indefinite article; "but whose funeral it was I couldn't say, on account you know yourself, Mr. Vernay, it was a pretty bad accident. And, though Max Krein married my niece and we also exchanged checks together *schon* many times already, I'll tell you the honest truth, Mr. Vernay, the only thing in reasonably good condition about the now remains, Mr. Vernay, was the Knights of Sparta button in his coat."

"Well, Krein belonged to the Knights of Sparta, didn't he?" Vernay asked.

"Did he?" Mosha said.

"I am asking you," Vernay said.

"Sure, I know," Fried went on; "but if Max Krein belonged to anything but the I. O. M. A. he must of joined it while he was on the road that last time."

Vernay was now genuinely interested, and he began to search through a filing case, partly to find the papers in the Krein matter and partly to afford Mosha an opportunity for further babble.

"I think I know Max Krein," Mosha Fried continued; "and, though a feller does a lot of things on the road which his relations, and particularly his wife's relations, never find out about, a business man like Max Krein would never join an organization which even truck drivers they take in, understand me—and that's all I could tell you."

For nearly a quarter of an hour longer Vernay examined the papers in the Krein claim, while Mosha consulted his watch from time to time. He was anxious to see Isaac Sipkin, so that he might disclaim all responsibility for Mrs. Krein's impending betrothal, and thus insure further orders for linings when Sipkin resumed business after the dissolution with Mrs. Krein.

"All right, Fried," Vernay said. "I can promise you that we shan't pay the Krein claim for at least a month."

"Take your own time, Mr. Vernay," Mosha replied as he made for the door; "the longer the better for me."

So relieved was he at the prospect of delay that as he walked through the outer office he even smiled affably at the clerk behind the counter. Indeed, good humor radiated from him all the way uptown, across Twenty-third Street, down Fifth Avenue, and up to and including—as the lawyers say—the second-story landing of a building on Twentieth Street. On this landing, immediately facing the stairs, was a door containing a ground-glass panel which bore the following legend:

SIPKIN & KREIN
CLOAKS AND SUITS
I. SIPKIN, Succ'r.

As Mosha Fried laid his fingers on the handle of the door beneath the sign a murmur of conversation came from the room behind.

"What is it skin off my nose supposing Mosha Fried does object?" said a masculine voice that the lining merchant recognized as belonging to Isaac Sipkin. "If you are bringing into the business forty thousand dollars, Harry, I am sure you will make Ray Krein a good husband, Harry; and just so soon as the company pays up, Harry, we will get fixed the partnership papers, share and share alike."

"But Mosha Fried says ——" Harry Gomel began.

"Who cares what Mosha Fried says?" Sipkin broke in. "Mosha Fried ain't got no kick coming. Instead Jerkowsky & Fried sells us now two thousand a year they would sell us four thousand a year; and ——"

At this juncture Mosha witnessed a brilliant display of fireworks, which faded immediately into blackness, accompanied by a slight sensation of nausea at the pit of the stomach; and as he groped his way down the stairs the voice of Sipkin once more sounded from behind the door.

"Give 'em all my congratulations, Harry!" it said.

"Mrs. Krein, Allow Me to Make Your Acquaintance a Friend, Mister Harry Gomel"

IV

IT WAS the general manager of the Mercantile Casualty Company who goaded Delos H. Vernay into action.

"Forget it, Vernay," he said, "and chase that claim out of the office. We've got no defense there."

And such was the temperament of Delos H. Vernay that he then and there determined to resist the Krein claim, if it was only to spite the general manager.

"Why haven't we?" he said. "The burden of proof is on them to show that Krein is dead, and if they've buried a truck driver under the impression that he's Max Krein I want a chance to prove it in open court."

The general manager then clinched it.

"Rats, Vernay!" he said. "You're one of those fellows who would rather save money than make it. A casualty company has to pay a claim once in a while, you know."

"I'm not trying to save money," Vernay retorted. "I'll show you that Max Krein isn't the man they buried or I'll pay all the expenses of the investigation out of my own pocket."

"Go as far as you like, Vernay," the general manager said. "It'd be a relief to me to see you spend a little money for a change."

As the conversation bade fair to assume a personal tinge Vernay returned to his office, where he immediately began a new and more thorough investigation of Krein's railroad accident. The difficulty of his task was increased by the circumstance that the wooden sleeping car in which Krein rode had been both telescoped and burned; and no sooner had the fragmentary remains of the occupants and their baggage been removed than the railroad company's servants made a bonfire of the wreckage, ostensibly to clear the tracks.

Thus, after a week of painstaking labor, Vernay was able to establish only that there had been twenty occupants of the sleeping car, including the porter and conductor, and that twenty of them had been identified—to the satisfaction of their relations at least.

During the next few days, however, he ascertained the names of the places at which each victim had boarded the sleeping car; and selecting Kinnear, Rogers County, New York, the train-stop nearest the scene of the accident, as his base of operations, he journeyed there on the following Friday afternoon for a week-end of personal detective work. He arrived at one o'clock Saturday morning; and, declining a hack, he walked, under the direction of the station agent, two blocks to the Kinnear House, on the main street.

The front door of the hotel was shut and not a glimmer of light showed through the uncurtained windows; nor did any one respond when he pressed the electric bell at the side of the door. For over a quarter of an hour he kept his finger on the button without response; and, after looking up and down the empty street, he had about decided to return to the depot when he noticed a light in a clothing store opposite. He crossed over, valise in hand, and entered the store, in which two men were working. One of them, obviously the proprietor, was marking down a description of the stock; while the other, a gray-bearded assistant, called off the items. And as Vernay entered the proprietor patted his assistant's arm gently.

"All right; all right, Tzvee," he said. "We'll go on in a minute." He turned to Vernay with an apologetic smile. "He's such a hard worker," he said, "he never wants to leave off. We're taking here stock, which is something I ain't done in five years already."

The bearded assistant smiled shyly, while his employer came forward with a bustling air.

"You got to excuse the mix-up here," he said. "I suppose you want to buy some collars—ain't it?"

"I don't want to buy anything," Vernay said. "I want to know how I can get into that hotel opposite. I've rung the bell for the past twenty minutes."

"Well, what d'ye think of that, Tzvee?" the proprietor said to his assistant. "He is ringing for twenty minutes and all the time the door ain't locked at all!"

The storekeeper laughed with forced heartiness, but his assistant shrugged his shoulders and turned to the pile of boxes on the shelves; whereat his employer winked at Vernay.

"Jokes he don't care about at all," he said. "He wants to work all the time."

"Work!" the assistant repeated. "Work! That's all. All the time work!"

"Yes, mister," the storekeeper went on, "the door is unlocked all night; and all you got to do is to strike a match, go behind the desk in the rotunda and get any key you want. They fit all the doors and there ain't any choice

(Continued on Page 40)

A HUMDINGER IN KANSAS

Crops and Politics are Record-Breakers This Year

Senator Joseph L. Bristow—Candidate for the Republican Nomination for Senator

By
Samuel G. Blythe

A hundred thousand feet
Are marching on to glory — and a hundred million dollars in cash—
through the poppies and the wheat.
ALFRED NOYES (slightly commercialized).

THEY were cutting the wheat when I was in Kansas, and the corn and the oats were yet to come.

Perhaps the full beauties of that statement do not get you. Let me repeat it: They were cutting the wheat, and the corn and the oats were yet to come. Eliminating the oats and the corn, with the comment that when this was written they looked as good and promised as bounteously as any oats or any corn possibly could, let's confine our comment to wheat.

As I went across Kansas thousands of men were harvesting the wheat on thousands and hundreds of thousands of acres. It has been some time since there was such a crop. They expect to get—and probably will get—from a hundred and twenty-five million to a hundred and fifty million bushels of wheat, and on the day this was written wheat was eighty-two cents a bushel in Chicago. But cut it down a bit. Suppose the Kansas farmers get seventy or seventy-five cents a bushel for their wheat. Do a little figuring. Add to the result any effulgent sum you think of as a return for the corn and the oats and the other products of Kansas—put it into money: a hundred million—a hundred and fifty million—two hundred million for Kansas!

August Politics in the Wheat Belt

THE result at this particular time was that, though a few of the politicians were cheeping here and there, the farmers, when the cheepers began to cheep, shouted, "Shoo, fly; don't bodder me!" and went joyously into the acres and acres of golden money billowing round their homes—went into them and garnered the gold, and made preparations to have two automobiles instead of one, and an electric for the wife. Every time they drove into a field they flushed coveys of automobile agents like coveys of quails; and when they were reaping the drivers were cautioned to be particularly careful lest they mangle the automobile boys out there in the wheat, waiting to pounce on the harvesting hands and to sell an additional limousine to each horny-handed plutocrat.

Abundant as the grain crop is, it is no more abundant than the crop of politics. Always there is plenty of politics in Kansas. They are intelligent and contentious folks, those Kansans; and their interest in politics is not perfunctory or intermittent. It is continuous and combative. To be sure, they lay off when it comes time to harvest, which accounts for the lull when they were getting in the wheat; but after the wheat is in they will return to discussion and determination, and from an outside viewpoint they appear to have a good deal to discuss and determine.

So far as the politicians and the candidates are concerned, they are set and waiting for the end of the harvest. Then they will have five weeks or thereabout to drag the farmers from their pleasant pastime of counting money to the hustings, and urge on them the salvation of the state and the nation, which can only be attained by a vote in the primaries for the particular urger who does the dragging. The hewgag and the tom-tom will be disturbing the rest of every echo in the state by the first of July; and on the fifth of August the primaries will be held.

After the primary results have been determined the campaign that will terminate in the elections in November will begin, and meantime the farmers will have cashed in on their corn and other crops. And, having baled their money in the hay-presses and trucked it to the banks, they will pick out one set of persons and O. K. them at the polls.

Just what set of persons they will pick out and O. K. is not apparent at this moment. There are several sets available. Almost every year, since its beginnings as a state, there has been an interesting political situation in Kansas. That is their specialty out there—the providing of interesting political situations, and they have little ways of their own for adding modern Kansas improvements to ordinary political conditions and making them extraordinary. It is reasonably hard to take seriously some Kansas politics, but not for the Kansans. There is no phase of the game, as they play it, that is not real and earnest, and every battle has its Armageddon aspects.

And, speaking of Armageddon, when Colonel Roosevelt, in 1912, took his stand at that historical and sonorous point, it was not necessary for the Kansas Progressive leaders to fight a little Armageddon of their own before they were in shape to march on and join the vociferous, if not victorious, forces of the Colonel at the justly celebrated and universal rallying point. When it comes to Armageddonizing, the Kansas politicians are always a few jumps ahead of the procession. They are ever on the skirmish line.

For example, in 1912 the Kansas Progressive division was officered, equipped and veteran. Some time before the Colonel yelled "Rally, boys; rally!" the Kansas Progressives had rallied and won their fight. White and Bristow and Allen and Stubbs had marched out into the open and chased the regular Republicans—the standpat boys—into the high grass. They had all the battle-flags, all the war medicine, all the signs, grips and passwords of the Old Guard.

William J. Sapp is Bill Sapp to Every Kansan—He is a Candidate for the Democratic Nomination for Senator

Former Senator Curtis—Contesting With Senator Bristow for the Republican Nomination for Senator

The Progressives were the regulars, and the standpatters were the irregulars, which proves again that Kansas has methods of her own.

So, when the big break came, all that was necessary for White and Stubbs and Bristow and Allen and the other leaders to do was to walk up to the Colonel's tent, salute and report for duty; and they brought their army with them. They did not have to organize or enlist. They were ready for the fight; for they had, in the true Kansas manner, anticipated the general result and had their state revolution in advance instead of after the Colonel gave the order.

They had the organization. This left the old-line Republicans in the state as the irregulars; and they were irregular to the limit, as witness the election of a Democratic governor, a Democratic senator, five Democratic representatives in Congress, and a legislature Democratic in both branches. You see, the old-line Republicans, being Kansans and therefore intense in their political views, did not take their defeat out in exclaiming at the pity and the treason of it. Instead, they moved sternly up to the polls on election day and voted the straight Democratic ticket.

Handing Back the Organization

AFTER that election the Progressives made no attempt to continue as regular Republicans. They said to the standpatters:

"Boys, we licked you, and we took your organization, but we have no further use for it. Here it is, a bit battered and dented; but it is yours and you are welcome. You will find the key to headquarters hanging on a nail beside the door, and everything intact except a few of the pictures that adorned the wall, which we do not intend to desecrate by leaving them to you. We hope you will profit by your past experience; and, as for us, we have an organization of our own, and it does not require any standpat trimmings or trimmers. Good-by! We shall meet you at Armageddon junior on August fifth, and at Armageddon senior on the first Tuesday after the first Monday of next November."

Not all the Progressive leaders joined in this. Senator Bristow could not bear to sever the old ties so rudely, and he hung back. So did some others. Whereupon Senator Bristow was forced to become a candidate for reëlection as a Republican with Progressive leanings, instead of as a Progressive with Republican antipathies.

Meantime former Senator Charles Curtis, than whom there is no patter standpatter, had announced his candidacy for the same nomination for senator that Bristow required and desired as a Republican, and the Progressives had selected Victor Murdock as their candidate, now representing the Eighth District of Kansas in the National House of Representatives and the Progressive leader therein.

Thus far things were reasonably clear. Curtis, standpat Republican; Bristow, Progressive Republican; and Murdock, Progressive without any Republican qualification in his title—were out for the nomination.

Whereupon the Democrats took great cheer, and six hopeful representatives of that party jumped in—one after the other, as boys take headers into a swimming hole. They figured that, with Curtis, Bristow and Murdock dividing the opposition, and two of the three sure to run after the primaries—for Murdock is unopposed in the Progressive party and either Curtis or Bristow will be the Republican nominee—the Democrat who won in the primaries, because of this split in the usual opposition, would have a fine chance to get the election in November.

Ordinarily Kansas has looked on a Democratic aspirant for the United States Senate as an amiable but misguided person who was long on hope but exceedingly short on judgment. However, this same sort of split and the action of the aggrieved standpatters allowed Senator Thompson to slip in two years ago; and the wonder is, after that occurrence, that there are not sixty candidates for the Democratic nomination instead of the six who were out for it at the time I was there.

As in numerous other states that were formerly Republican, there has been a long-continued effort, made by the standpatters, to get together. The old-line Republicans have said: "Come on back home, boys, and all will be forgiven." And harmony has been urged and preached in all parts of the state. There are not many of the Progressives who have listened. When most of them left home they left home for good and all. This makes it hard for Bristow, for many of his old friends and supporters are with the Progressives.

Also it makes it hard for Curtis, for, if Curtis does win, many of the men who will stick to Bristow in the primaries will not vote for Curtis, and will go whooping for Murdock. Or, if Bristow wins, there are a lot of standpatters who, notwithstanding their appeals for harmony, will repeat the performance of 1912 and vote the Democratic ticket. Plenty of the Kansas old-line Republicans are for harmony—if the other fellows will be harmonious in the way the old-line men wish.

The Political Plot Thickens

THAT, you see, is not much more complicated than the ordinary Kansas political situation—thus far. When the Democratic situation is considered you discover that that hopeful party is in a frightful row over its senatorial campaign. One man, Hugh Farrelly, is backed by the state organization; but if another man, George A. Neeley, now a member of Congress, should win it is not at all likely that the organization, led by Governor Hodges, would support Neeley with much enthusiasm. Many of them might go to Murdock.

And, to add to the gayety and uncertainty of it, there are two of the remaining Democratic candidates who have strong appeals of their own, and they may mix it more than it is mixed by the circumstances set down herewith. These are Judge Frank Doster and the Honorable Bill Sapp, of whom more presently.

Taking this spaghettied situation in connection with the fact that there is not a voter in Kansas—not a standpatter, Bull Mooser or a Democrat—who isn't an expert at scratching a ticket, you will begin to understand that anything may happen and that probably anything will. They teach ticket scratching in the public schools in Kansas. They are no hidebound partisans out there among the wheat and the corn and the oats. They do not vote for a man merely because he happens to be the nominee of the party they at the moment favor. They vote for the man they think ought to win, and their thought is based on the personality of the man as well as what he stands for.

Politics is individual in Kansas. The candidates are not favored, except in a broad way, because of their political affiliations. They are voted for on personal grounds to a large extent, and that is what makes Kansas politics so interesting. I do not mean to say that what the candidates are for is ignored or even slighted, but that the personalities of the candidates are largely considered; and that not only their political careers are reviewed but everything else about them.

The Kansan votes his ticket in accordance with his individual judgment and preference. He is a thinking and a reading person. He understands a good deal about national affairs and he has his own ideas about things. He does not make much of an attempt to square his ideas with the ideas and policies of the candidates. What he does is to get a candidate whose ideas and policies square with his. He is an independent citizen and he has independent ideas. Traditions and precedents give him small concern. What he wants is action, and action along his own lines.

Former Governor Stubbs Who Defeated Senator Curtis for the Nomination for Senator in 1912

Combine this tendency with the strong personal element that enters into all their fights, and it will be seen that how a statesman voted on a proposition at Washington is subordinate in the minds of the men who vote to how he stands on the policies the Kansas voter thinks are right. Also the Kansas voter never did run away from a fight or from a revolution. He may not always have known where he was going, but he never for a moment has been in the slightest doubt that he was on his way. He is a sturdy citizen who hates bitterly and likes ardently, and who votes as he dad-blamed pleases—especially in the manner aforesaid since the days of the Populist revolt. The political boss has not been able to get very far in Kansas of late years.

The Honorable Joseph L. Bristow, now United States senator from Kansas, and seeking to retain the title, is a tall and somewhat angular person who has intense views on all subjects and never fails to impart those views whenever the occasion seems propitious to him, whether any other person whatsoever thinks the occasion is propitious or not. Each view is a personal and individual view, and his favorite method of impressing said views on his hearers is to pound them into their understandings with an ax. So far as can be learned, he has no fear of any person save himself. He is stern, set, segregated and self-sufficient.

He was in early revolt against the old Kansas machine and cleaned up the Honorable Chester I. Long in 1908 in a manner that gave the Old Guard considerable pause, and did much to establish the future progressivism of the

Congressman Victor Murdock, Progressive Candidate for the Nomination for Senator

Governor Hodges Helping in the Making of Good Roads. He is a Candidate for Renomination for Governor

Republican party in that state. Though he, at the time, was not so much of a Progressive as he became later, he was enough of a Progressive for discontented Kansas, and the voters seemed pleased to put him in the Senate. He was strong in the movement that led to the capture of the state by the Progressives, headed by himself, White, Stubbs, Murdock and others; and he stood by in that campaign, both in Washington and in Kansas.

However, he was keenly aware of the fact that his term is to expire next March; and when it came time after the 1912 election—say, along late in 1913 or early in 1914—for him to select a medium for his reelection, he established himself on the older and more familiar ground of progressive Republicanism, and shifted from progressivism without any Republicanism or Bull-Moosism in it.

When Murdock Quit

THAT, it seemed, was the medium for him. He did not leave the Republican party and said he never had; and he decided to run as a Republican. This, of course, eliminated from his support such old companions in the fight as White and Murdock and Allen, and others who had bidden the Republican party a lasting farewell; and it put Murdock into the running as a real, Simon-pure Progressive, with no strings attached, and with no retroactive tendencies or retrospects.

Now Murdock is as intense a person as Bristow. All Kansans must be intense, else they fail of their mission. Murdock, differing from Bristow, having cast aside the Republican party, did not go to the casting-aside place and try to find it again. He tied a flatiron round its neck, so far as he was concerned, and dropped it off the bridge; and he did not stop to watch the splash, but proceeded on his way with the light of high endeavor in his eyes and the most biting things imaginable for his old affiliation in his speech. I am not informed whether he would have been a candidate for the Progressive nomination if Bristow had desired that nomination; but, as soon as it was determined that Bristow wanted to run as a Republican, Murdock announced himself as a Progressive aspirant—and he is the only one.

When Murdock quit the Republicans he quit all over. He cannot find anything in Republicanism, as it is constituted, to commend that set of somewhat frayed principles to him, and he says so with much vehemence and on frequent occasions. He is in favor of no compromise, no coalition and no conjunction. He is not after harmony; in fact he hates peace. He is willing, of course, that the Republican remnants, as he considers them, shall join with him; but the proposition of his joining with them is as foreign to his program as becoming a Mohammedan.

Murdock was formerly red-haired. He has since lost that distinction in two ways—one came with the departure of a considerable portion of his red and curly locks, and the other came with the softening of the incarnadined tone by

(Continued on Page 37)

AN HOUR OF LEISURE

III

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

Charlin Did Not Announce Himself. He Pushed His Way In

CHARLIN, the indispensable secretary, had been dispatched to Paris, first, cautiously to feel out the international situation, and second, to bring back a capable and trustworthy physician—if indeed the honorable profession of leeches contained such a rare bird. After his experience with that unworthy member who had so far forgotten the *esprit de corps* of the Beeston cabinet as to become a father, and after his nightmare with that unspeakable Sarny, Major Beeston suspected every possessor of a clinical thermometer.

Still, he needed a doctor hovering about, simply from force of habit. The petty ills of the flesh were far too onerous to assume responsibility for, especially when a graduate could be subsidized for the task for a small fee. During the week just passed, his own impotent raging had occupied the whole of the screen on which Beeston's senses were focused. Even the words of that exquisitely detestable don who had refused to serve as an apothecary's clerk, who had so far forgotten the ethics, the responsibilities of his sacred profession as to turn the vicious Sarny loose on the Mighty, had ceased to haunt the dreams of the agitated millionaire.

Now his one thought was that after sixty or more years of honorable life he was a social pariah—that he dared not show his nose in public places. He was like some great army, an unbeaten army that had suddenly, inexplicably come upon its first reverse. He was in retreat, and the retreat was a rout.

He sipped his coffee and nibbled at his honey and biscuits on the terrace of his beautiful Villa Tricorne. Before him, over the heads of the countless battalions of forests that marched down the long slope to the distant sea, lay the valley of the Adour; there was that gleaming stream, forever gathering its turbulent branches into its broad placid bosom and bearing them away across the plain to the green bay fringed with snow-white sands. The Villa Tricorne sat solidly on the mountainside gazing at the North Star.

The terrace, overlooking the broad valley that was the beginning of France, dropped a matter of thirty feet into a well-kept garden; and the garden itself seemed to stand on tiptoe gazing down into a rock-ribbed gorge that held a mountain torrent. The Villa Tricorne was old, very old, and it was exquisite like old lace. It stood in magnificent isolation; even the torrent that had cut its deep scar across the mountainside ages gone by was admitted to the grounds through a medieval watergate; and it disappeared at the lower end through a natural causeway. The Villa was unassailable by water; nor was it pregnable by land. A stone wall, over which roses drooped, inclosed the park on four sides so stoutly that it might have served as an ample asylum for a baron of old. The white road came up from the village to the barred and guarded gate, the road visible from the terrace for every rod of its tortuous length. It must have been here that the Basques awaited the coming of Charles when they doubled up his army on the field made famous by the Song of Roland.

The Major sipped his coffee and nibbled at his honey and biscuits on the terrace, with no other sounds to disturb his hateful dreams than the whispering waters of the gorge and the soft padded footsteps of his Hopkinson. Hopkinson fitted like an old shoe. Hopkinson was a sixth sense.

"Hopkinson!" said Major Beeston softly.

The catlike tread stopped.

"Yes, sir," said the voice of Hopkinson; but the voice was not at Major Beeston's elbow as it should have been. It sounded as if it were at the far end of the terrace. It was at the far end of the terrace! Major Beeston knew it was at the far end of the terrace without turning his head.

"Hopkinson!" said the Major.

"Yes, sir," echoed the answering voice of the faithful Hopkinson. There was a pause; and then the remote voice said: "Did you call, sir?"

Hopkinson's voice had never been so remote before. Hopkinson had never before presumed to address his august master from a distance.

Major Beeston turned in his chair and stared. He took off his reading glasses and polished them with his silken kerchief. He readjusted them and stared again. Then he took off his glasses a second time and rubbed his eyes. He turned his gaze on the verdant valley of France, and once more said quite plainly:

"Hopkinson!"

He listened critically to the tones of his own voice. He awaited the echo.

"Yes, sir," said Hopkinson. And then, after a very long pause: "Did you call, sir?"

Major Beeston fell to fanning himself gently with a copy of the Figaro with which he had been breakfasting. Finally he turned again very gently, so as not to disturb any one. At the other end of the terrace about thirty feet away was a second table which, the Major would have sworn, was not there when he came to breakfast that morning.

At the table sat a stout, truculent-appearing party in heavy, precise black. This individual sported Dundreary whiskers, identical with those which were stiffening at Major Beeston's jowls at that precise moment. The stout party was gazing over the glorious vale abstractedly. One hand caressed with short, pudgy fingers a stout stick. The man's face was sleek and well ironed, although somewhat flabby. The Turkish-bath habit launders a man's face in just that way. The man's nose had a red berry, a bulbous berry, on the end; and the left eyebrow, which was the only one visible, was only the third of an ordinary eyebrow. Its white bristles protruded in the semblance of a vicious spike.

The Major carefully wiped his glasses again, and again adjusted them with a sigh. He fell to reading the Figaro; but his effort to decipher the fine type failed miserably. He raised his eyes and examined the rest of the scene. Hopkinson—it was no other—stood expectantly at this person's shoulder, his body slightly bent forward from the hips, a picture of patient, subservient attention.

"Hopkinson!" said Major Beeston, striving to keep his voice in the right place.

"Yes, sir," said the remote voice. Hopkinson bowed a trifle lower, until his voice was almost in the ear of the stout party.

"You called, sir?" he repeated patiently.

The stout party in heavy, precise black arose and advanced, thoughtfully gazing at the red tile flagging. He came toward the Major absorbed in his meditation; he passed the Major so close that the skirt of his flowing frockcoat swept the Major's knee. The Major noticed that he wore a black puff tie of a style long extinct, and that it was held together by a tiny pearl pin, his only jeweled ornament. Also the party walked with a slight favoring of one foot, which appeared to be gouty. Then it spoke:

"Hopkinson!"

The mummy came forward with his commendable stealth; and when he was within a yard of the stout party's elbow Hopkinson said: "Yes, sir."

"No word from Charlin yet?" said the voice that came out of the mouth at which Hopkinson gazed steadily.

"No, sir. Not yet, sir."

The stout party regarded Hopkinson impersonally for several seconds; then he raised his right eyebrow and flattened what was left of the left eyebrow. The patch of bristles concentrated itself ominously and gazed at Hopkinson, who shifted from one foot to the other.

"Why?" said a horrid, grating voice that issued from the thick lips of the stout party.

Major Beeston began making futile gestures to Hopkinson, because Hopkinson's eye accidentally fell on the spot where the Major should have been sitting. Hopkinson did not answer the "Why?" He contented himself with regarding the spot where Major Beeston should have been sitting; but it was very evident he saw nothing, especially the Major's signals. Hopkinson had never attempted to answer that insistent "Why?" That was the secret of his success with his master.

"Is—is David—ah! Good Lord! They are hounding me to death!" gasped the stout party, making as if to fall and recovering himself with his cane.

"Hopkinson, is David Hartmann still waiting?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bring him to me," said the other sharply, screwing up his fat mouth suddenly, stumping back down the terrace and shaking his stick in the air as if to punctuate some resolve. The mummy disappeared in the vine-covered path leading to the music room. Major Beeston dropped his head in his hands. Soon his reverie was disturbed by the sound of steps, the steps of two persons. The first were those of Hopkinson, the unmistakable, catlike tread of the mummy. The gait that followed was quick and jerky as of a very short person walking fast to keep up. Major Beeston felt a soft hand on his shoulder. He looked up and met the inquiring gaze of Hopkinson.

"This is the gentleman, sir," said Hopkinson patiently. "You asked me to bring him to you here, sir. Yes, sir."

And the servant withdrew, leaving Major Beeston staring at a little gnome of a man—a dwarf with a colossal head on his shoulders, the head of a Daniel Webster, and a fine torso too, but the legs were the weak, spindling legs of a half-grown boy. The little man smiled easily.

"You accord me a great privilege, Major," he said gravely. He took a seat, laying his hat and stick on the table among the breakfast things. The voice was deep, rich and vibrant, with the sweet reedy note of an organ.

Like a man in a dream, the Major cautiously turned his head. The terrace behind him was empty.

"Hopkinson!"

The patter of soft feet approached.

"Yes, sir."

"You will—help me to my room. There, that's it. Tell me—did he say 'Not this night—not this month—not this year,' Hopkinson? Eh? Easy!"

The master's sitting room hung over the front portico, which at one time had been a porte-cochère. It was reached by an easy flight of stone steps which originally had been inclosed between two walls at some remote period when civilization was less subtle than to-day and had use for such claptrap. Now one wall had been razed, leaving the ascending stones clinging to one corner of the villa. They would have served as an irresistible invitation to thieves, assuming that there existed thieves clever enough at their calling to enter these impregnable grounds.

At the first step Major Beeston clung timidly to the flesh-and-blood arm of his faithful attendant. At the top

step the Major was himself again, principally because on casting his eyes back to the table on the terrace where he had but lately been breakfasting over his Figaro he found things as they should have been normally, when one's eyesight or digestion is not playing pranks. He began to feel foolish and fervently prayed that the bland mummy by his side had not noticed his abstraction.

"Hopkinson," he said as he settled himself comfortably in a soft chair of wattles.

"Yes, sir."

"Bring me my paper, Hopkinson."

"Yes, sir. Your paper, sir."

The magnificent automaton—how could he get along without his man, thought the master—slipped away, his feet whispering craftily to the stone flags as he went. Hopkinson was swallowed up in the tunnel of vines that enveloped the winding gravel path leading to the terrace. There was no one on the terrace—no, not even if such a thing were possible. There was no one on the terrace. So the Major reassured himself. But as he studied the terrace and its confines of flowers and shrubs he noted a movement among a clump of hibiscus. A face appeared. The eyes were staring; the lower lip hung pendulous; the nostrils seemed puckered as if by the effort of drawing in enough air to feed the lungs. The face was smeared and dirty; a trickle of blood had started down the left cheek, but stopped halfway and dried in its tracks.

The owner of the face reconnoitered his position for some time, evidently in the greatest alarm. Then he drew himself out of the bushes and made as if to rise erect; but evidently his fears were too much for him, for he immediately dropped into a crouching attitude again and stared round about him. It was Hopkinson. Of that there could be no doubt, although the usual spick-and-span Hopkinson was daubed from head to foot as if he had been rolled in some coal hole. It was Hopkinson, none other, and his hands were fast behind his back!

Then from the vine arbor came the crunching of steps on the gravel path, at sound of which the weird Hopkinson pricked his ears like a startled rabbit. Out of the arbor on the right emerged—Hopkinson, smug, erect, bland, the highly finished Hopkinson, bound on his errand for his master's Figaro. The poor beast on the other side of the terrace was staring at the correct bandbox duplicate of himself; and, if the eyes of the old Major had been sharper and he could have trusted them, he would have seen tiny, glistening beads of sweat stand out on the smeared face of the creature. As for the bandbox Hopkinson, he seemed suddenly aware of his double. He dropped into a half-crouching position to match the other. The Hopkinson with his hands tied behind him advanced; the Hopkinson holding the copy of the Figaro behind him retreated. The clean Hopkinson matched the soiled one's steps as if he had been his reflection in a mirror. In this way the scene slowly revolved before Major Beeston's eyes like a locomotive turntable. In the lightning space it took to enact this scene, so intent did the Major become on the two Dromios on the terrace that he did not hear the explosions of a motor coming like mad up the long white road from the village. The machine stopped at the big gate with a squeal of brakes that brought the old man to his feet, his teeth on edge, cold chills trickling down his spine. Through the shrubbery he caught now-and-then glimpses of Charlin running up the path to the portico. The Major let his head fall to the balcony rail, conscious of an intense relief. He was roused by the voice of Charlin below.

"Fool!" he was crying sharply. "Ass! Puppy! I say, Sarny—yes, Sarny! He's on my heels! We haven't a minute to spare!"

There was only one Hopkinson on the terrace, the clean Hopkinson. That was quite right. Charlin had the valet by the shoulders, pushing him ahead of him, plying a foot as he pushed. The Major had never before seen the correct Charlin in so undignified an act. The Major sat very still. He meant to be very sure of himself before he moved. In fact, he decided he would wait for them to come to him, not go to them, no matter what the urgency.

Again voices, then footsteps. Charlin and Hopkinson reappeared from under the portico with something between them. It was the stout party with the gouty foot. They were handling him with the utmost solicitude yet with all possible speed. The stout party was pushing his cane ahead of him as fast as he could hobble. He was much perturbed, to judge from the cast of his countenance and the fierce apex to which the fragment of an eyebrow had converged. He seemed to be choking with rage; every few steps he came to a stop and shook his cane wildly as though calling down the vengeance of the gods.

"Sarny! Sarny! Sarny! Is that hound——"

He tore at his cravat as though for air; and his words were lost in an explosion of expletives.

Major Beeston leaned far over the balcony rail, to which he clung desperately, fearfully, for his old knees were misbehaving terribly. For a moment he loosed one hand, for he too must pull at his collar. It was choking him.

"Charlin! Charlin! Here—here I am! Here I am, Charlin!"

He would have sworn that he cried aloud, but his words were not audible even to his own ears. As for Charlin and the faithful Hopkinson, they were nursing the seething stout party down the gravel path toward the gate with the utmost speed and care.

The Major fell back in his chair, staring out over the valley with glazed eyes. Dimly there came to his ears the well-known tones of the indispensable Charlin:

"Easy! One step up now. So. We've got five miles the better of him yet, Major, and we won't ——"

The rest of the sentence was lost in a sudden series of concussions from the motor, which as suddenly settled down to a purr, then to a hum, then to a fine-drawn whine like wind in the trees. Then it was gone altogether. Presently there came a sharp staccato from the opposite direction. Down the mountainside, away off and below, the dim eyes of the Major made out something crawling up the white grade. In the distance it looked like a huge beetle. The staccato became more and more insistent. It was upon him. Suddenly it came to a stop, almost instantly it resumed again, then it dropped to a purr, then to a hum, then to a whine, finally it was gone altogether.

"That son of a camel-driver!" murmured Major Beeston dully to himself.

"Yes," said a voice at his elbow. The old man turned with the greatest effort, and beheld the little man with the big head and chest and the funny legs, who had come up to his table on the terrace a short time before on this memorable morning, and now sat down without being asked.

"I will wager," said the little man with a fine smile, "that your mind has been free from the cares of business for the last hour, Major." Major Beeston froze. He became so rigid indeed that the little man gently picked up the flabby hand and felt the pulse. The pulse was beating with surprising regularity.

Major Beeston gradually emerged, conscious at first only of the physiological effects. His eyes began to see; he seemed to be coming up from profound depths; and the sense of suffocation and the ringing in his ears gradually grew less and less as he ascended into normal regions.

"Hopkinson!"

Habit with the Major was strong. He strained his ears to listen. There came the patter of soft steps, which he studied with extreme care.

"Yes, sir. You called sir. Yes, sir!"

The Major turned slowly in his chair, avoiding in his gaze the apparition of the apelike man. The Major raised his eyes. Indeed it was Hopkinson—soiled, battered, with evidences still of a hastily erased streak of gore marring the bland face, but it was Hopkinson! That, after all, was the important point. The Major drew a huge sigh and returned his gaze to the valley. So much black art had been practiced this morning that he would proceed now with extreme caution. After a time he covertly scrutinized the little man sitting opposite. It was a grotesque little man. The legs hung clear of the floor; the head and shoulders were those of a giant. The little man was looking at the Major with eyes wonderfully calm and serene in their steady gaze. The countenance was benign; the lofty cast of the chiseled features, the exaltation of expression, suggested a god from Olympus condescending to a mortal. What a head on such a body! thought the Major. But his visitor was speaking:

"Set your mind at ease, Major," began the voice, deep, rich, vibrant. "You are in the hands of friends."

The Major said nothing. He continued to stare dully.

"How often," murmured that voice, seeming to the confused senses of the colossus very, very far away, "have I wished that I might detach my harassed spirit from my body—send my body out into the world to bear the brunt of the ire and malice directed against me!" The voice suffered a dramatic pause, then proceeded:

"See my poor little legs. If I could but clothe my soul in another shape, men would not laugh at me, hold me up to ridicule and contempt. But so much I am denied! I am born with the mind, I am born with the soul, I am born—yes, I say that I am born with the heart to be the greatest tragedian the world has ever known! But my poor little legs trip me up whenever I would soar!"

What this peroration, delivered with an indescribable air of bombast, for all the metrical cadence of its phrasings, had to do with the case in hand the Major could not divine. Nevertheless, it had the effect of materially aiding in straightening out the frightened senses of the old man. He was intrigued by this odd personality in spite of himself.

"But you, Major!" the voice went on, now eager and high-pitched. "With a single stroke of genius, see what I have accomplished for you. Here you are, sitting at my side, snug, secure and content—yes, content, I say! Shortly you will be smiling. And your body," he cried; "your body? Ha-ha! That miserable dog, Sarny," he said, lowering his voice dramatically, "is pursuing your empty shell across Spain! Little does that rascal think he is fast on the heels of a dummy whom I, David Hartmann, have put in his path. And Charlin! Ha-ha! The indispensable Charlin! Ha-ha!"

Hartmann paused, studying the Major with glowing eyes. The colossus still stared at him stupidly, gasping unconsciously for breath.

"In another week," went on Hartmann, "while you are sitting here with me basking in the mellow air of the south your body will be aboard your yacht, the Mighty, as its master. In a fortnight from then, that which the world takes for Major Carmichael Beeston will be sailing into the port of New York, will be facing the clamorous mob that would tear you to pieces, Major Beeston, if it could but lay hands on you this minute! You know it! But I—I have done for you what I cannot do for myself. I have

"And Now, What is the First Thing on the Ticket, Mister Stage Manager?"

Hopkinson—It Was No Other—Stood Expectantly at This Person's Shoulder

torn your soul out of your body! I have picked a man brave enough to masquerade in your shape, to stand the music for you! And it takes a brave man!"

The Major remained immovable. The words were plain; but the man behind them was too obviously a lunatic.

"I have duplicated you to the last hair, Major, to the last heartbeat," Hartmann went on, leaning over the table and talking rapidly. "To the last heartbeat, I say, Major. At your leisure," he said, with a wave of his hand as though it were his magic wand, "you may follow him back to America. When the storm has blown over you may step back into your own shoes, and the body which is now fighting the world for you will be erased never to appear again—unless you choose to rub the magic lamp and summon it. Leisure! An hour of leisure! In the palm of my hand I hold one hundred hours of leisure for you; a thousand! They are yours for the asking."

The Major, still struggling for light, asked cautiously: "You say I am on my way back to New York?"

"You are on your way back to New York," repeated Hartmann after him. "At about sixty miles an hour, I should say, Major, and with your friend Sarny hanging at your heels!"

The Major thought this over for some time; then he turned to Hopkinson, whom he caught in the act of crouching behind his chair and regarding David Hartmann with frightened eyes. Hopkinson straightened up stiffly in the wink of an eyelash. The Major jerked his thumb uncertainly over his shoulder at the man servant.

"Hopkinson, here, he is gone too, eh?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, yes! The Major couldn't get along without his Hopkinson, you know!" Hartmann beamed indulgently on the mummy, who was doing his best now to simulate his master's appearance of composure.

The Major was beginning to understand. Obviously Major Beeston and his precious valet Hopkinson, in the persons of two counterfeits, were on their way, as fast as chase and pursuit could carry them, to the outer world to face the outcry raised by that dog Sarny; and the real Major and his precious Hopkinson were here now, snug, secure—not exactly content nor smiling—nevertheless, they were here.

"Humph!" said the Major.

"I have taken the liberty," said Hartmann lightly, "of assuming the initiative in this matter, Major. You will have to forgive me for my methods. In fact you have already forgiven me. I can see that, eh? You realize," went on the little man confidentially, "that it was absolutely impossible for you to think of going back in your present state, Major."

"Why! Why! Why!" began the Major, his eyebrow beetling.

"That rascal of Sarny has raised the very devil of a row! Major, you are the sensation of the hour!"

"Sarny?" repeated the old man, his hand clutching his stick fiercely. "Sarny? Sarny?"

"That mythical million is at the bottom of it," said Hartmann, watching his man closely. "They would tear you limb from limb, Major, if you appeared in New York. But," he cried emphatically, "there is something still worse for you than appearing and facing the music."

The Major was eying the other with a malevolent gleam now.

"Eh?" he snarled.

"There is only one thing you can do that would be worse than to appear," said Hartmann. "That is, not to appear! You can't meet the situation; and you can't run away from it! Major, you have become a mystery! Do you know that your friend Mingling has offered five thousand dollars reward for news of you, dead or alive? I have but to walk to the gate and say 'Here is Beeston,' and the five thousand is mine!"

This was news to the Major; he went white.

"Hopkinson!"

"Yes, sir. You called, sir?"

"Call the servants! Have them take this little ape—have them—have them ——" The Major's words rambled off into vague mumbling. He wet his lips and glared at his man.

"There are no servants," said Hartmann easily. "The house is in my possession. You will hear me out, Major. Sarny would have laid you by the heels in another minute had it not been for me. It was simple enough," he went on with a gracious smile. "Let me explain: When the storm broke about your mythical million I was in London. Major, I represent a syndicate. I am not alone in this matter. In twenty-four hours' time we can provide a counterfeit for any one of a score of men like yourself, all multimillionaires! Our doubles are all actors, actors of the old school, rehearsed in their parts till every cue is perfect; till a trick of gait, a pose of the head, all the imperceptible details that go to make up a personality have become second nature to them. You are the foremost figure in the business world to-day. We have had you ready for months, waiting for something to break! It was merely a question of time! We have had you constantly under observation. What more simple than to find you here? The fact that I am sitting with you now, and your double and his valet are flying like mad across Spain, is the answer. I staged the little farce on the terrace this morning for your special benefit," said Hartmann, smiling whimsically. "It was—what shall we say?—trying it on the dog, what? There was no doubt in your mind that it was yourself walking about on the flags, eh, Major?"

The old man drew another long breath and slowly expelled it.

"And so," said he slowly, "you have taken it on yourself to put another man in my shoes—to send him out into the world as Major Beeston! By Jove, I don't know what you imagine, but if you are not sweating in a stone jug scratching fleas before this day is over, my name is not Beeston!"

The Major, gone choleric, attempted to rise, but the effort was too much for him and he sank back in his chair, blowing hard, his face on fire.

"On the other hand," said Hartmann with an air of supreme indulgence, "you have but to raise your hand. I have built up an elaborate stage setting, peopled it with characters that have deceived even you—and before your eyes deceived your indispensable Charlin! I came here personally, thinking to do you an inestimable service in saving you from the nightmare of facing the consequences of your present dilemma. I thought to take you back to America at your ease, in another guise, as a nobody, to enjoy rest and recreation like a common mortal, not to be stared at, dunned for your million, mobbed, made a spectacle of, as Major Beeston. I thought to save you all that! And when the nine days' wonder of the return of the false Major Beeston had blown over, you had but to step into your own shoes, resume your own part again. Now," he cried, "if you say the word I can call off my crowd with a turn of the hand. Come, it is for you to decide."

The Major sat as still as a dead man for a long while. Shortly his face broke into a semblance of a smile; gradually the smile vanished, leaving on a husk behind, like a leer. When he finally looked up his eyes were bright.

"I have never in my life," he said in a low voice vibrant with excitement, "known the joy of anonymity. Always," he said bitterly, "the rabble snarling at my heels, begging, threatening—Hartmann!"

"Yes."

"Can you do it? Can you give it me? Can it be done?"

"Can it be done?" repeated Hartmann. "I tell you"—with an imperious gesture—"it is done! It is already done. It is for you to undo, man! Say the word and it is undone. I cannot account for Sarny—and your friend Mingling," he said with a wry smile. "But for my people—yes. You say the word—yes or no?"

Hartmann watched the old man, a queer smile on his saturnine features.

"Money, of course?" asked the Major, fixing a cold eye on the other. Hartmann shrugged his shoulders.

"Naturally," he said; and he named a sum that caused the Major to swell up and turn blue. But he said nothing. He was carrying out a mental calculation. The idea had taken root. It fascinated him. He had paid the penalty of advertising, the penalty of his millions. As he said so bitterly, the rabble was always at his heels. That was why he had to provide himself with retreats like this one, where he could bask behind iron bars, like a tiger.

"But—me—me—me!" The Major jabbed himself vigorously with his index finger. "How about me, eh?"

Hartmann smiled again. "Bring me a mirror, Hopkinson," he ordered the valet. The old stage manager—for in his time he had been one of the greatest the world has ever known—took a small silver case from his pocket, containing a series of mysterious little boxes. A finger, dipped in one and another, touched the Major's cheek. A few deft strokes of a pencil, and it was done!

The Major peered at himself in the glass. His queer eyebrow was gone. His red nose was spongy and pink. His jowls seemed in some strange manner to have lost their sag. His face had acquired lines that altered its very structure.

"These," said Hartmann, fingering the side-wheeler whiskers—"these—snip?"

"Yes, yes!" cried the old man eagerly. In a moment Hopkinson was at it with shaving things. The old man emerged with clean chops. The famous features of Major Carmichael Beeston had been transformed into those of a well-fed nonentity. And Hopkinson too! Hopkinson, in the end, took on the decayed appearance of a superannuated coachman out of a job.

"But remember," said Hartmann, surveying his work, "that the art of disguise lies here!" And he tapped his forehead. "Think yourself some one else! That is the secret."

"And now," cried the Major, sardonically bowing to his reflection in the glass, "what is the first thing on the ticket, Mister Stage Manager?"

"I would suggest," said Hartmann, "that we return to America. I for one would like to see what happens to that ranting rascal, Beeston, when he sails up the bay and faces the music!"

"Gad!" roared the Major. "So would I!"

IV

IT WAS in Thanksgiving week, in that year of grace made memorable by the largest advance sale of holiday books in the history of Beeston, New York, that the yacht Mighty, as white as a virgin, as impudent as a hussy, poked her nose in at the bar to meet a Hudson River fog that had drifted through the upper bay and come to anchor in the Narrows one chill morning. The yacht Mighty, in addition to being met by the fog, was welcomed by a revenue cutter loaded to the guards with reporters, for the wireless had picked her up off Fire Island in her voyage out of the unknown. With the six hours of grace given them by this warning, newspaper editors had ample time to prepare. The world had already been told the story of how the harassed millionaire had after a long chase been cornered at Lisbon by a renegade American doctor named Sarny, that person losing no time, after his triumph, in putting in a claim for the five thousand dollars' reward offered by Mingling, the newspaper publisher. The Beeston yacht had been hurriedly summoned from the Azores, where she had laid up with her load of secretaries after being run to earth by the port officer; and before a deploy of newspaper scouts from the London offices of American journals could connect with him, to ask him if it really was only a clever advertising dodge of his—all this pother and excitement over his million—this Major Beeston had boarded the little beauty and had put to sea again.

Contrary to custom the cornered fugitive had crossed in the yacht, making straight for New York. Usually the colossus abandoned the

(Continued on Page 44)

"I Will Wager That Your Mind Has Been Free From the Cares of Business for the Last Hour, Major"

THE FAKERS

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

XL

HICKS had been placed on several of the unimportant committees of the Senate, but he paid no attention to his duties. His whole concern was to secure a nomination and election. He was merely a filler-in as he stood, and his colleagues had slight interest in him. They had seen many other men come to the Senate to fill vacancies, some serving for not more than thirty days, and the regularly elected six-year men considered these as interlopers and did not take them into the inner senatorial circle. They were all polite to Hicks, for they did not go to the trouble of analyzing him, and were indifferent as to whether he believed or only pretended to believe what he talked about.

The general opinion of Hicks was expressed by one caustic old statesman who, after a cursory examination, remarked: "If he had a little more brains he'd be an ordinary damn fool." But such talk was for cloakroom consumption only. As some one said, Hicks was a senator with a vote that might be useful, and also he might come back. Such things had been known. There were several senators on the roll at that time who were even more demagogical than Hicks. So most of the senators were scrupulously courteous to him and took no chances of offending him, for fear he might be elected regularly and be there to vex them when they needed him. And though they did not take him in, they did not exactly leave him outside.

Hicks' mental attitude began to change about two months after he arrived in Washington. In Rextown he was playing a well-defined game, and was under no personal delusions as to his part as a player in it. He had gone out from a reactionary beginning to take a radical stand, not because he was a radical, but because he thought he could best advance himself as a radical. He missed the steadying influence of Senator Paxton, who had been called away and was absent for a long time. Left to himself Hicks began to consider himself what he pretended to be. The change came gradually, but it came surely. There were times when he laughed at himself for pretending to himself, but these periods became less and less frequent; and presently Senator T. Marmaduke Hicks had convinced himself he was a true friend of the people and that he meant everything he said.

Paxton returned. "How's Hicks getting on?" he asked Madden.

"Getting on?" repeated Madden. "Why, he's getting impossible! He's hypnotized himself into thinking he means what he says. Darned if he wasn't in here the other day handing out that guff of his to me as if he thought it was genuine, and as if he thought I must accept it as such. He's got the worst case of swelled head I have seen in a long time, and if you don't compress it to normal he's gone. I don't mind a man's faking the public, but when he begins faking himself it's the limit."

"I'm not surprised," said Paxton. "It's a big jump from a law office in Rextown to the United States Senate, even if it comes by a measly *ad interim* appointment. I'll look him over and see what can be done about it."

The senator invited Hicks to luncheon, and suggested they have it in his room where they might be undisturbed. Hicks came in about half past one and found Paxton waiting for him.

"Well, Tommie," the senator called to him, "how are things moving?"

Hicks stiffened. "Senator Paxton," he replied, "I wish you wouldn't call me Tommie. I'm a senator, you know, the same as you are, and I resent the patronizing that greeting infers."

"I beg your pardon," Paxton said gravely. "I was in error. Won't you be seated, senator? I want to have a talk with you."

"On some legislative matter?" asked Hicks.

"No, on personal matters."

"Of course," began Hicks, "I shall be glad to confer with you on any matter personal to yourself, as an old friend, but if what you have in mind refers in any way to the past I must refuse. I have changed my viewpoint, Senator Paxton. What began as an adventure has come to be a crusade. I have a mission, and that mission is to redeem the pledges I made to the people. When I first began making those pledges I made them simply for my own aggrandizement; but since that time I have seen a light. Instead of using the people to advance myself, I have determined to use myself to advance the people. I trust I make myself clear."

"You do," Paxton answered; "clearer than you imagine, even. Pray forgive me for thinking you had retained your perspective. Of course I was wrong. So let's say no more about it. Sit down and have a bite."

Hicks ate uncomfortably. They talked of minor senatorial matters and general politics, discussed a few of the policies of the President, and Hicks left as soon as he could get away.

"You're right, Madden," Paxton said to his secretary. "He's all swelled up like a poisoned pup."

"Did you tell him about himself?" asked Madden.

"No, it isn't time. He'll harm nobody yet awhile and I think we shall need him presently."

The need came quickly. A law providing for a drastic supplementary power for the Interstate Commerce Commission was pending, and there had been a great public clamor for it and against the railroads. The railroads held that this added power would be disastrous to their freedom of operation, for it virtually placed their affairs in the hands of the commission. They called on all their friends in the Senate to defeat it. Division was not on party lines. Paxton, who was handling the railroad side, had made exceedingly careful polls. He needed three votes. Two of these he secured by means best known to himself, and Lusby advised him to see Hicks and arrange for a money payment to him for his vote. Hicks had not taken a public position on the bill, largely because he was too busy with his own affairs. But he knew there was a certain popular demand for it and that the corporations opposed it, and thought privately that he would vote for it.

"I know you can get him," said Lusby. "He made a talk to me a week after he got here that convinced me he is willing to be compensated for any service he can render and not get caught at. You've got a big war chest. Let him dip into it."

Paxton was dubious. He had thought a great deal over his recent talk with Hicks, and he held the view that Hicks, impressed by his own importance, had hypnotized himself into thinking that what he said was the truth from his heart. But Paxton needed that vote. Every other source had been canvassed with close scrutiny and all possible influences had been brought to bear. He must have Hicks. Two days before the time set for taking the vote Senator Paxton went to Hicks and said: "Senator, may I have a talk with you?"

"Certainly, senator. What can I do for you?"

"Come down to my office, if you will be so kind."

They went out together. As they entered the inner room Paxton, walking behind Hicks, closed and locked the door.

"Hicks," he said without any polite preliminaries, "you and I must have a showdown."

Hicks was uneasy. Notwithstanding his inflated opinion of himself, this man had once been his employer and had been his benefactor.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that all time for piffle and platitudes is past. I have come to a point when I must speak plainly to you and make a demand on you. In short, Hicks, I want you to vote against that Interstate Commerce Bill."

"But, senator ——" Hicks began.

"But nothing! Now, listen, Hicks: You were a bright young man working here for me. I noticed your brightness and your adaptability, and I sent you out to Rextown and gave you the working plans of a political propaganda that eventually made you a senator. I helped finance your earlier years. I put you in the way of this prominence you have gained.

"I have advised you. Of course it was a game of mine, but you played it willingly, and you certainly are under some obligations to me.

"I want you to vote against this bill. It is vital to me. You can do it, for plenty of other Democrats intend to vote against it, and there will be nothing unusual in the matter. Will you do it?"

"No," Hicks replied, looking Paxton squarely in the eyes, "and I do not recognize your right to make this demand on me. Some of the things you have said are true, but you have overlooked the main point. That is that, insincere as I was when I began my political career, I have become sincere since.

"I am now for the people, truly and at heart. I have seen the error of my ways. I have decided to vote for this bill, and you have no right to try to influence my conscientious determination and the prompting of my sense of duty and my love for the people in this way. I won't vote against the bill. I'll vote for it."

"Very well," Paxton answered calmly. "If you refuse to be influenced by decency, gratitude and a real obligation to me, the man who has been your best friend, let me put it another way. You are a candidate for election to the Senate."

"I haven't announced my candidacy as yet."

"I know; but you will. Now then, Hicks, that fight will cost a good-sized sum. Vote against this bill, and I'll see to it that you will have all the money you can use."

Hicks jumped from his chair: "Do you mean to bribe me?" he shouted.

Paxton laughed. "No," he replied; "I don't mean to bribe you. All I offer is legitimate campaign money for a legitimate campaign, and all I ask in return is a vote against this bill. There is no bribery about it."

Hicks walked over to the door and turned the handle.

"It's locked," he said, facing Paxton.

"Yes."

"Unlock it."

"Not until you tell me what you intend to do. I have a right to know, notwithstanding your recent assumption of the reformer rôle."

"Open it," Hicks demanded. "I'll have to think this thing over."

Paxton hurried to the door. "In that case," he said, "I'll open it gladly. The vote is on Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock."

"Good-by," said Hicks, and walked out.

"I Charge That This Parason of Democracy Never Was a Democrat"

Hicks spent all that afternoon and evening informing himself about the proposed railroad legislation. He consulted various senators and was told there was a considerable public interest in the bill, and that various influential newspapers demanded it. Still, owing to the skill with which the bill had been handled by Paxton, the public clamor was not so great as to make a vote against the bill particularly dangerous, and there was ample ground for objection on the basis of the assumed unconstitutionality of the measure. Other men expressed the opinion that the bill conferred too great powers on a subordinate government bureau. Still others had reasons that were not disclosed. There was both a sincere and a manufactured sentiment in opposition.

"It's simple enough," said Senator Lusby to Hicks. "If you want to vote against the bill and have any apprehensions of what the folks in your state may say, vote against it and assign a constitutional reason. Assert it as your deep-seated conviction that the bill will be held worthless by the Supreme Court on constitutional grounds. There will be no comeback to that, and you'll get a reputation as a student of the Constitution, for by the time the Supreme Court passes on the bill everybody will have forgotten what it is all about and what your vote was."

Enough of the old Hicks was projected into the consideration of this dilemma to cause the new Hicks to weigh Senator Paxton's proposition carefully. He knew Paxton was liberal, especially with the money of other people, and he had no doubt he could get several thousand dollars from him—maybe ten or fifteen, or perhaps even more. That money might elect him, and it was a great temptation; but there was this drawback: If he took the money and was returned he would then be completely in the power of Paxton, who could use him as he wished, and who would not hesitate to do so. Hicks knew enough of Paxton's methods to know that whenever he obtained a hold on any person he gave that person a musket and a knapsack and forced him to stand guard for him continuously. Paxton's control would spoil an independent career for himself, except so far as money went, and Hicks couldn't convince himself, much as he desired money, that the place he might assume independently would not be of greater value to him. Besides, as the old Hicks whispered in the ear of the new Hicks, he then could collect for himself and be his own paymaster, provided he came to accept that view of his senatorial procedure.

He had declared himself to Paxton, and felt that Paxton had no hold on him. He reviewed his past career, and tried to remember whether there had been anything that might hurt him in the letters he had written to Paxton. He did not think many of them were at all indiscreet, even if Paxton had retained them. And even supposing he had retained them, how could he use them? He had distinctly tried to bribe Hicks and Hicks' word was as good as Paxton's, and better out in Hicks' state, where Hicks could brand Paxton as identified with the special interests and claim he was being persecuted by the reactionaries.

Finally he convinced himself that he was a virtuous, duty-loving man, on whose integrity an assault had been made, and resolved to look over the newspapers carefully to see just what ones were supporting the bill and what the chances for advertising were for Hicks. By Monday he was certain he was sincere, that he had a stern sense of duty to the people in the premises.

Paxton said nothing more to him until the close of the morning hour in the Senate on Tuesday. Then he walked over to Hicks' desk and sat down next to him. He took a slip of paper, wrote on it in big figures "15,000" and nothing else, and said, showing the paper to Hicks: "That, as I view it, is about what a senatorial campaign will cost out your way. My friends think the same as I do."

Hicks gave no sign that he knew what the figures meant. Paxton watched him narrowly, but Hicks sat impassively for an hour and listened to short speeches for and against the bill, made by various senators who desired to get the last word in the Record defending or lauding their forthcoming action.

The galleries were crowded. At half past three Hicks rose and left the Senate chamber. Paxton saw him go out and hurriedly sent for Madden, instructing him to keep an eye on Hicks and bring him in when the bells rang for roll call.

Hicks went to the restaurant and ordered a sandwich and a pot of coffee. He kept a watchful eye on the clock and reviewed his situation for the last time. Paxton had offered him fifteen thousand dollars for a vote against the bill. It was a great temptation, for this sum might elect him. But, knowing Paxton as well as he did, and knowing his methods, Hicks was sure he could not get the money without some sort of a voucher, or some sort of an obligation secured by Paxton that would hold him in Paxton's power. Paxton needed this vote, but he never bought one thing with his money when he could just as well buy two, and Hicks knew Paxton would snare him in some way, and, if he returned, would control him by that means, as he already had tried to control him through a demand on his gratitude.

He Exhibited Every Oratorical Trick He Had

He might, of course, take the money and deny it when he came back to the Senate, and refuse to do Paxton's bidding. Such action, however, would subject him to endless persecution by Paxton and seriously hinder his career. He reread a double-leaded editorial in a New York paper of that morning, calling on all Democrats to support the bill. If he took the money and was defeated he would be worse off than ever. It wouldn't hurt him any to take an active stand against Paxton and his crowd; on the contrary, it would help, for they were deep in public disfavor. Also the next Senate might be Democratic, and then he could laugh at Paxton.

Just at four o'clock a bell rang sharply and insistently.

"It's the vote!" thought Hicks, and he went up to the Senate floor.

At the same moment bells jangled in all parts of the Senate wing of the Capitol.

"Vote!" cried the press-gallery attendants, and the correspondents trooped in with long tally sheets in their hands.

"Vote!" echoed in every committee room.

Senators who were out of the chamber hurried to their seats, but Hicks, shadowed by Madden, walked up to the green baize doors on the Democratic side and chatted with Colonel Jimmie Edwards, the aged doorkeeper.

The roll call began. Each senator kept tab. Various senators announced pairs. The clerk called the names raucously. The H's were reached.

"Mr. Hicks," shouted the clerk. There was no reply.

"Mr. Hicks," the clerk repeated. Hicks did not respond.

Paxton raised himself in his seat, cursing Madden to himself for not bringing Hicks in. After the call had proceeded a few names further the side doors on the Democratic side swung open. Hicks came in and walked to the head of the center aisle, where he stood waiting.

"Ha," thought Paxton, much relieved, "he only wants to attract a little attention to himself by voting conspicuously."

The roll call was finished. Paxton's tab showed forty-two for and forty-one against. Hicks' vote would give him a tie, and the Vice-President would have the casting vote. The Vice-President would vote for Paxton, and although the squeak would be a narrow one the bill would be beaten.

As the clerk called the last name on the list Hicks stepped out into the center aisle.

"Mr. Pres-o-dunt!" he said.

There was an instant hush. "Mr. Hicks," the clerk called.

"Aye!" shouted Hicks, and the galleries burst into applause. Paxton grew red and then white. Hicks stood in the aisle until the vote was announced, forty-three "Ayes" to forty-one "Nays," and the journal clerk recorded that detail and added, as journal clerks have done since Congress began: "And so the bill was carried."

The Senate immediately proceeded to other business. Hicks stood about for a while, receiving congratulations from some of the men who had been in favor of the bill, and then went back to his seat.

As he sat down Paxton came over to him. His face was stern and set.

"Damn you, Hicks!" he said. "Why did you do that?"

"I voted according to the dictates of my conscience," Hicks replied, looking squarely at Paxton.

"You did!" sneered Paxton. "You did, eh? Well, that conscience is too sensitive to be exposed here. I'll make it my business to see that both you and your conscience are retired to private life."

XLI

HICKS' action received a good deal of commendation from the Progressive press and he was well pleased. He worried somewhat about what Paxton might do to him, but Paxton, beyond a refusal to speak to Hicks, gave no further sign of his anger. Ten days before Congress adjourned Hicks put out the formal announcement of his candidacy to succeed himself. He had sent it to all the papers in the state, giving them a release date, and on that date he called in the correspondents and gave them an interview. He said he was a candidate, that he would make an active canvass of the state, returning home immediately after the adjournment of Congress, that he had no doubts of his election, and that he would continue in the future, as in the past, to be the true and devoted friend of the common people.

The politicians at Yorkville and Rextown and elsewhere in the state had been waiting for the announcement by Hicks. They were certain it was coming, but until it did come they were in a way blocked, for other candidacies hinged both geographically and politically on Hicks. He knew this, and that is why he had delayed in announcing himself. A considerable amount of secret campaigning had been done, and four other Democrats were ready to enter the field. None of these, however, underestimated the strength Hicks had with a certain element of the population, and each thought he might appropriate this strength, or some of it, provided the miraculous happened and Hicks decided he would retire to private life.

Within twenty-four hours after Hicks had specifically declared himself the other four candidates were in the running. One of these was Enos G. Mulford, the man Hicks had deserted for Dawson at the state convention, thereby gaining his senatorship. Another was Henry H. Broughton, a former judge of the Supreme Court; the other two were lawyers of some prominence in their sections, but of no statewide reputation. As Rollins had decided not to run it was generally conceded that the contest would be between Hicks, Mulford and Broughton.

The constitutional amendment providing for the direct election of senators had not yet been adopted, but the state had a new law, effective June first, which compelled candidates for the Senate to go before the primaries, binding the legislature to the support of the man who, after the primaries had selected the candidates of the opposing parties for the place, should receive the highest vote at the general election in November. The primaries were to be held on September twenty-fourth. This meant a primary campaign of six or seven weeks from the time the candidates were definitely in the field.

Hicks carefully tabulated the comment on his announcement. All in all he was fairly well received by the press of his own party, although he was ridiculed by the Republican papers. It was conceded that the Republican aspirant would have little chance, as the state of public opinion was still extremely adverse to all Republicans and their party. Aside from that, the normal Republican vote of the state would be split by a Progressive Republican candidate and a standpat Republican, both in the primaries and in the general election, and it was as certain as anything political can be certain that the Democrat who carried the primaries would be the next senator.

Hicks based his hope of success on the response he received from the people, whom he had assiduously cultivated for so many years. He was strong with the people. They had taken him at his own valuation, had believed in his protestations of his fervor in their cause. He had skillfully prepared every shred of commendation he had received from any source, and in some instances had selected sentences from elaborately sarcastic articles about himself, sentences that, separated from the context, appeared to praise him in the highest terms, and placed them on file together with the names of the authors, for future use. He had printed thousands of copies of his speeches, and had reprinted any matter useful to his candidacy that he had had inserted in the Congressional Record, and was preparing to flood the state with this material in franked envelopes. He revised his mailing lists and sent some clerks and stenographers to Rextown.

Resolved to invest all he had in his campaign, he arranged to convert most of his securities into cash. If he lost he would be without money; but if he won the winning would be worth the price. It was a bet and Hicks made it.

Congress drew to a clamorous close. Hicks sought for a chance to exploit himself further, but the Democratic leader in the Senate sternly repressed him, telling him that serious business was at hand, and that there was no time for sounding the Hicks tom-tom. He did push himself into debates on pending measures, but as he had paid no attention to legislation the men who were looking after that legislation wound him up so sharply and so decisively that he soon abandoned that route to further fame. On the last

night of the session he secured the floor and made a twenty-minute speech for use in his campaign, and decided he had done all that could be done in that direction.

Already he had spent a good deal of money. His efforts to induce Mrs. Hicks to help him financially had so far been unavailing, but he made one last attempt when they were on the train returning to Rextown.

"Marmaduke, it is absolutely useless for us to discuss that subject again," she remarked very coldly, when he tried to open the subject. "I have not the slightest intention of giving you any money for your campaign; I do not consider that a part of my obligation to you. As you have frequently told me, you have plenty of resources of your own, so why should I give you money?"

Hicks hastened to assure his wife that his suggestion had been made with the idea that she might be interested enough in his success to desire to participate in the necessary expenses he must incur to bring about that success, which he wanted not for himself but for her. He promised her that he would not refer to the matter again.

Nor did he, but he decided that if he did win he would do something—he wasn't quite sure what, but it would be something exemplary. He turned the offices of Hicks, Chittlings & Wilson into a headquarters, enlisted McGinnis, Mortimer and others as his staff, set his clerks and stenographers to their tasks and began work in earnest. He wanted to go back to Mrs. Hungerford's, but Mrs. Hicks would not hear of it. Instead she selected for herself what was known as the "bridal suite" in the Hotel Metropolis, an ornate parlor and bedroom and bath, and engaged an adjoining room for Hicks.

Hicks went to various places in August and made speeches. Beginning on September first he stumped the state from end to end. Mrs. Hicks went with him for a few days at a time and stood on the platform when he spoke. She had read of the political campaigning done by certain women of high degree in England, and she imitated them as far as she was able. She was amiable and affable to Hicks' supporters, wore her most fetching tailored costumes and her most becoming hats, but did not appear except in the cities. Hicks was glad of that. He didn't know how the plain people in the rural districts might look on a candidate who had so stylish and so aristocratic a wife, and when she refused to go into the country he did not urge her. He himself put on his oldest suit of clothes, his slouch hat, brushed up his stock of plain-people talk, shifted to the vernacular and went out and mingled with his rural constituents at every crossroads where he could gather a dozen or so for mingling purposes. McGinnis and Mortimer were good routine politicians and they kept things running at headquarters, and Hicks appeared in every county at least once.

Mulford and Broughton were campaigning, too, and the other candidates were doing what they could, so the state was in a ding-dong of politics for the first three weeks of September. Mulford and Broughton made guarded references to Hicks' lightness of weight and laughed at his pretensions; but Hicks paid no attention to them and pounded away unceasingly on his own love for the people, his sincerity in their cause. He promised immediate and sweeping reforms of every nature, including the extension of agricultural credits, the emancipation of the farmers from the rule of the bosses, and winding up each speech with a flowery picture of the millennium he would bring about if he were returned. Mulford challenged Hicks to a debate on the issues of the day, but Hicks sidestepped so successfully that the end of the campaign came without loss of prestige to himself for his refusal to go on the platform with the able Mulford. Rollins was apparently doing nothing.

XLII

MCGINNIS and Mortimer had arranged a grand campaign-closing meeting for Rextown on the Friday night before the primaries, which were to be held on the following Tuesday. Hicks was to be the speaker. They engaged the rink, which would hold about three thousand people, hired a band, billed the town, hung out banners, and bought advertising space liberally in the newspapers. Rollins, who had been East and had returned a few days before, was invited to be one of the vice-presidents of the meeting and accepted.

The night came. The band blared outside the rink for an hour; and Mortimer and McGinnis had red fire burned and fireworks exploded in the street. By eight o'clock the big rink was jammed with people. Every prominent Democrat in that section of the state had been asked to be honorary vice-president, and many of them were on the platform, sitting in self-conscious rows. The chairman of the meeting was Lafferty, a labor state senator whom Hicks had helped elect. Chairs had been reserved for Hicks and his wife at the right of the small table used by the presiding officer, and at a quarter past eight, while the band, which had left the street and had gone to the gallery, was playing a lively tune and the younger men and the boys were whistling and stamping with their feet and shouting "Hicks! Hicks! Hicks!" the senator came in, escorting Mrs. Hicks.

Mortimer had arranged a signal with the leader of the band. He stepped forward on the platform, waved his handkerchief, and the band stopped the quickstep and immediately began playing America.

"All up!" shouted Mortimer and McGinnis.

The people stood while the band played. A few tried to sing the words. As the band finished, various men in various parts of the hall began cheering for Hicks, shouting and clapping their hands, and Hicks and Mrs. Hicks listened to the applause, he with his best air of self-consecration and she frankly pleased at the outburst.

Lafferty rapped for order and introduced the pastor of Hicks' church, who made a brief prayer laudatory of Hicks.

"With the Title of Mrs. Senator Hicks I Can Get Recognition in Paris"

Lafferty then made a ten-minute speech in which he eulogized Hicks as the brilliant young Democrat of Rextown who had during even his brief service in the Senate shed luster on that thriving community, and prophesied tremendous things for him after his triumphant election. Hicks sat with his head bowed, as if overwhelmed by the fervor of his welcome.

Lafferty finished. The cheer leaders scattered through the hall started another demonstration as Hicks arose and stepped forward. Boys had previously distributed small American flags and some of these were waved. The applause continued. Hicks raised both hands as if to still it. He was calm, smiling, self-possessed.

"S-s-sh-h-h!" came from some of the older men. "Let's hear what he has to say."

Hicks was never in better form. He tremulously thanked his friends and neighbors for this overwhelming, magnificent and unparalleled testimonial of their affection for and faith in him, and their appreciation of his humble though sincere labors in the cause of the people. Then he began at the beginning and told all he knew. He exhibited every oratorical trick he had, harped on every theme in his stock, was eloquent, flowery, passionate, denunciatory, pleading, prayerful, sobbed some, rose to his highest flights, and consistently held to the main threads of his discourse, which were three in number—exaltation of himself, the promise of every popular reform he could think of through his efforts, and the consecration of Hicks, until time should end, to the cause of the people.

His peroration was a combination of the striking sentences of every other peroration he had ever used. They could hear him as far as the city hall when he pronounced that, and as he closed and sank as if overcome into his chair Mortimer and McGinnis rushed to the edge of the platform and waved their little flags, shouting in unison: "Hicks! Hicks! Hicks!" Those in the audience fluttered their flags and joined in the cry. The band played The Star-Spangled Banner. Some people seated near the door began to go out. Lafferty, as soon as the cheering had died down a bit, rapped loudly with his gavel.

"Fellow Democrats!" he shouted; "though I had supposed the meeting would conclude with the speech of Senator Hicks, I am informed that the Honorable Perkins G. Rollins, our esteemed fellow townsman and sterling Democrat, wishes to say a few words."

Hicks looked up, astonished. He saw Rollins advancing from his chair to the clear space on the platform. Hicks hurried to the front.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "if you will kindly consent, I should like to usurp your function for a moment and have the honor and the pleasure of introducing my old and valued friend, Perkins G. Rollins, to this magnificent assemblage of Democrats."

Lafferty bowed. Hicks went to the table. Rollins stood a few feet away from him, looking out over the interested audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Hicks began, "I can scarcely find words in which to phrase the pleasure I feel in presenting to you Perkins G. Rollins, of Rextown, known to all of you as a righteous and upright citizen, and to all of you as a sterling Democrat of the old school. It, perhaps, has fallen to my fortunate lot to know Mr. Rollins better than most men of my age, for I have been associated with him in promoting the interests of the people and the Democracy ever since I came to this fair city to live and practice my profession. He was one of my earliest friends. From his fount of political wisdom, from his vast store of political sagacity, from his undeviating adherence to the principles of the Fathers, from his pure life, from his sterling Democracy, I have drawn my inspiration for the work to which I have devoted my life.

"I owe much to Perkins G. Rollins, and in introducing him to you to-night I desire to acknowledge that obligation as freely as I

(Continued on Page 28)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $1.75 the Year (Except in Toronto, $1.50). Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $1.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 1, 1914

The Flow of Power

IN ITS patriotic zeal to prevent financial power from concentrating Congress might take a day off to study the constitutional evolution of the United States. The Fathers apprehended that the popular branch of Congress, deriving power direct from the people, might encroach on and dominate the Executive; but to-day the House does the President's will as obediently and with as little discussion as though a majority of its members were his nominees—in fact, the only question involved in this year's congressional elections is, How many votes will Woodrow Wilson have in the next House?

When Morgan and Harriman voted aye the question was carried by a decisive majority; but their will was not more paramount in any enterprise with which they were concerned than the President's will is in the lower branch of Congress. He interlocks from the Committee on Accounts to the Committee on Ways and Means; and very recently the Senate has again yielded to him—in the matter of continuing the session through the summer for the purpose of disposing of the antitrust bills.

The explanation is quite simple: The President stands for political success. Everybody in Congress wants votes. It is believed the President can command votes. Hence the deference to him.

Morgan and Harriman stood for financial success. Everybody in business wants profits. It was believed they could command profits. Hence the deference to them. Power will flow to a successful financier as inevitably as to a popular president, and no statutory devices will prevent it.

The Boy and the Job

THERE has been a decided advance in education in the United States during the last twenty years. For example, the assistant office manager sat a green boy before a desk on which letters rained from some mysterious source and told him to stick a two-cent stamp on each envelope.

Sticking stamps is not inspiring, and many other things about the strange office excited the boy's curiosity; so sometimes he missed an envelope altogether and sometimes his stamp was too wet and fell off. Next day a batch of letters was returned for lack of postage. Some of them were important. The vice-president threatened to discharge the office manager; the office manager threatened to discharge the assistant, and the assistant threatened to discharge the boy—with much heat and impolite language all along the line. That was in the Dark Ages of a quarter of a century ago.

Some years later a foreman showed a green boy how to hold a hot iron to a stick of solder until the solder melted and ran like wax; then pointed out a certain small joint in a piece of machinery and told him to cover it with solder. In ten minutes the boy could do it satisfactorily; so the foreman stood him beside a carrier and told him to solder all the joints that came by.

Soldering joints is not exciting, and many novel sights about the shop were; so sometimes the boy put his solder above the joint and sometimes below it. Weeks later the sales department was in deep tribulation. Complaints of defective machines were coming in. An expensive investigation showed that pieces of solder in wrong places caused all the trouble.

The superintendent was in doubt whether to discharge the foreman or only the boy; but the president of the company said: "No; I'm the bonehead. I ought to have had the importance of that solder explained to the boy." That was in the Renaissance.

Nowadays intelligent employers try to show employees they are not merely sticking on stamps or dropping bits of solder, but helping to run a whole office or to build a whole machine. To feel that what one is doing is important and to know why it is important are the beginnings of good workmanship. More and more employers seek to educate their working force in the whole business on which they are engaged. Education in the office and shop is as important as that in the schools.

New Haven and Pork

NEW HAVEN disclosures shocked and disgusted the country. At Washington, especially, moral indignation rose to fever heat. But the New Haven affair has not yet disclosed a moral plane so low as that to which Congress cheerfully descends in passing pork-barrel appropriations.

There is nothing to indicate that the New Haven directors, in recklessly gambling with stockholders' money, did not believe that the policy they were pursuing would ultimately benefit those whose trustees they were; and as yet there is no proof that any of them expected a dishonest personal profit from it.

Morally this is several degrees above a sordid and callous combination by members of Congress to squander public money for objects it knows are of no adequate public benefit, and for the direct personal profit of members of the combination. The indefensible pork-barrel appropriations are for the gain of those who engineer them—tantamount to tapping the public till for the benefit of an individual congressman's campaign fund. Nothing so rotten as that has yet been turned up in the New Haven mess.

A Congress that comes into power with high professions of devotion to the public weal and stern denunciations of its predecessor's extravagance, and immediately sticks both arms up to the elbows in the public treasury, makes a spectacle from which there will some day be a reaction as powerful as that against the deviltries of high finance.

How Heavy is the Burden?

EXPERTS on the subject say that the Workmen's Compensation Law which went into effect in the state of New York at the beginning of July is the most liberal yet adopted in this country. Except household and farm labor nearly all wage-earners of the state come within its terms; and every employer must arrange to compensate his employees for accidental injuries by taking out a policy of insurance in an approved liability company, or by insuring in the state fund, or by joining a mutual insurance company, or by writing his own insurance under conditions prescribed by the law.

When the act went into effect more than fifty thousand employers had taken insurance in one or another of the above forms, and experts calculated that the annual premiums on this insurance would cost employers quite twenty-five million dollars a year. That is a large sum, and conservative critics made much of it.

How much the barbarous old contingent-fee, damage-suit, flip-a-quarter style of compensating for industrial accidents cost employers nobody seems to know. It was certainly many millions of dollars, and certainly a great part of whatever it cost employers was utterly wasted in lawyers' fees and court expenses; but suppose the twenty-five millions a year this civilized scheme of accident compensation costs employers were an entirely new tax on the state's industries.

The last census says that manufacturing alone in the Empire State employs more than a million hands and turns out a yearly value exceeding three and a third billion dollars. The twenty-five millions, therefore, amounts to considerably less than one per cent of the annual product; decidedly less, in fact, for the law includes employment in fields other than manufacturing.

If this expert forecast of the cost of compensation insurance is correct, we should say the burden imposed by the new law—after allowing for the cost to employers of the rotten old damage-suit method, and including employers other than manufacturers—would probably figure out about a quarter of one per cent of the outturn.

Ready for the Rest-Cure

TIME was—and not so very long ago—when the general attitude of business, big and little, toward politics was one of contemptuous indifference. The Interstate Commerce Commission was a standing joke then; and, except when the tariff or the currency was up for discussion, business men and business organs paid little attention to what went on at Washington. So far as the general public's actual daily experiences went, the Government at Washington was almost as remote as that at Westminster.

Now—especially since the recent Supreme Court decision in the Intermountain Case—railroads are pretty completely in the hands of the Federal power. They cannot change a rate without its consent. It may change rates as it sees fit, this side of outright confiscation. When this session of Congress ends railroads cannot call in a dollar of new capital without Washington's O. K. A great Federal banking system, potentially affecting credits at every crossroads, is coming into being. The corporation tax touches thousands of small businesses all over the country.

There is hardly a village that does not contain some man who must make his income-tax return to Washington. The packing business has been taken in hand. Every hamlet druggist and grocer is aware of Federal pure-food laws. Every coöperative association of farmers has had the Sherman Law in mind. Almost every business in the country that runs into seven figures sees a huge governmental thumb advancing toward it.

Incessant contact with a stranger reacts on almost anybody's nervous system. People have been getting the Federal Government on their nerves to such an extent that they cannot keep their eyes from Washington—not even to look at a bumper wheat crop. Business organs that used to talk trade can hardly bring themselves nowadays to talk anything but politics. It is a pity Congress did not adjourn in July. A rest would do everybody good.

Let the Doll Alone

FOR a generation the poor old tariff has been the rag doll of politics. In all that time the foremost political activity has consisted of dressing and undressing, caressing and belaboring it. Shoals of politicians have broken into place and grown gray there with hardly any other stock in trade than their ability to manipulate the manikin.

It has been held head up as the heavenly source of every material blessing the country enjoys, and head down as the hellish influence whence flow all the ills of American mankind; and with thirty years of incessant tousling it has become so disfigured that only its special keepers can tell which end is its head and which its feet. Many things of great moment have been postponed and deflected because politics was so exclusively occupied with its rag doll.

The latest revision of the tariff was signed by the President in October last. It is now just coming into effect and gives promise of working satisfactorily. No labor has been pauperized by it and no cost of living has been reduced—which merely shows that in the sum total of American breadwinning the tariff is only one small factor; but in the sum total of American politics it has assumed a size that obscures much else which ought to be in plain view.

For goodness' sake give the old rag doll a rest! Let it alone until there is something new to be said about it, which will not be until this latest revision has been in force long enough to make possible an intelligent opinion concerning its effect—say, two years from now.

Let us have some real politics. Whoever drags out the rag doll this summer will create a suspicion that he has no genuine issues to talk about.

When Work is Waste

SUPPOSE Mr. Carnegie conceived the graceful notion of erecting a monstrous sod pyramid to himself in Kansas. He could buy the farms of a whole county at whatever price the owners asked, then hire the entire able-bodied population at ten dollars a day to sow grass and produce sod, cut it into squares and haul them to the monumental site and pile them up.

Times would be notably flush in that county while the operation lasted. The builder would be "giving work" to laborers—"putting his money in circulation." And at the end of the operation the county would be a weedy barren, never again useful to man until long, toilsome effort had been expended to redress the soil and bring it back into cultivation.

Or suppose he expended only a quarter as much money in equipping a factory to make good cloth out of wheat straw. Suppose he hired ten thousand men to sit on a fence and whittle sticks, and another ten thousand to convert a swamp into tillable land. Nobody would have the least doubt as to which expenditure was good and which bad; which increased the country's wealth and which diminished it.

Wasteful expenditure by the rich is often foolishly applauded because it gives work to labor and keeps money in circulation. A gambling house might just as well be applauded on the same grounds. The wealth of any country consists in its natural resources and its labor. One of the worst things about plutocrats is their power to say how natural resources and labor shall be employed—whether usefully or wastefully.

When they make useless flunkies of men who might be hoeing potatoes they are squandering a resource of the country as really as though they burned young timber.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

He Favors Aeroplanes for Carrying the Mails

IT COSTS, in a round number—and it is a good, round, rotund and pleasantly orbicular number—it costs, in a round number, one hundred thousand dollars more than the salary to keep things moving and the bills paid in the establishment of the Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary representing the United States at Paris, the frugal capital of France. The money is thus divided: the seventeen-thousand-five-hundred salary goes for the ambassador part; and the hundred thousand extra rides fifty-fifty on the extraordinary and the plenipotentiary.

It may be that by living in the outskirts, with a thrifty French landlord, dining *en famille* and keeping away from the restaurants, where the peaches—horticultural—cost six francs each, and the peaches—the other kind—make things much more expensive, an American ambassador might exist in Paris on the seventeen thousand five hundred dollars; but that covers it—exist.

Besides, that sort of thing would never do at all, at all. It is the theory and practice of our appropriating legislators to pay diplomats small salaries and then howl about the niggardly representation we have at the courts and capitals of Europe—that is to say, they expect our diplomats to spend lavishly to keep up the reputation of the United States; but they expect the diplomats to spend their own money. Our appropriating legislators need what money there is on this side for the purpose of dredging creeks and erecting public buildings in the various metropolises of their home districts.

Hence, unless a potential diplomatist is liberally upholstered with money, or can borrow plenty, or has a rich wife, or is in close touch with the discount committee of a big bank, he ceases to be potential and becomes passé. This explains why it is so hard to find diplomatists for diplomatic jobs, and it also explains most of our diplomatic appointments. Unless a candidate for a diplomatic post has the scads he need not come round.

Our system makes this imperative. The President has no recourse. First off, a man for any of the big European posts must be rich—either himself or in his wife's name. After that, the question as to whether he has diplomatic qualifications in any other degree is considered. If he has the situation is gratifying. If he has not it is regretted; but he gets the job just the same.

Wherefore we look with considerable admiration on the Honorable William Graves Sharp, of Elyria, Ohio, who is to be our new Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to France. Usually the impending diplomatist, for purposes of publication, considers his wealth as merely incidental, and says it had nothing to do with his selection, speaking with great repression concerning his dollars and coming out strong on his diplomacy. Now it is different with the Honorable William Graves Sharp. He has money and he is glad of it, proud of it; and has taken occasion to advertise the same.

We read, in his official autobiography in the Congressional Directory: "After his term of office expired he engaged in the manufacture of pig iron and chemicals; and during the succeeding twenty years, until his retirement, the business continued to develop, until it became the largest of its kind in the country."

Thus we observe the impelling reason for Mr. Sharp. When a pig-iron and chemical business expands to such proportions in twenty years that it not only becomes the largest of the kind in the country, with its numerous pig-iron and chemical plants, but allows the owner thereof to retire at the age of fifty and engage in the pleasurable pastime of running for Congress and preparing for ambassadorial honors, it is quite reasonable to suppose that Mr. Sharp has sufficient legal tender to enable him to take the place of that other distinguished Ohioan, the Honorable Myron T. Herrick, who has been our Ambassador to France and who has spent his extra hundred thousand each year without a whimper.

The New Ambassador's Fad

THE eligibility of Mr. Sharp along these lines has been unquestioned for some time. It is said he was considered for Russia; but Russia would not consider him because of certain reflections or criticisms, or votes, or something which Mr. Sharp, in Congress, made or cast on or against certain policies of that country. One of the most useful subjects of attack by the orators in our Congress is Russia. Russia, as a subject for a speech that will not have a local political comeback, has long been on a par with the Sultan of Turkey and the Standard Oil Company. One day Sharp took a hand and Russia heard of it—Russia always hears of those things. So that ended Sharp for Russia.

Then they looked round. There was France; but France was clutched in the convulsive grasp of Mr. William F. McCombs, who established a world's record in accepting and declining an ambassadorship. For a period of about one year Mr. McCombs accepted at eleven o'clock each morning and declined between three and half past each afternoon. Finally one morning he neglected to accept and his declination for the previous afternoon stood; so there was a fat job—fat for the Parisian landlords—at the bestowal of the President. But where to bestow it? Ambassador Herrick was ready to come back at any moment, being distinctly of a different branch of politics from the politics of Mr. Wilson. Presently Sharp, who had been considered for Russia, and who, in reality, had his eye on Belgium, loomed large in view.

"How's he fixed?" was asked.

"Fixed!" came the reply. "Why, read what he says about his business and what it brought in! He could buy a couple of square miles of Paris if he felt the need of it, and have money left to raze the buildings and make an aëroplane park out of the ground space."

That settled it. Mr. Sharp was found to be persona grata to the French Government—as he will be to the French landlords—and thus another impasse was surmounted. Ohio still maintains the French ambassadorship; and it is stated in well-informed circles that Mr. Sharp is as much of a spender as Myron T. Herrick ever dared be.

And the man who gave W. G. Sharp his testimonial spoke from accurate knowledge when he said what he did about Mr. Sharp's ability to buy a few square miles of Paris, raze the buildings, and use the ground space for an aëroplane park. If so be Ambassador Sharp does do said buying and razing, the identical use to which he will turn the ground thus secured will be an aëroplane park.

Of course it is unseemly to refer to ambassadors, who are distinguished persons, in the vernacular; but if I might make so bold I should say that Mr. Sharp is an aëroplane bug. He has aëroplanitis in its most aggravated form. For some years past he has been all lighted up on the subject of airships and their economic use. He wants the Government to establish airship mail routes; and has issued many pronunciamientos on the matter, each proving that the only really useful thing this nation can do is to send its mail by aëroplane, and pestering everybody in Washington with his ideas on the proper method to bring about this great and desirable reform.

You watch the cablegrams about the airship meets and competitions in Paris after the new Ambassador gets there. "Among those present," the dispatches invariably will say, "was Ambassador Sharp, who is an enthusiast," and so on. He will send his dispatches back by airship unless Secretary Bryan stops him.

The new Ambassador was born in Ohio in 1859 and has lived in Elyria since boyhood. He finished the public schools and was graduated in the law from the University of Michigan in 1881. He practiced law for a time and was made prosecuting attorney for his county. Then he realized that the law meant nothing, so far as accumulating the necessary equipment for a future diplomat; and he entered into the pig-iron and chemical business.

He has been in Congress three terms and was a delegate to various Democratic national conventions. His present service in Congress is on the Committee on Foreign Affairs, where he is the ranking member, which undoubtedly helped some in his selection. He is a member of the Interparliamentary Union, which gave him the regard of Senator Burton; and he was warmly indorsed by his colleagues, for he is a likable and an active and a useful legislator.

He has the wherewithal too. It is likely the President's eye gleamed when he read about the success of that pig-iron and chemical business. And Sharp may be of service in extending our markets. I do not know how much pig iron they use in Paris; but the amount of chemicals they consume for rouge and paint, and such like, must be enormous.

"Curfew Shall Not Ring To-Night!"

The New Studebaker Automobiles

STUDEBAKERS are now showing these cars in more than five thousand cities the world over.

In our judgment they place every other "Six" and every other "Four" on the defensive.

They carry only one profit—that of the legitimate manufacturer—and the prices will be satisfactory to the public.

We make a greater proportion of the parts for these cars than any other maker manufactures for his cars.

We invite you to verify these statements and the value of these cars by immediate inspection.

In the meanwhile, you will find herein, itemized information of intense interest concerning the improvements incorporated in each of the four cars.

The New FOUR
Touring Car

The New FOUR
Touring Car and Roadster

The net result of the improvements itemized in the specifications printed herewith is:

More Power;
Less Weight;
Greater Strength;
Greater Economy;
More Room;
Greater Comfort;
Greater Beauty.

Specifications

Two Body Styles: Five-Passenger Touring; Three-Passenger Roadster.

Wheelbase—108 inches.

Long-Stroke (5-inch), Small-Bore (3½-inch) Motor; Four Cylinders, en Bloc, Exhaust Manifold Cast Separate.

Smokeless, Non-Leaking Lubrication System.

Larger Valve Openings.

Pressed Steel Push-Rods.

Annular Piston Rings.

Tubular Radiator with Auxiliary Water Tank.

Crowned Fenders.

Special, Dimming Headlights.

100 Pounds Lighter.

12 x 2½ in. Brakes.

Hot-Jacketed Schebler Carburetor Bolted to Cylinders.

Magnetic, Non-Leaking Gasoline Gauge, the Only One Approved by Insurance Underwriters.

Generous Footroom in Both Compartments.

33 x 4 in. Goodrich Tires on Q. D. Demountable Rims; Safety Tread on Rear.

One-Man Type Top.

Built-in Rain and Clear Vision Ventilating Windshield, Attaching Rigidly to Top.

Full Floating Rear Axle, Shaft Locking into Taper at Hub.

Full Equipment of 13 Timken Roller Bearings.

Irreversible Steering.

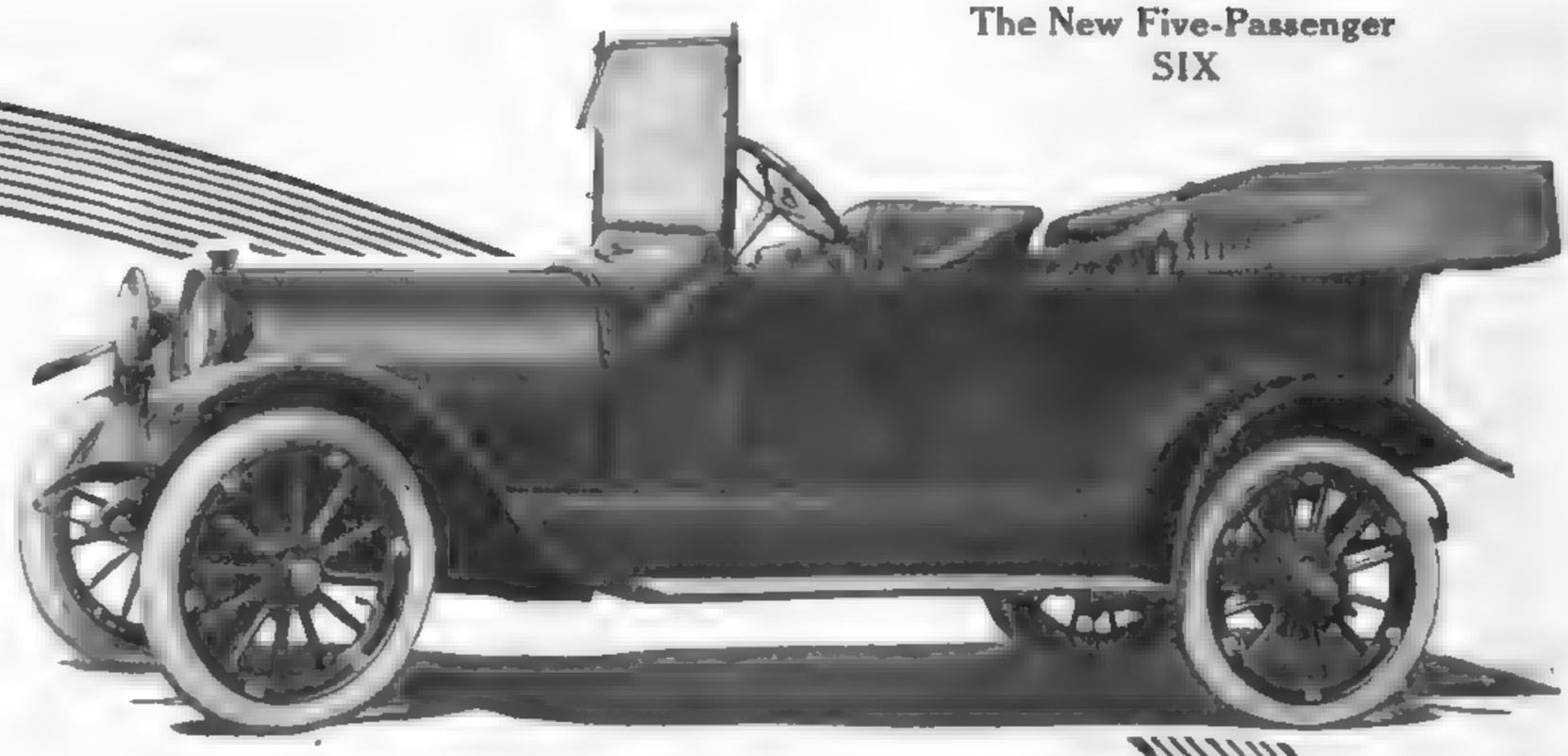
Flush Dash Equipment.

Extra Rim and Carrier.

24 Finishing Operations in Painting Bodies Studebaker Blue.

The Simplest and M
in An

The New Five-Passenger SIX



The New SIX

5-Passenger and 7-Passenger

The elements of greater value listed in the specifications printed below result in:

150 pounds reduction in weight, with increased strength;
Even greater gasoline economy;
Greater tire economy;
Greater ease of operation;
More power;
More room and greater comfort.

Specifications

Two Body Styles: Five-Passenger and Seven-Passenger Touring.
Wheelbase—121 inches.
Long-Stroke (5-inch), Small-Bore (3½-inch) Motor; Six Cylinders, en Bloc.
Smokeless, Non-Leaking Lubrication System.
Larger Valve Openings.
New, Exhaust-Silencing Muffler.
Annular Piston Rings.
Cellular Radiator.
Lighter Reciprocating Parts.
Crowned Fenders.
Lightened Clutch Operation.
150 Pounds Lighter.
15 x 2½ in. Brakes.
34x4 in. Goodrich Tires on Q. D. Demountable Rims; Safety Tread on Rear.
Roomier Front Compartment; Roomier Rear Compartment.
Continuous Aluminum Footboard.
One-Man Type Top.
Built-in Rain and Clear Vision Ventilating Windshield, Attaching Rigidly to Top.
Scientific Anti-Rumble Gasoline Tank in Cowl.
Magnetic, Non-Leaking Gasoline Gauge, the Only One Approved by Insurance Underwriters.
Full Floating Rear Axle, Shaft Locking into Taper at Hub.
Full Equipment of 13 Timken Roller Bearings.
Uniform Caps on All Four Hubs.
Irreversible Steering.
Removable Instrument Board.
Inter-Locking Ignition and Lighting Switches.
24 Finishing Operations in Painting Bodies Studebaker Blue.

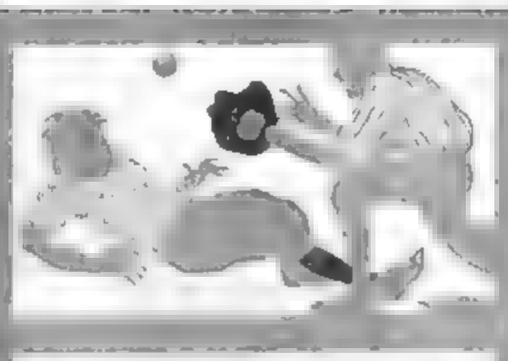
ost Accessible Motor
erica

Proof of Studebaker Value

Eighty companies in the United States sell automobiles
Only ten of them manufacture the majority of parts in their cars.
Of these, Studebakers make the greatest proportion of parts in their cars.
We make all our castings in our South Bend foundries.
We finish them in our Detroit machine shops.
We make all our springs in our South Bend spring plant.
We make all our forgings in our Detroit shops.
We heat-treat our gears and forged parts in our Detroit furnaces.
We make our aprons, hoods, fenders and other stamped parts in our Detroit plant.
We make the bodies in our South Bend plant.
We make our tops in our Detroit plant.
Except tires, electrical equipment, Timken bearings, carburetors and a few minor items, we manufacture—in our own factories—all parts of Studebaker cars.
Being complete manufacturers, we are able to build better cars, and to put better value into our cars, at a stated price.
$1,000,000 worth of Studebaker parts are kept in Studebaker branches and dealers' service stations for the convenience of Studebaker owners.

STUDEBAKER, Detroit

The New FOUR Roadster



New-Skin, for scrapes

to prevent infection

Carry it with you as you used to carry court-plaster!

New-Skin is antiseptic and germ-killing. It protects the wound and keeps it clean while it heals. It is a liquid —when applied it dries and forms a coating that is transparent, flexible and waterproof. *Buy it to-day!*

Always look for the name!

New-Skin should be kept on hand for emergencies in every home, school, office and factory.
10c and 25c sizes. At druggists. Red and gold box with glass bottle inside. 25c. size sent by mail postpaid. Stamps taken. Address Department "A".

NEWSKIN CO., NEW YORK

A New Goggle FOR NIGHT AND DAY

Here's a new goggle with every advantage for day driving.

This dark

Albex NIGHT & DAY Goggle

which have

you'll find the same perfect fit, ample ventilation,

cases of some kind are a necessity, of course. Get the goggle with this big extra night driving feature. In fine leather case, $2.50.

T. A. WILSON & CO., Inc.
212 Washington Street Reading, Pa.

$395 $395

Demonstrator Agents Wanted

We desire representation in every county of the United States for the

SAGINAW CYCLECAR

Write quick—today—for our proposition—territory being rapidly taken. Good money for you if you become interested early.

Valley Boat & Engine Co., Russell St., Saginaw, Mich.

THE LIBERATOR

(Continued from Page 5)

grace between deep groans. Many of the tyrant's rabble offered fistfuls of gold to our brave heroes, who in turn sent bulletins of lead and steel.

There were many Federals who, at the moment of discharging their pieces, closed both eyes. If the gallons of whisky had failed, or at the least had become scarce, perhaps not a man would have stood his ground, such was their terror of the Liberator's righteous anger. Many were drunk. Only in this way were they able to obtain respite from the great sensation of fear that dominated them.

It is calculated that seven hundred is the number of Federal cowards who stayed out of the fight. Seventy were overtaken in the suburbs by groups of people in the city, who gave them the knife very deliciously. There were men among us who, justly charged by the most sublime courage, sank their daggers up to the hilt in the breasts of the craven hordes, who fell dying and blaspheming.

The people *en masse* invaded the stores and markets, and armed themselves with big knives and advanced resolutely to the accomplishment of solemn duties. Without material exaggeration there were places in which the blood ran in rivulets. Of the five hundred miserable wretches killed, it is said that the Liberator slew fifty with his own hand, such is the deadly accuracy of his aim with a shooting gun.

"Say," Lee chuckled, laying the paper down, "just suppose Miguel had worked as hard as he fights! Why, he'd be ——"

"He'd be boss of a native outfit to-day at fifty dollars gold a month," I retorted, "instead of the idol of a million men and the head of an army."

"But, dang it, who ever would have thought he had it in him? I always figured Miguel was just a good feller, who didn't care a whoop. You know—'a good feller, but hell.'"

"So he was; but he found himself. He has a Cause."

"That's so," the boss answered, with a gravity foreign to him. "There's nothing to beat being in earnest."

For two months more Barraca waged his war for liberty. His standards were flung to the breeze in a score of engagements; each victory gained him hundreds of recruits. He treated all prisoners with splendid impartiality, giving them their choice of joining his ranks or being shot. And he took what his army required with a strong and unsparing hand.

First one rich *hacendado* was captured and forced to pay ransom, then another. The amounts varied according to the extent of their holdings and sympathy with the Federal power. Don Luis Zuberan fled, the Liberator hot on his heels, and sailed from a gulf port for Europe, there to join his patron. Barraca captured Don Luis' only son as he was stealing out of the country in the guise of a woodcutter, and extracted one hundred thousand dollars from the bulging Zuberan coffers before surrendering him to a Texas sheriff assigned to the job.

"He's sure some fighter!" said Lee admiringly, and I was fain to agree with him.

Despite his amazing successes and the rapidity of his campaign, Miguel was assuredly guilty of some queer tactics. For instance, after he had hopelessly beaten General Gonzales the way lay clear to Mexico City. But what did the Liberator do? He turned and swept north in pursuit of a remnant of the Federal force under General Potoski.

And that was continually his way. No matter what new paths to conquest opened to him, he would turn aside to strike a blow at Potoski. Wherever the harried, desperate Pole turned, there was Miguel behind him, dogging his steps, striving to drive him into a corner where he would be forced to make a stand.

The first week in September drew to a close. Came a messenger to the ranch from His Excellency General Miguel Barraca, who required of the Tumbling-H company fifty fat beeves as a contribution to the cause of liberty. Lee did not betray surprise or the slightest concern. He inclined his head gravely. Six months before he would have booted the native for his insolence and appeared to choose his words.

"Tell the Liberator," he answered distinctly, "that General Miguel Barraca cannot command so much as a meal of me or the Tumbling-H. But to my old friend Miguel I will give one hundred yearlings for the filling of his rascals' stomachs."

The messenger stiffened and his eyes rolled.

"But I—I dare not," he stammered. "I dare not say that to His Excellency, señor. He would most certainly have me shot. That is the very least I could expect."

"Uh-uh," said Lee smiling, "he wouldn't. I know him better than you do. You tell him that. It won't even make him mad."

The spokesman looked very dubious, but he could do nothing else than obey, and accordingly set off to the army. Thirty hours later he was back with an escort, and saluted Lee with a grin when he entered the kitchen, the bells on his spurs tinkling musically.

"I have come back," he announced. "And these are His Excellency's exact words: 'Amigo, you're on. A close mouth catches no flies.' Yes, that is what he said; and if it isn't right you are to hang me. Such were his orders."

They took their cattle with them, hi-yiing over so easy an accomplishment of a difficult mission. A week later Lee received by the hand of a courier a gold medal for valor on the field of battle. On one side it bore an eagle strangling a snake, and on the other a name that looked like De la Lama, although attempts had been made to obliterate it. Probably Miguel had wrested the bauble from a prisoner.

There was fighting all round us after that for five weeks. We heard its echoes, but at the Tumbling-H things went on as usual. Occasionally some scouting parties passed, but they did not molest us. They would water their horses, but none demanded so much as a meal. Evidently Miguel's potent hand was raised to protect us, and the Tumbling-H remained a peaceful oasis in the heart of the storm.

However, garbled versions of what was happening dribbled to us across the border. The North was ablaze against the Dictator. An entire state had been scoured by Barraca and his victorious bandits. Potoski was hemmed in near Espuela; he was cornered at Garza; he had triumphantly defeated the Liberator; he had been annihilated; his men were mutinous and deserting in hundreds; the Federal cause was hopeless, and the Liberator was carrying all before him. So ran the rumors.

"Holy cats!" chortled Lee. "Listen to this: 'General Barraca to-day served notice to the Powers that he has confiscated all the big estates in the territory held by his forces and intends to distribute them among his men and the peons of the country—sixty-two and a half acres to a man. Out of every four sections he will reserve one section, to be applied to the maintenance of a school system as soon as peace is established in this torn and unhappy land.'"

We roared over that. Somehow it was impossible for us to accept Miguel and his revolution seriously, although a hundred millions of our blood to the north were dazzled by his achievements.

Next day we laughed on the other side of our mouths, as we learned to say in school. While we were saddling in the corral Al Sullivan, who was astride the fence, began to stare across at the foothills to the west.

"Here comes a herd," he announced.

It seemed hardly probable—bringing herds to the border was too hazardous. We climbed up beside him to see. Low-hanging clouds of dust eddied across the long ridge beyond the Moon pasture, and there were moving dots in them. We watched for five minutes and still they came. From the mouth of a draw they poured up on to the mesa in hundreds and hundreds and thousands. Occasionally, when the dust lifted for a moment, we espied mounted men and the gleam of sun on metal, and a hurrying horde that seemed without formation or beginning or end.

Hardly had this force traversed half the length of the mesa than dots appeared between two hills and to their left. We looked again, and there were other dots all along the line of foothills. A tiny spurt of smoke, then another and another; across the entire rear swept a pall of it that obscured everything from sight.

"It's a battle," yelped Lee, "and one side's licked the other good and plenty. See? Look in line with that tree. They're running! They're beating it!"

A speck had darted out from the main body. It streaked down the incline of the mesa like a jumping flea, and grew and grew until we saw that it was a horseman. Behind came a second speck, then a group of them, jerkily, constantly shifting positions. After that they fled in twos and threes, in whole companies, in regiments. The army on the hill was breaking up. What had been a retreat in good order degenerated into a rout. The entire force streamed pell-mell down the ridge toward the Tumbling-H, which caused Lee to get down from the fence.

"Here," he said, "is where we drift. Open the gate and turn out the horses, boys. Al, take a couple of men and drive 'em to Agua Prieta for all you're worth. Move quick now. Me and Pat'll stay behind to see what these people do. Nobody's going to harm us. We're friends to whichever wins."

Soldiers were already going by on the wagon trail, flogging their jaded mounts. We cried questions at them while Sullivan and his helpers chased out the *remuda*, but they were too far gone in panic to give heed.

Several were wounded. A huge, whiskered Mexican paused at the tank to wash the blood from his face. Where his mouth and chin had been was a red, wabbling smear, and he cried like a child. Another moved at a slow gait at strange variance with the hurry of his comrades, silently gripping the mane of his horse. There was a salmon-colored stain on his shirt and his lips were compressed in a tight line. One glimpse of his lusterless eyes, and we knew. The seal of death was plain.

So they passed, a broken, shouting, fear-crazed mob in driblets and hordes; men on horses and afoot; men driving wagons; men belaboring mules; some cursed, some prayed. Women, too, shuffled past, wet with perspiration and wan of eye. Not a few carried babies, others dragged tired children by the arms.

The main body of the fugitives skirted the ranch about a mile to the south without semblance of order. From the vantage point of the corral fence we tried to estimate their numbers. Lee, who was quick at tallying cattle, figured that nine thousand men went by within the hour.

A party of ten officers came galloping along the trail toward us, the refugees scurrying into the weeds to give them right of way. Men cursed as they passed; one fired his gun at them and was promptly shot down. Women screamed and shook their fists and cried epithets. They pulled up near the corral and we recognized the leader.

"Got any horses, Lee?"

"They're all gone, General," shouted the boss. "Only mine left. But you take him, he's fresh. Take him and leave yours. Wait, I'll change saddles for you."

Potoski took out his field glasses and gazed intently along the road they had come.

"Hurry up, Lee; we are in a hell of a mess. Yes, by George, huh? Change the saddles, Lee, like a good boy. I have papers in mine that would do you no good."

While the change was being effected a shout of consternation broke from the line of fugitives beyond the bunkhouse. The Pole sprang on to the corral fence to learn the cause. Men and women were scattering in all directions through the brush, and charging helter-skelter out of the cottonwood grove was a troop of horsemen. They came without clamor or shouting straight for the ranchhouse.

Before the Federal commander could reach his horse the corral was surrounded. Whatever else may have been Potoski's sins, cowardice was not among them.

"Gentlemen," he said to his suite without a sign of fluster, "you know what we may expect. Let us fight it out."

And he pulled out his automatic. Some troopers bore down upon him with yells of execration and his officers fled. Potoski shot the first one dead and whirled to meet the next. Two others jumped their horses at him from the rear and rode him down.

As they were rolling on the ground a wild figure on a big roan horse catapulted into their midst. A trooper was about to make sure of the general by shooting him through the head. He was deftly felled with the butt of a six-shooter, and the man on the roan dived straight from his horse into Potoski's midsection. There was a short, panting struggle. Then His Excellency

General Miguel Barraca stood up and surveyed his prisoner.

"Put him on his feet," he commanded.

Two revolutionaries raised the dazed Pole, who leaned heavily on them. Miguel just stood and looked at him. His veterans ringed him round—flushed, swearing and joyous. Tio, glittering in gold fringe like any circus knight, was on the broad grin at his back; beyond them were the hordes of fugitives, now being harassed by the Liberator's cavalry as they fled toward Douglas. Their cries rose shrill.

"So!" said the Liberator, and with the word became Miguel. "I have got you."

The champion of the poor was back there on the battlefield; this man was the peon, with a blood debt to wipe out.

By an effort Potoski stood erect. He knew what was coming and would meet it like a soldier.

"Do you remember the boy of San Pedro?" asked Miguel, his speech thick. "No? Surely yes—Rafael Barraca, the one who was dragged at the wagontail."

Potoski straightened his jacket, but would not speak. If the Liberator hoped to frighten him he should see.

"Perhaps," said Miguel in a polite tone, "this will remind you."

And he lashed the Federal chief across the face with his rawhide whip. It was done without warning, so that Potoski could not dodge or prepare for it. He shrank back, and a low exclamation was wrung from him. Instantly he recovered himself and stiffened, very white and shaking, but unafraid.

"Take off his clothes."

They removed the general's uniform until he stood in his underwear, a ludicrous figure with his paunch and bowed legs.

"Take them all off," ordered Miguel in a furious voice.

They stripped him.

"Now," said the Liberator, drawing a rifle from a saddle holster, "you can start to run, Your Excellency. What? You won't? Oh, yes, you will. You're escaping, you know. Straight through those cottonwoods. I'll count twenty before I shoot. If you get to the other side you can go, so far as I'm concerned. You'll have to look out for that yourself. Ready? It's your one chance. Get going, now. One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten ——"

In the soft autumn twilight Lee and I ambled toward the border, far from the seething maelstrom of a people's strife. It was very peaceful. The day's turmoil seemed remote and curiously unreal.

"When a man has a Cause," I remarked, "he can do wonders. Faith can move mountains."

"Sure thing," agreed Lee. "But there're Causes, and just plain, everyday reasons. I wonder what Miguel'll do now? Do you reckon he'll ever want his old job back?"

WHAT NEXT?

A Draft Detector

A DRAFT detector that will show, by means of a dial, whether a room is too drafty, and therefore whether persons sitting in the room are liable to catch cold, has been invented by Dr. Leonard Hill, a Fellow of the Royal Society and one of the leading authorities on ventilation.

Curiously enough, Doctor Hill is the man who is responsible for the present effort to make rooms more drafty; for his tests on students in a box seemed to show that bad air stirred up by a fan was more satisfactory to the body than pure air kept warm and almost still. He tried the new detector in the chamber of the House of Commons and discovered that the ventilating system there, in the effort to force in great quantities of pure air, had been making it a breeding place for colds. Accordingly less air is now forced in.

The principal design of the draft detector is to record the speed at which a body cools. The draft that causes one to catch cold is a draft that cools one too rapidly. In a hot room more draft may be permitted, for the body will not cool so rapidly as in a cold room.

The device is comparatively simple. A fine nickel-wire coil is kept warm by a little current of electricity from a battery, and the wire is automatically kept at the same temperature. The amount of current needed to keep it warm varies according to the cooling effect of any draft. A pointer constantly shows how much current is being used. When the pointer shows more current is being used that means, of course, the wire is cooling faster. In order to make the pointer's record intelligible it was necessary for Doctor Hill to determine by many tests on different persons just how much draft is safe and how much is uncomfortable.

Detector records were also made during these tests; so that it was possible to fix a standard for the detector. A considerable fluctuation in cooling speed was found to be safe. In testing a room for drafts the detector is watched to see whether it indicates a too-rapid cooling; if it does the ventilating system should be altered.

Engineering Tricks

ENGINEERING is filled with so many tricks to meet emergencies that most of them pass unnoticed; but two have recently attracted the attention of engineers because of their real oddity.

One was a scheme for stopping a blazing leak in a big high-pressure gas main in San Francisco. Some unknown men who wanted to make trouble set off a chemical preparation on the gas main, with the result that in a few seconds a hole had been melted in the main, the gas poured out, and a great flame shot twenty-five feet in the air. It was then after midnight, and it was very inadvisable to shut the big main off, so it was decided to make an attempt to stop the leak without shutting off the gas.

An oil-well trick was used. An iron pipe six inches in diameter and twenty feet long was stood on end beside the gas main and then by careful manipulation placed directly over the leak. This sent the leaking gas shooting through the pipe and flaming out at the top, twenty feet in the air. Some gas leaked out at the bottom of the pipe; but this was easily stopped; so the only flame was that at the top of the pipe.

Ropes had been attached to the pipe; and finally at a given signal the ropes were yanked and the pipe was thrown many feet away from the gas main. The pipe carried the flame with it. The leaking gas then shot directly into the air from the main; but, as there was no flame near, it did not burn. It was then a comparatively simple task to plug the hole until permanent repairs could be made.

The other scheme was to get to the top of a high chimney without using scaffolding or other expensive methods. The chimney rose two hundred feet beside a Missouri power plant and it was proposed to attach a sign running up and down its side. A little parachute with a stout cord attached was pushed into the chimney at the bottom; the flue gases carried it to the top and then out into the air. It fell on one side, dragging the cord after it. Then by means of the cord a rope was passed up outside of the chimney and down the inside, and the chimney top was accessible.

Quick-Change Show Windows

DISAPPEARING show windows, built to drop into the basement whenever the window is to be trimmed anew, have now appeared in New York. The purpose is to make a quick change possible at any time, and to permit the window trimmers to work at their convenience in the daytime and take all the time necessary to obtain artistic effects.

The floor of the show window is double, the upper floor being supported by casters resting on the lower floor. Thus, when the window is dropped into the basement the show affair can be wheeled off and a new one wheeled on immediately. An elevator then raises the floor to the street level, the whole operation taking but a few minutes.

The Causes of Cancer

CANCER prevention is the growing ambition of doctors, because cure after cure offers such limited hope. The noted surgeon, Dr. William J. Mayo, made this the subject of his presidential address before the American Surgical Association this year, instead of discussing the use of the knife in cancer. Of his two main suggestions the more striking one was a call for study of the cause of a high percentage of cancer of the stomach among civilized people and a low percentage apparently among uncivilized people.

Whatever the cause may be—too much meat, or improper cooking, or oddities of diet—he indicated clearly that he thinks some one cause will be found for the fact that among civilized people cancer of the stomach comprises a third of all cancer cases, while among savages and animals, so far as the meager data goes, cancer of the stomach is infrequent. He expressed the opinion that, whether cancer is a germ disease or not, it usually locates at some point in the body that has been irritated or has some abnormal condition.

A very large proportion of the cases he has treated showed definitely that such a condition existed before cancer developed—a mole, ulcers, tobacco, and, in the case of a locomotive engineer, the constant heat irritation of the muscles of his leg as he sat beside the fire box.

Besides urging the study of stomach irritation, he pleaded for early medical advice on every kind of constant irritation or sore, so that if cancer is developing at such a point it may be recognized in time for successful operation.

A Substitute for Radium

JUST when the large hospitals of the world are striving to obtain enough of the immensely valuable radium to give treatments for cancer, there has come the hope that an American machine may be developed to give out in unlimited quantities rays very similar to radium rays. This machine is a new X-ray apparatus, which in the past few months has been accepted by many scientists and doctors as a wonderful improvement over every prior device for producing X-rays.

The principal trouble with X-rays has been that any tube giving them out might at one minute give out soft rays and the next minute hard rays, and do other queer antics more or less beyond control. The newest apparatus, however, permits the operator to control perfectly both the amount and the kind of X-rays produced. With it X-rays have been produced that have a very short wave length. Radium rays that do the work in attacking cancers have an exceedingly short wave length.

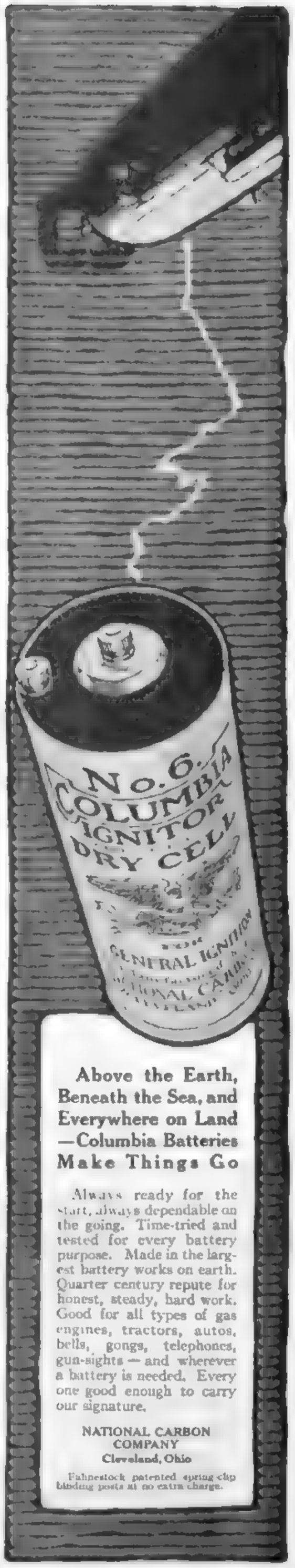
A noted British scientist, Charles E. S. Phillips, has expressed the hope that it will be possible to speed up the new apparatus until it will produce rays with as short a wave length as the radium rays. In that case the X-rays might reasonably be expected to do much the same work on cancers that radium does. At the present time he is trying to construct a new type of apparatus to be used for that purpose.

Meantime the demand for radium continues, in spite of the failures charged against it in cancer treatment, for a certain proportion of cures of some kinds of cancer is also reported. To meet the demand radium emanations are being used more and more. Radium emanation is a gas given off by radium, but the gas works on cancer just like the radium itself.

By catching the gas as it comes off, and bottling it in tiny glass tubes about the size of the shank of a common tack, the supply is secured. This gas loses its value rapidly, but still has a fair proportion of strength after it is two days old. One small volume of the gas given off by radium will fill many tubes. Consequently, by employing radium only to supply the gas and then using the emanation for the treatments, several cases can be treated from one bit of radium at the same time.

Abroad these tubes of emanation are even sent through the mails to physicians. As soon as possible all the tubes are returned, so that any remaining amount of emanation may be extracted and used to help fill other tubes.

Spring water that has been made to absorb radium, and which is taken as a drink, like mineral water, has been produced to the amount of about one thousand gallons by the Radium Institute of London in the past twelve months. It is being tried for various diseases, but its use is even more experimental than that of radium for cancer.



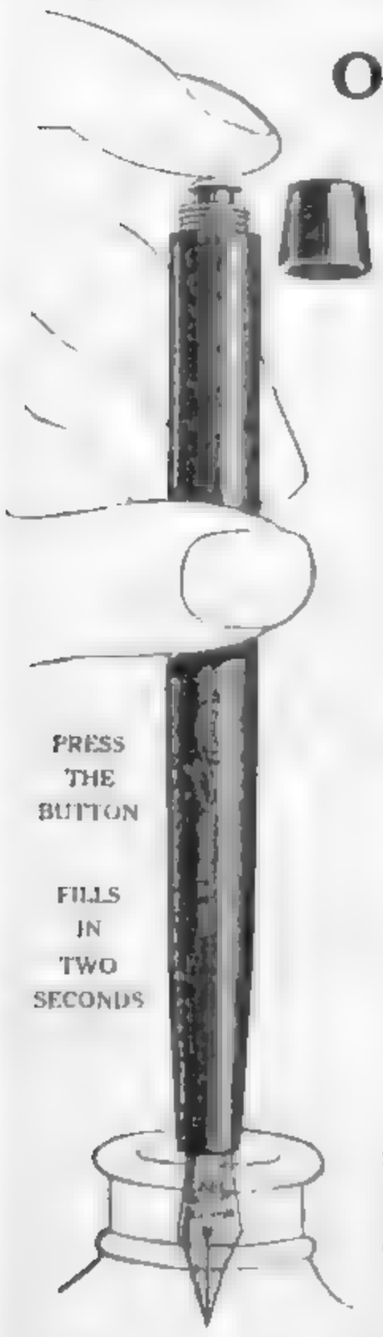
Above the Earth, Beneath the Sea, and Everywhere on Land —Columbia Batteries Make Things Go

Always ready for the start, always dependable on the going. Time-tried and tested for every battery purpose. Made in the largest battery works on earth. Quarter century repute for honest, steady, hard work. Good for all types of gas engines, tractors, autos, bells, gongs, telephones, gun-sights — and wherever a battery is needed. Every one good enough to carry our signature.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

Fahnestock patented spring clip binding posts at no extra charge.

Take a New PARKER SELF-FILLER with You on Your Vacation



Convenience and efficiency, plus the introduction of a new and greatly improved self-filling feature, make the Parker Self-Filling Fountain Pen an admirable companion for travel and vacation journeys. It fills itself at any inkwell in two seconds when you press the button concealed beneath the almost invisible shield cap at the end of the barrel. The barrel is perfectly smooth and free from projections and outside mechanism of any kind or openings through the side—your grip meets a perfectly smooth surface, a convenience that you will be quick to appreciate.

Geo. S. Parker.

PARKER LUCKY CURVE Self-Filling FOUNTAIN PEN

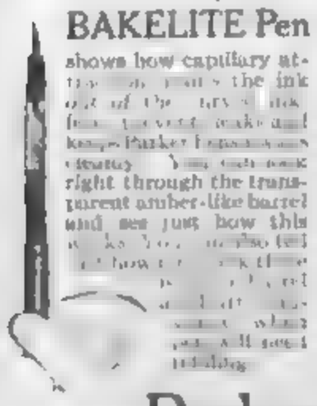
Fits evenly in your pocket in the smallest possible space—the entirely closed up barrel completely removes the possibilities of an accidental flow of ink. Ask any Parker Pen dealer to show you this clever new self-filler and to explain how its improved construction widens the scope of self-filler usefulness.

The Jack Knife Safety is Another Wonderfully Handy Pen for Outing Days

Because it cannot leak, no matter in what position it is carried, the Parker Jack Knife Safety Fountain Pen makes a big hit with the summer traveler. For rough and ready service when fishing, hunting, motorcycling, motoring, yachting, golfing or engaging in other outdoor sports, the Parker Jack Knife Safety is a handy and most helpful fountain pen. It can be carried in any pocket—in any position—without danger of leaking, or can be placed flat in a lady's purse, handbag or trunk tray.

No 20½, Jack Knife Safety, $3.75

The New Transparent
BAKELITE Pen



shows how capillary attraction draws the ink [illegible] right through the transparent amber-like barrel and see just how this [illegible]

If you take either of these pens with you this summer it will add greatly to the pleasure of your vacation.

Parker Pens—Standard, Self-Filling, Jack Knife Safety and Transparent Bakelite—are made in more than 200 styles, selling at $2.50, $3, $4, $5 and upward. With disappearing level lock clip, which snaps back to level of barrel when you write, 25c extra.

If you cannot locate a dealer, write us for illustrated catalog.

Parker Pen Company

90 Mill Street Janesville, Wis.

You are cordially invited to visit our New York Retail Store in the big Woolworth Building and see every style of Parker Pen we manufacture.

THE FAKERS

(Continued from Page 21)

pay testimony to his worth as a citizen and an American and to his true Democracy, which has weathered every storm, has stood firm in times of stress, and now sees, in our Democratic successes, the triumph of the principles which he has so valiantly fought. Mr. Rollins."

Hicks turned to Rollins and bowed low.

Rollins, taking no notice of Hicks, walked to the table. A small man dressed in a dark-gray suit, he did not fit in the picture. He was pale. His hands trembled a little, but his eyes burned and his voice was clear and firm when he spoke. Hicks watched him narrowly, wondering what he had in mind. He had never known Rollins to make a speech before, but he concluded Rollins had decided to let bygones be bygones and had come to urge support for him.

"Fellow Democrats of Rextown," Rollins began, "this is the first time I ever made a long speech in public. It will be the last time. The reason I come before you to-night is because I have something to say that is of vital importance to you as residents of Rextown and as American citizens."

Hicks settled back comfortably in his chair and looked at Rollins with a smile of pleased anticipation.

"You all heard what Senator Hicks said in his introduction of me," Rollins continued evenly, with no attempt at oratory, but in a voice that reached the ends of the hall. The people in the audience were regarding him curiously. Most of them knew him, but not as a campaign orator.

"All that Senator Hicks has said is true," Rollins went on. "I have been his friend. I was his earliest friend in this city. I have been in politics with him. I have had faith in him. I have supported him, have been loyal to him, have stood by him through good and evil report and have felt he was sincere.

"I came here purposely to make this confession—for it is a confession. I do not desire to shirk any responsibility for what I have done, and I want to state at the outset of my remarks that I also accept full responsibility for what I have to say. I came here to make this confession, but I came also to make an indictment of this man—of T. Marmaduke Hicks—now unworthily a senator of the United States by grace of an appointment brought about by the betrayal not only of me, his friend, but of you, his constituents. I came to ——"

"Mr. Chairman!" shouted Hicks, jumping to his feet and rushing to the edge of the platform. "Mr. Chairman, this is outrageous! Am I to be thus denounced in the house of my friends? I demand that this man cease these libels! I demand he be removed from the hall. I demand ——"

The people were excitedly interested. "Sit down, Hicks!" a strong-voiced man yelled. "Sit down and let's hear what he has to say!"

"Sit down!" shouted others.

"Go on, Rollins!"

"Go ahead!"

"Sit down! Sit down!"

Hicks paused and looked round. The audience was eager for Rollins. Hicks began another protest, waving his arms wildly and shouting at the top of his voice.

"Sit down, Hicks!" yelled the excited crowd.

"Sit down and shut up! Let him talk."

Rollins stood at the table, looking straight ahead. Hicks shouted frantically. Sweat poured from his forehead. Mrs. Hicks leaned forward. Her face was pale and her lips were parted as she gazed at the impassive Rollins.

"Go on, Rollins! Go on!" came from all parts of the hall.

"I came to expose this man," said Rollins. "I came to tell you of his chicanery, his fraud, his insincerity, his double-dealing, his hypocrisy, his treason to me and to you, his long career of demagogism and deceit."

The hall was in an uproar by this time. Hicks' partisans were shouting for Hicks, but the bulk of those present loudly demanded Rollins should be heard. The reporters at the press tables were taking every word Rollins said, alert for each detail of the sensation. Mortimer and McGinnis tried to rush Rollins from the stage, but Lafferty and some others interfered.

After a time the clamor of those who desired to hear Rollins prevailed over the shouts of the Hicks men, and Rollins took a sheet of paper from his pocket. The hall became still. Hicks dropped into a chair.

"I have set it all down here," said Rollins. "I have written it all out and signed it. I am responsible for what I am to say. I cannot present my documentary proofs here, but I have them and will exhibit them at the proper time."

Then, as if he were a judge reading a decision, he read from his paper:

"First: I charge and can prove that T. Marmaduke Hicks obtained his appointment to the United States Senate by means of a corrupt deal with Peter B. Dawson, governor of this state, by which the Corliss County delegation was thrown to Peter B. Dawson by tools of Hicks and the nomination of Dawson assured. I charge that when this plot was carried out Senator Hicks was absent on a fake plea of sickness, that he had made this deal with Dawson previously, and that his fake sickness was intended as a ruse to conceal his own nefarious work. I have the statement of the doctors at the hospital where he went that he was not sick when he went there, and I defy Peter B. Dawson to give any other reason for the appointment of Hicks than this political deal.

"Second: I charge that, in the municipal campaign in 1907, T. Marmaduke Hicks, then a candidate for alderman of the Seventh Ward of Rextown on the Democratic reform ticket, became aware of a plot of the street-car company to stop its cars on the afternoon of election day, because of a fake accident in its power house, and thereby disfranchise a sufficient number of voters in the Fourth, Ninth, Tenth and Sixteenth wards to enable the ring to win the election. I charge that T. Marmaduke Hicks blackmailed the street-car company for five thousand dollars, through his knowledge of this plot, accepted that sum, and then used it for his own advertisement by acting as dishonestly with the street-car people as he had in the original instance with you."

There were wild cries of: "How about it, Hicks?" from the crowd. Hicks sat huddled in his chair, staring at the floor.

"Third: I charge that this paragon of Democracy never was a Democrat, was brought up as a Republican, and merely joined the Democratic party for his self-aggrandizement. I charge that his friendship for the people is as insincere as his devotion to Democracy. I charge that under the protection of Christian religion he has swindled trusting old women and has debauched his church and himself. I charge that his whole career has been one of blatant self-advertising, hypocritical pretension, gross demagoguery and unscrupulous exploitation for his own selfish personal ends of every person with whom he has come in contact."

Hicks had secured control of himself by this time and was trying to maintain an attitude of amused contempt. He succeeded fairly well, but his heart was heavy as a stone, for he knew Rollins could prove what he said. Mrs. Hicks, after listening for a time, had quietly and quickly left the stage.

"I make these charges," continued Rollins, "fully aware of their gravity, and I make them because I am backed with incontrovertible proof. I make them because I am in a measure responsible for this blathering, faking, insincere, hypocritical faker who has foisted himself on the people of Rextown and our state. I make them feeling abjectly humiliated because of my friendship for this man, my lack of penetration into his insincerities, because I do not purpose to have him returned to the Senate of the United States where his continued presence would reflect on the integrity, the patriotism, the Americanism and the honor of our people and our state. For such part of his career as I have been responsible I meekly ask your forgiveness."

Rollins turned to Hicks. He seemed to grow in stature. He walked over to Hicks, and, standing in front of him, shouted: "And I challenge Senator Hicks to refute one of my statements! I defy him to show any untruth in my charges! I leave him in the hands of the people—the people whom he has betrayed and deceived from the first day he came into this community!"

XLIII

THE meeting was a mob by this time. Hicks sprang forward and tried to reply, but the noise and confusion were too great. He summoned all his strength and

screamed: "He lies! He lies! I can disprove all he says!"

He soon saw that he could not get a hearing, so he hastened to his headquarters where he dictated a long and detailed denial of every charge Rollins had made. Rollins had prepared a statement for the press which he handed to the excited reporters, and the news was telegraphed to every part of the state and to most of the papers in the big cities outside the state. Hicks spent hundreds of dollars telegraphing his denial to the state papers.

Rollins had prepared himself thoroughly. He had spent the summer in getting his material together. He visited Dawson, and Dawson, angered by Hicks' assumption of state leadership and anxious to have Broughton in the Senate, though refusing to give Rollins any details of the convention deal, made it easy for Rollins to get ample proof from men who were in the confidence of Dawson and took responsibility for what had been done. This treachery made a stronger case against Hicks to Rollins than to many others, for it was held to be a political deal and somewhat excusable under that head; but there were thousands of Mulford men in the state and thousands of anti-Dawson men who were much impressed and very angry over it.

Rollins had been to Washington. He was a good investigator and he soon discovered the former relations between Hicks and Paxton. He visited Paxton at his summer place on the North Shore of Massachusetts. Paxton, much angered over the vote of Hicks, and suffering from a considerable loss of prestige because the bill, which had been placed in his charge for defeat, was passed—a loss of prestige among the men of big affairs who relied upon him to help them out of just such legislative difficulties—had told his story freely to Rollins. Paxton sent to Washington and secured the letters from Hicks about the five thousand dollars of street-car money. This letter Rollins had in his possession.

On Saturday the Rextown papers carried not only the sensational stories of the scene in the hall, but the charges of Rollins in full, backed by the circumstantial details of the state convention episode; the sworn statement of Paddy Ross, Jenkins and Roscoe that it was the plan to stop the street cars on election afternoon because of a fake accident in the power house; the affidavit of Roscoe, then retired and living in California, that on the solicitation of Hicks he paid Hicks five thousand dollars to suppress the story; the affidavit of Pendleton, president of the First National Bank, that on the day of the attempted bribery Roscoe drew five thousand dollars, in hundred-dollar bills, from the bank, and a facsimile of the letter Hicks wrote to Senator Paxton, which showed that his only reason for not accepting the money was that he thought there was more advertising for him in the public exploitation of the fact that he had taken it.

Every daily paper in the state had printed the story and the facsimiles before Tuesday. Hicks worked ceaselessly to counteract the charges. Rollins said no more. Mrs. Hicks remained in her room. Hicks saw her only once in the three days between the meeting and the election.

A few of his friends were at his headquarters on election night. The early returns showed Mulford was running ahead, with Broughton second and Hicks third. Before nine o'clock it was evident Hicks was disastrously beaten. At ten o'clock all his friends had left. He walked to the Hotel Metropolis, where a group of Mulford partisans were noisily celebrating Mulford's victory. Hicks held himself well. He greeted the celebrants, sent a telegram of congratulations to Mulford and went up to his room.

He took off his coat, ran his fingers through his long hair and looked at himself in the glass. He was pale. There were bags under his eyes. His hands trembled a little. He gazed at his pallid reflection and said, half aloud: "Well, Tommie, they landed you that time—they surely landed you that time!"

He sat down in a chair and reviewed his whole career. The cloak of self-deceit that he had been wearing dropped away. Once more he was the old Tommie Hicks, the faker, the adventurer, and he saw clearly that he had been too eager for advertisement in that street-car matter. He might have taken the money and been that much richer, and no one would have been the wiser. He reproached himself for letting Paxton into his confidence, and he reproached himself for breaking with Paxton. He had always considered the Dawson deal as good politics and had no regrets for that. He wondered if he could rehabilitate himself.

"Probably not," he said. "I guess it's all over for me along my particular line in these parts; but now what—now what? I suppose I can bluff it out" —and he smiled wearily— "but I'm tired of the pose."

He rose and walked round the room. "Damn the people!" he said. "When I tried to be square with them I got the worst of it. If I had voted against that bill this never would have happened. Damn the people!"

There was a rap on his door.

"Come in," he said.

Mrs. Hicks entered. She was dressed in gray, and was a symphony of gray from head to foot—hats, shoes, gloves, bag—her color scheme correct to the minutest details.

"Some of the clothes I bought," he thought; but he threw as much emotion as he could into the "Alys!" with which he greeted her.

She stood looking at him serenely, her hand on the knob of the door.

"I'm glad you came to me," he continued, endeavoring to speak feelingly. "I need your consolation. It has been a hard experience. I am beaten"—he tried to get a hopeful ring in his voice—"but not for long. Truth is mighty and must prevail."

"It seems to me, Marmaduke," she replied, "that it has prevailed."

"Surely you do not believe these calumnies."

"What difference does it make whether I do or not? They have had their effect, and I am off for Paris."

"Paris? What do you mean?"

"I mean I am leaving on the midnight train for New York and I shall sail for Paris on Saturday."

"But why Paris?"

"Oh, I have thought it all out. I cannot take life with you here. It means nothing to me to be the wife of ex-Senator Hicks at any place in America, at any place you may go, and much less in this miserable Rextown than elsewhere. I can make it mean a great deal to me in Paris. They won't hear of these things over there, you know," and she smiled at him.

"But," he said, advancing toward her, "I don't understand."

"I haven't tried to explain, but you should have intelligence enough to comprehend that with the title of Mrs. Senator Hicks I can get recognition in Paris that would never come to me here. And I hate this miserable imitation of a city, this Rextown, and I am going to realize on what I have while there is time."

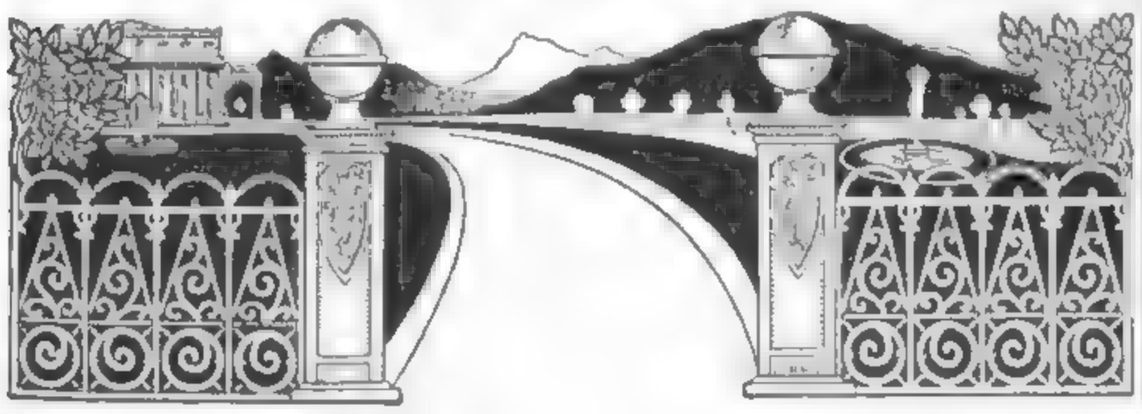
She took her hand from the knob, smoothed down her dress in front, fussed for a moment with her veil, brushed back a lock of hair. Then she opened the door, daintily blew him a kiss and said:

"Good-by, Tommie. Good ——"

Hicks sprang forward and caught her by the arm.

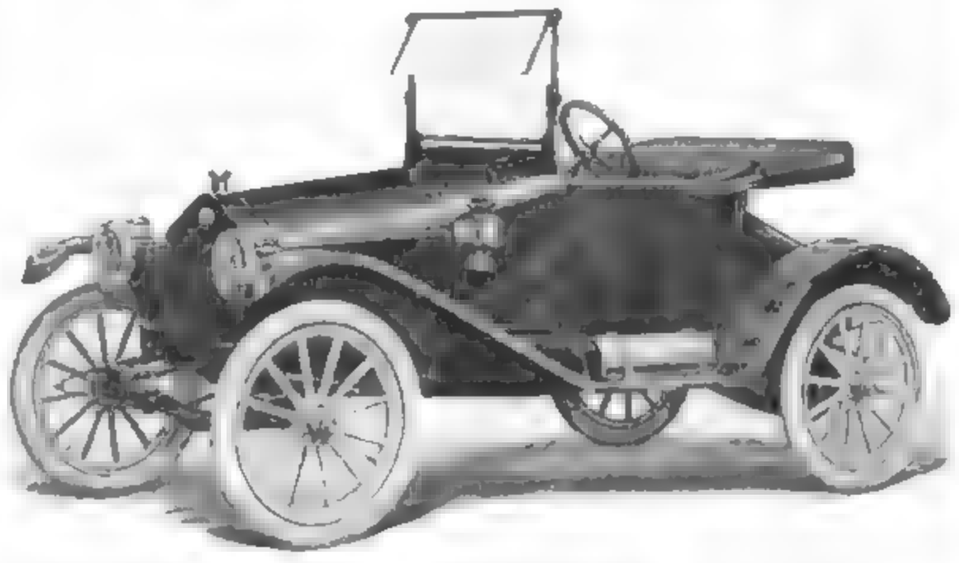
"Hold on!" he cried excitedly. "Hold on! If there is anything to be done with my title of senator in Paris, I'll go with you and get my share!"

(THE END)



METZ "22"

New Fore Door Model



Stream Line Body, Plate Glass Rain-Vision Wind Shield.
The Ideal Car for Cross Country Driving or City Use.

$495 Equipped Complete

Big, roomy seats, with thick, tufted upholstery and deep cushions, built for luxurious comfort.

Four-cylinder 22½ H.P. water-cooled motor, Bosch high tension magneto, Prest-O-Lite tank, best quality Goodrich clincher tires.

Fore doors of liberal dimensions, 20 inches wide.

Left hand drive, with center control.

Gearless transmission — the kind that won the Glidden Tour.

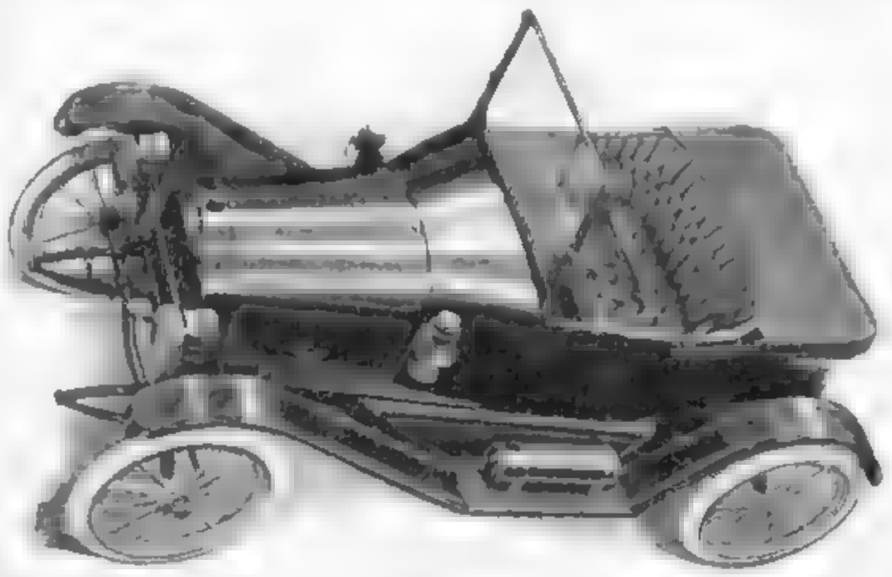
Winner of the Glidden Tour

The METZ "22" in open competition with cars of all makes and prices, won the last Glidden Tour, from Minneapolis, Minn., to Glacier National Park, Mont., the three METZ cars being the ONLY cars that held *perfect scores*, without time extension or additional allowance of any kind, for the entire eight days of the contest. The METZ cars were the only cars in the Tour that were equipped with gearless transmission.

Mr. Chas. H. Metz has been building cars of this type, and developing their perfection, *sixteen years*. As a result, the METZ "22" is today the most *practical* car on the market, regardless of price, horse power or any other qualification.

In the hill climbing contest on the 18th of June, at Uniontown, Pa., the METZ "22" won event two against a field of 13 special racing cars. Time, four minutes three fifths second. Kline second, Mercer third, Chandler fourth. Ford, Maxwell, Buick, Overland and Hudson in order named. And the METZ "22" also won second place on the Free for All, beating 15 of the big special racing cars, including Simplex, Mercedes, Pickard Mercer, Oldsmobile, Buick, Stutz and Lozier, all the way from 25 seconds to one minute and 22 seconds. These cars finished in the order mentioned.

If any further evidence were needed of the desirability and efficiency of gearless transmission, this latest performance of the gearless METZ "22" surely supplies it in overwhelming measure.

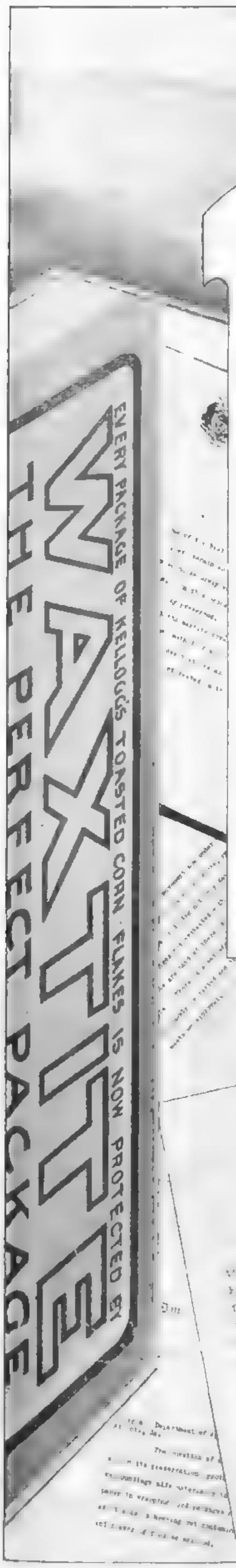


The METZ "22" is extremely economical in operation and upkeep. METZ owners travel 28 to 32 miles on 1 gallon of gasoline, 100 miles on 1 pint of lubricating oil, and 10,000 to 12,000 miles on a single set of tires. It makes 50 miles per hour, and at hill climbing is unsurpassed. Its engine develops more horse power per 100 pounds of car weight than any of the big touring cars, and its gearless transmission does away entirely with gear trouble. It is easy to drive and easy to take care of; and it costs so little to buy it, and so little to run it, that it combines in greatest degree absolute *economy* with absolute *luxury*.

Write for New Catalog "E."

METZ COMPANY, WALTHAM, MASS.

The City of Seattle
Kellogg's
TOASTED
CORN
FLAKES
THE ORIGINAL HAS THIS SIGNATURE
W. K. Kellogg
KELLOGG TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO
BATTLE CREEK MICH.
The sweetheart of the corn
"I feel that a food that is ready to eat, which is enclosed in a paper ___, and then placed in a ___on, and then th___carton wrapped and sealed with parchment paper fully meets the requirements of the sanitary law and gives to the consumer of the product all possible protection."
Commissioner



48 Public Health Officials

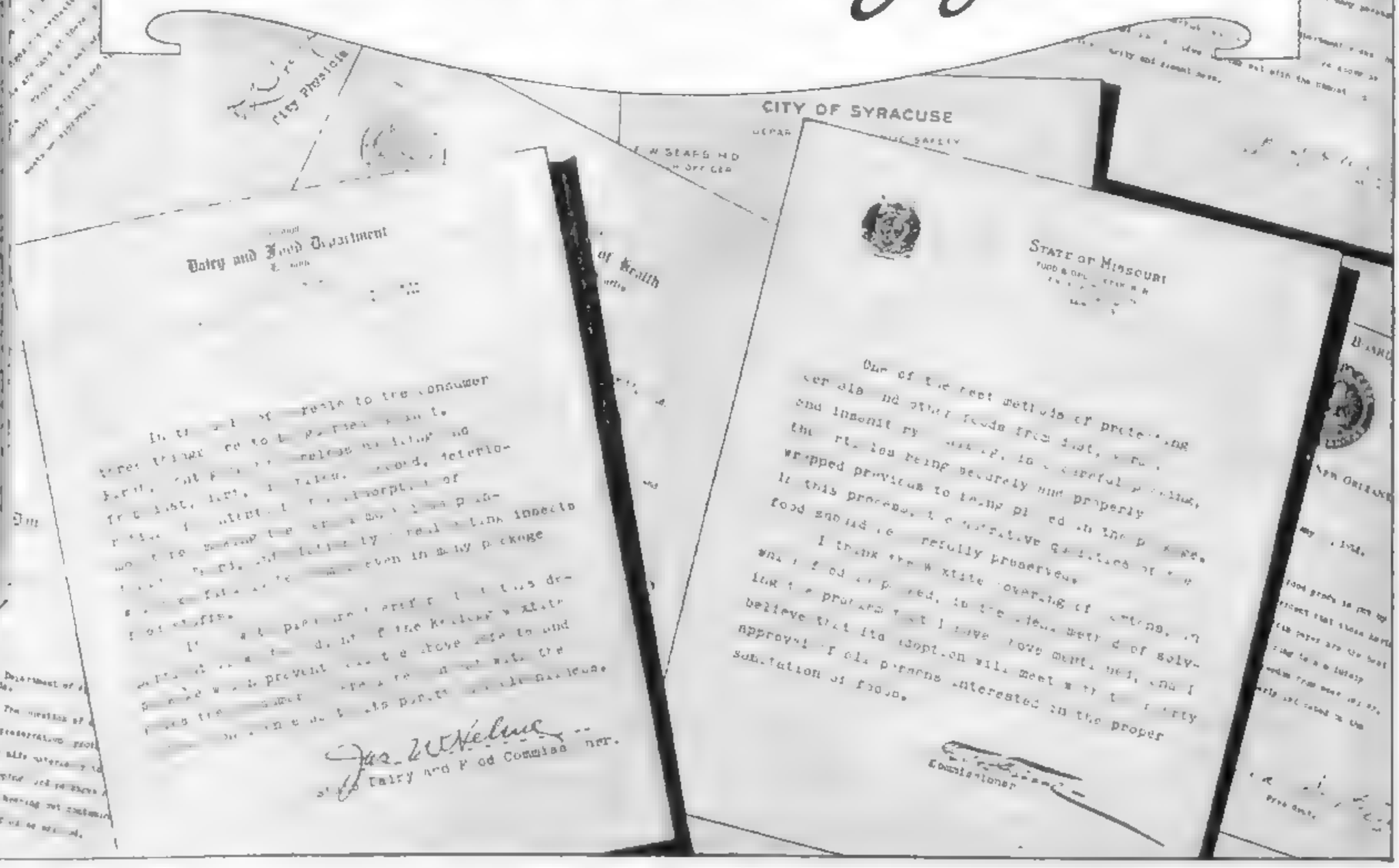
Endorse *Kellogg's* WAXTITE Package

This Nation-wide endorsement from State and City Officials charged with the Public Health is an impressive testimonial for which we are sincerely grateful.

KELLOGG'S TOASTED CORN FLAKES needs no such endorsement. It has long enjoyed that most valuable of all testimonials: *the largest sale of any ready-to-eat cereal food.*

But this *official assurance* that the WAXTITE package keeps its contents as crisp, fresh and pure as when they left our ovens, is a new and important reason for saying "KELLOGG'S-WAXTITE" to the grocer, and looking for this signature:

W. K. Kellogg



You can make your skin what you would love to have it

Your skin like the rest of your body is continually changing. Every day, in washing, you rub off dead skin. As this *old* skin dies, *new* forms. This is *your* opportunity—you can make this *new* skin just what you would love to have it by using the treatment below best suited to the needs of your skin. Begin that treatment tonight. Use it regularly and persistently and your skin will gradually take on that greater clearness and freshness which you want it to have.

To correct an oily skin and shiny nose

First cleanse the skin thoroughly by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture but leave the skin slightly damp. Now work up a rich warm-water lather of Woodbury's in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion of the finger tips. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and before long you will gain complete relief from the embarrassment of an oily, shiny skin.

To care for a tender, sensitive skin

Dip a soft washcloth in warm (not hot) water and hold it to the face. Do this several times. Then make a light warm-water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it till your cloth is [illegible] with soft, white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are opened and thoroughly cleansed. Rinse the face lightly with clear tepid water, then with cold. About once a week rub the face with a piece of ice. Always dry carefully.

This treatment will bring health to a tender skin, make it resistant and keep it attractive. Try it tonight. You will feel the difference immediately.

To reduce conspicuous nose pores

Wring a cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your nose. When the lather has softened the [illegible] rub the nose for a few minutes with a [illegible] at once if the nose is not sensitive. Then [illegible] nothing the nose for a few minutes with a [illegible]

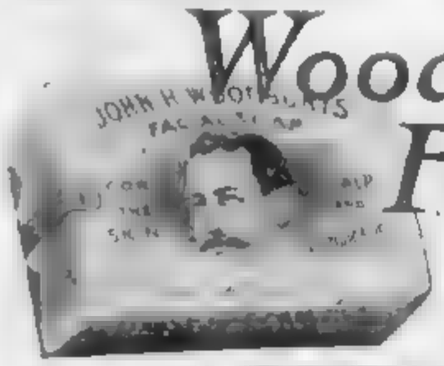
Woodbury's Facial Soap [illegible] change in a week a condition resulting from years of neglect. Use [illegible] cold cream and [illegible] blackheads so that they [illegible] Then [illegible] reduce the [illegible] pores and [illegible] they are [illegible]

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. Begin tonight to get the benefits in the treatment above best suited to your skin. The first time you use it you will feel the difference—a promise of that lovelier complexion the *regular* use of Woodbury's always brings.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price *after their first cake.* Tear off the illustration of the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's and begin your treatment tonight.

Write today for sample

For 4c we will send a sample cake [illegible] Woodbury Facial Soap, [illegible] Cream and Facial Powder. [illegible] the Woodbury preparations. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., *Dept. 2-H, Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.*



Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

In Canada The Woodbury preparations are now manufactured also in Canada and [illegible] including Newfoundland. If you live in Canada and want to take advantage of our sample or book offer, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. 2-H, Perth, Ontario.

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

(Continued from Page 10)

little sense about the changes I've made in his story; but ever since we've been here it's fuss, fuss, fuss! He's as persistent as a mosquito."

"You can slap a mosquito," said Jennings.

"Yes; and I'll slap this New Jersey pest if he doesn't let me alone!" said the exasperated director. "I've got the entire company and two hundred extra people out here, forty miles from nowhere, under heavy expense, and Peckinpaw seems to think I haven't got a thing to do but argue with him! The little runt! Here I give him the finest Western outfit that ever went on location—more Indians, more cowpunchers and more prairie schooners than we've ever used before—and he doesn't even know it! And he's holding up an outfit of this size to quibble about things not being in his damned book!

"I've told him a thousand times—you've heard me, Charlie—that I can't make a good five-reeler out of the book as it stands. I've explained why we have to put in stunt stuff; I might as well talk to an Indian squaw about eugenics or deliver a stump speech to a hitching post! He doesn't get any part of it and he argues right back to the point where he started—it ain't in the book; and that settles it for him. Now to-day, when we were working in the cañon, he ran right in front of the camera to give La Rue a bawling out—and La Rue was playing the scene exactly as I told him to play it. We had to make it over again; and when I asked him whether he didn't know any better than to run in front of the camera he batted his eyes at me and said that La Rue was doing something that wasn't in the book."

"When do you pull the burning-barn stunt?" asked Jennings.

"To-morrow; and I suppose there'll be an awful row over it. Peckinpaw will have a fit. I told him yesterday when I caught him running through my script that if there wasn't a burning barn in his book there should have been. He nearly went through the ceiling—told me I didn't know anything about art. To-day he was threatening to sue us for damages and hold up the film in the courts. I guess he overlooked the little joker in his contract about 'a suitable film production.' Maybe he's only trying to run a sandy on me; but he's got me nagged till I'm almost off my nut, and he's driving the actors crazy with his continual butting in."

"All but Peter," said Jennings. "He lays off of Shining Cloud, I notice. For some reason or other he won't go within gunshot of the Injun; and if Peter comes into the dining room while he's there Peckinpaw gets up and goes out."

"Peter got his goat the first time he saw him—that's why. I wish I had it. Confound Dave Seligman! He shipped me an elephant that went crazy in the middle of a picture and I stood for it; he sent me some nice tame wolves which bit everybody that worked with 'em, and I stood for that; but if he sends me any more temperamental authors I'm through! There's a limit to what a man can stand!"

"Ain't it the truth?" said Buck Parvin, at the tent flap. He had heard part of the conversation. "There's a limit to how much cold a man can stand, Jim. I want some more blankets. I like to froze to death last night."

"Go steal 'em from the extra people," said the director. "What do you think I've got here—a general store?"

"Say," remarked Buck, still lingering, "little Marshie is kind of gumming the cards, ain't he? I got a new girl now and she ain't used to me being away like this. Somebody'll win her from me while we're fussing with this author. Can't you invite him to take a walk and not come back?"

"I wish I could," said Montague. "He won't even take a day off to go trout fishing, he's so afraid I'll slip over something that ain't in the book!"

"Do you want him to leave this place?" asked Buck.

"Do I! I'd give a thousand dollars to have him away from here to-morrow while we pull the barn fire."

"Make it a hundred, Jim—make it fifty and mean it—and you're on!" said Buck.

"The fifty goes," said Montague; "but Peckinpaw won't. He'll stick!"

"Bet you next week's salary!" said Buck.

"I won't rob you," said the director. "The only way he'll leave is in a box. He's just that stubborn in his narrow way!"

"He'll go," said Buck. "Little Marshie will go away from here of his own accord. He'll likely stay away all day and there won't be any comeback at you. That's good enough, ain't it?"

"Too good to be true!" said Jennings.

"Wait and see if it is," chuckled Buck.

"Don't you get him hurt!" warned Montague.

"Who, Marshie? My little pal? Why, I wouldn't harm a splinter on his head! He's going to put me in his next book. Then maybe Seligman will buy the movie rights. I'll play the lead; Marshie will come out and help us put it on, and ——"

Here a boot whizzed past Buck's head and he withdrew, laughing. It was nearly dark by this time, but there was light enough for him to make out a tall figure pacing up and down under the oaks.

"Pete, ole boy," said the cow-puncher to himself, "I wonder how game you are? I reckon the best way to find out is to ask you."

▼

MARCELLUS M. PECKINPAW rose from his cot when the sun was streaking the east with gold. All about him was perfect peace and there was a great quietness; Mr. Peckinpaw was the one disturbing note in the symphony of the dawn, for as he rose he girded himself for war.

He had spent the larger portion of the night in thinking up many cutting things he would say to James Montague, and he could scarcely wait to give them tongue. What? Butcher his inspired work to please low-browed ten-cent audiences? Sacrifice his art to pander to the depraved taste of the rabble? Not if he died for it! At any cost that barn should not burn. It had not burned in the book.

Mr. Peckinpaw stepped out of his tent and looked on the sleeping camp. To a man with eyes and imagination, the sight was worth while.

First, there were the tents of the regular members of the company—soldier tents, pitched with military precision. Indeed, they were later to serve as the tents of General Crook's command, and even the feeblest imagination might easily have peopled them with cavalrymen; but this eyewitness was not thinking of tents—he was thinking of a barn.

Beyond and toward the meadow, looming white and ghostly in the half light, were the prairie schooners—those huge, lumbering vehicles that rutted the Overland Trail in the fifties and sixties. They were drawn up in a circle, after the fashion of emigrant trains in the Indian country, and under the curving canvas tops men and women were sleeping. Here again imagination might have helped—might have suggested that these people were pioneers, sleeping with their guns at their sides in fear of an Indian attack. Imagination might have done this; but Mr. Peckinpaw knew that the sleepers were extra people, earning three dollars a day and drawing two dollars more as a traveling allowance. A little knowledge can be a deadly thing.

At the lower end of the meadow, close to the running stream, were the tepees of the Indian village, their smoke-blackened tops rising sharp against the dawn. Hobbled ponies—shaggy, wiry little brutes—grazed near by. Lean dogs prowled among the tepees, snarling over scraps of bacon rind. A fat squaw, a papoose strapped on her back, waddled into view and knelt on the ground. It was Four Ax Handles, spouse of Chief Spotted Elk, building the morning fire exactly as her maternal ancestors had built fires on the plains before the white man came. The ascending smoke hung, a thin blue ribbon, in the quiet air.

An emigrant train, an Indian village, a soldiers' camp, a typical ranch house and outbuildings; corrals full of horses and long-horned cattle; a wonderful background of sage-covered hills—and Marcellus M. Peckinpaw, celebrated author of Western fiction, saw only the stage setting of a film drama! There was no kindly soul to tell him that the scenery and the properties were real, and that these people, though actors, were actually living the lives of the characters they assumed before the camera. There was no one to tell him this; had there been, it might have passed unheeded, for Mr. Peckinpaw was thinking of a barn and seeing himself in the attitude of a Casabianca.

Perhaps this was a pity, for, in that brief space before the camp woke and took on its

all too evident flavor of theatricism, the atmosphere and true romance of a vanished frontier were there before him. The West that he had never seen—the West that Wister knew and Remington left to us on canvas—lived again in those few moments, to vanish, like a ghost, with the rising of the sun. Mr. Peckinpaw saw but did not understand. He compared the scene unfavorably with the basement of Madison Square Garden and rehearsed the speeches with which he would rebuke a presumptuous director.

From the barn and corrals came a faint and drowsy Yip-yip-yip-e-e-e! The first moving-picture cow-puncher was astir and the illusion was fading fast—would soon be gone. The real cow-puncher takes no special pride and sees no virtue in sleeping on baled hay—he will have a comfortable bed or know why; but his film brother, who never knew the range, covers himself with a horse blanket, uses his saddle for a pillow, and boasts inordinately of the toughness of his fiber.

From the back yard of the ranch house came a steady whacking sound. The cook's assistant was chopping wood for the breakfast fire. An extra man rolled out of a prairie schooner and saluted the day with a succession of resounding yells. Chief Spotted Elk came out of his tepee, glanced shrewdly at the sky and, squatting in the doorway, proceeded to paint his face, like the dependable moving-picture actor he was. Almost immediately the corrals swarmed with cowpunchers grooming and saddling their horses. Jack La Rue, the leading man, thrust his head into the open and bawled to Jennings, who was seated on a camp-stool in front of his tent, making up his face for the part of the cattle baron.

"Oh, Charlie! What clothes do I put on first?"

"Your puncher outfit," answered Jennings; "and you'd better leave off your chaps. It'll be easier for you to jump out of the barn loft without 'em."

"Jump out of the barn loft!" Mr. Peckinpaw drew himself up to five feet three inches of bristling indignation. There was nothing in the book about Deep Creek Jordan's jumping out of a barn loft! What new outrage was this?

Mr. Peckinpaw was the first man in the dining room at the ranch house. He had formed the habit of breakfasting early because he had noticed that Peter Lone Wolf breakfasted late. Peter was a privileged Indian. He shared a tent with Buck Parvin and took his meals in the house with the leading people. He never went near the tepee village unless in the performance of a scene, and he utterly ignored the men and women of his race.

Mr. Peckinpaw had studiously avoided the Indian since Buck's warning, but the Indian had not avoided him. A dozen times a day the author looked up to find that steady, beady stare on him, boring through him—a calm and incurious but, nevertheless, disconcerting regard. It seemed to Mr. Peckinpaw that the Indian took a certain solemn pleasure in making him uncomfortable; and in the presence of Peter Lone Wolf the author's clothes felt too large for him and uncertain tremors traveled up and down his spine. This had happened once at breakfast and Mr. Peckinpaw had resolved that it should never happen again. Under certain circumstances a knife, or even a fork, might become a deadly weapon. An alarm clock, a five-dollar bill to the cook, and the risk of eating in the same room with a homicidal maniac had been averted.

Mr. Peckinpaw was buttering his wheat cakes when Buck Parvin entered and, bending over him, whispered hoarsely:

"Look out, Marsh!"

"Look out for what?" asked Mr. Peckinpaw, with a sinking sensation where his appetite should have been.

"For the Injun! He was yipping a little bit in his sleep last night. He said something about Owlface—that's what he calls you. It's a bad sign and I thought you ought to know."

Mr. Peckinpaw dropped knife, fork and appetite with a crash.

"Does—does he begin that way?" He found some difficulty in pronouncing his words, for his mouth had gone suddenly dry.

"Sometimes he does," said Buck.

"Don't leave him for a minute!" pleaded Mr. Peckinpaw. "I—I rely on you, Buck."

"I sure'll watch him like a hawk," was the reply.

Mr. Peckinpaw looked at his wheat cakes, picked up his knife, dropped it again, and, rising, hurried from the room. Buck finished the wheat cakes, regarding them as the spoils of war. Then he drank three cups of coffee, rolled a cigarette and strolled out in search of Mr. Peckinpaw. The author was nowhere to be found.

"So soon?" thought Buck. "Why, this is too easy!"

James Montague, tousle-headed and unshaved, appeared in the open and glanced at the sky.

"Not a cloud!" said he. "We ought to get a lot of work done if that little pest will only let me alone."

"Morning, Jim!" said Buck. "Got that fifty handy?"

"What fifty?" asked Montague. "Oh, I remember. No such luck. Peckinpaw will never miss this chance to make trouble."

"All the same, the fifty goes?" questioned the cow-puncher.

"Sure—but there's no chance."

An hour later Ben Leslie and his assistants swarmed through the barn, planting smoke pots and red fire. In a dark corner they came on the distinguished author of The Lure of the West. He had been hiding behind a grain bin.

"What are these things for?" he asked.

"Fire picture," said Ben. "Better get outside; you can't see it from here. It'll be worth while too. . . . All set, boys? Smoke her up good when you get the word!"

Fear is a compelling motive; but so is a sacred duty to one's art. The titanic struggle between them was a short one; it left Mr. Peckinpaw weak and shaking but resolved. With all the firmness he could muster, which was not enough to keep his knees from trembling under him, Marcellus M. Peckinpaw marched out of the barn and confronted the entire company just as Montague was giving his final instructions to the actors.

"Jack, you make the jump from the loft window," said he. "It's an easy one and I've had the ground spaded up and straw spread on it. Come straight down, with your hands over your head. Then run——"

Mr. Peckinpaw cleared his throat and moistened his lips with his tongue.

"Mr. Montague," said he, "I cannot permit this. I will not permit this!" He addressed the director, but his wandering eye took note of Peter Lone Wolf slipping into the dressing tent. Buck Parvin was at his heels; and at sight of the cow-puncher, faithful to his trust, Mr. Peckinpaw took heart and courage. "I—I forbid you to do this!" he said.

"Oh, see here now," cajoled Montague; "this is childish, Peckinpaw! Ridiculous! I am making this picture."

"You are making a picture, but you are not making it from my book. I object—I must object—to these unwarrantable liberties! The picture is to be advertised in my name. I am responsible to the public for this production. My name guarantees it. My contract reads——" He quoted copious extracts from that legal document.

The actors looked at each other and grinned; it was Montague's trouble—not theirs. The director lost his temper and raged—the author lost his temper and raved; and they raged and raved together up and down in front of the camera while the assembled multitude looked on.

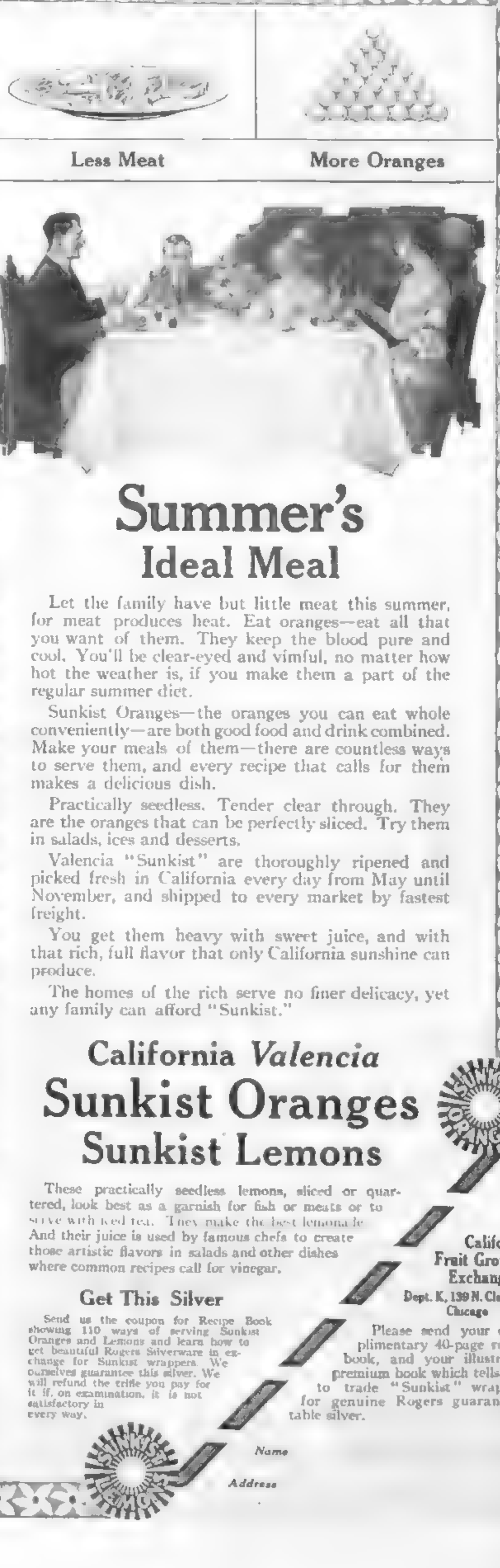
"Ah-h, quit chewin' the rag and let's get busy!" pleaded Charlie Dupree, the camera man. Then, under his breath: "Go on, boss! Paste him one for me!"

"It's an outrage!" spluttered the author. "It's a breach of contract! I appeal to you all—to your sense of what is fair and right! You know this man is taking liberties with the text! You have read the book——"

"Yes," interrupted Montague, with a sneer; "they've read the book—I made 'em do it. They think as much of your book as I do. They know that unless we stiffen this picture with stunt stuff it won't stand up—it won't be any better than your damned book—and that means it'll be rotten! Now will you get out of the way and let me go on with this scene?"

"I will not!" screamed Mr. Peckinpaw, fairly dancing with rage. "I know my rights and I will stand here and fight to the last! I will not move from this spot! I dare you to touch me! I'll sue——"

Clear and high above Mr. Peckinpaw's agitated tenor there arose a startling and ear-piercing howl, soaring in a succession of wild ululations and ending in a long-drawn whoop. The author paused, his bold defiance dying to a rattle in his throat; his chin sagged, and he turned a chalky face toward the dressing tent in time to see Buck Parvin burst into the open, running, terror in his bulging eyes.



Summer's Ideal Meal

Let the family have but little meat this summer, for meat produces heat. Eat oranges—eat all that you want of them. They keep the blood pure and cool. You'll be clear-eyed and vimful, no matter how hot the weather is, if you make them a part of the regular summer diet.

Sunkist Oranges—the oranges you can eat whole conveniently—are both good food and drink combined. Make your meals of them—there are countless ways to serve them, and every recipe that calls for them makes a delicious dish.

Practically seedless. Tender clear through. They are the oranges that can be perfectly sliced. Try them in salads, ices and desserts.

Valencia "Sunkist" are thoroughly ripened and picked fresh in California every day from May until November, and shipped to every market by fastest freight.

You get them heavy with sweet juice, and with that rich, full flavor that only California sunshine can produce.

The homes of the rich serve no finer delicacy, yet any family can afford "Sunkist."

California *Valencia* Sunkist Oranges
Sunkist Lemons

These practically seedless lemons, sliced or quartered, look best as a garnish for fish or meats or to serve with iced tea. They make the best lemonade. And their juice is used by famous chefs to create those artistic flavors in salads and other dishes where common recipes call for vinegar.

Get This Silver

Send us the coupon for Recipe Book showing 110 ways of serving Sunkist Oranges and Lemons and learn how to get beautiful Rogers Silverware in exchange for Sunkist wrappers. We ourselves guarantee this silver. We will refund the trifle you pay for it if, on examination, it is not satisfactory in every way.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Dept. K, 139 N. Clark St.
Chicago

Please send your complimentary 40-page recipe book, and your illustrated premium book which tells how to trade "Sunkist" wrappers for genuine Rogers guaranteed table silver. (268)

Name

Address

Sophie de France

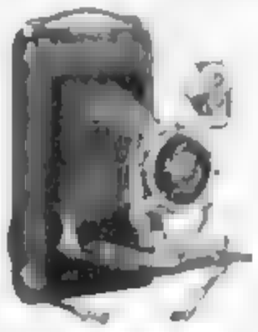
If Louis XIV Had Owned Your Camera

probably the charms of every beauty of the Grand Monarch's days would be as famous as those of fascinating Sophie de France. As it is, only a few master portraits remain to immortalize the glories of seventeenth and eighteenth century femininity.

But you, with *your* camera, can help perpetuate the charms of American womanhood. Photograph today the "loveliest woman" you know or else have her picture taken so as to enter it in the Ansco competition for photographs of "America's 50 Loveliest Women."

$5,000 in Cash Prizes

will be awarded for the fifty portraits selected as "America's 50 Loveliest Women," by Harrison Fisher, the artist, Minnie Maddern Fiske, the actress, and Alfred Stieglitz, the critic. One portrait will be worth $500—no winner will receive less than $50.



Ansco Company will exhibit these portraits at the Panama-Pacific Exposition which opens in San Francisco next February. Your Ansco dealer will give you the details of the contest. Or else drop us a line.

This Ansco Contest is *open to everyone* and there are no restrictions as to make of camera, film or paper.

ANSCO COMPANY (Dept. D)
Binghamton, N.Y.

ANSCO COMPANY, producers of Ansco, the amateur camera of professional quality; Ansco color-value film; Cyko, the paper that gives prints of rich, soft quality that never fade, and Ansco photochemicals. Their value in producing superior results has been proven many years.

Human-Talker

The most wonderful talking Parrot in existence. Actually learns to talk and sing like a person. Beautifully plumaged, tame nestbirds, *sold under guarantee on 6 months' trial.* During **July and August $12**

Later $15 $20 Cheaper varieties $5 00 up.

Max Geisler Bird Co., Dept. C-4, Omaha, Neb.

PATENTED SANITARY **MILK BOTTLE COVER**

A valuable invention protects milk against flies, dust, germs, impure air, etc. Fits easily over the top of any size milk bottle—opens and closes automatically—nickel plated.

AGENTS WANTED

Write for agent's proposition—sells itself.

Sent postpaid for 25c or 5 for $1 00

S. O. LINDEMAN CORP. Richmond, Va.

El-Vampiro

KILLS FLIES, COCKROACHES, MOTHS, BED BUGS

Two Boxes 25 cts. post paid

Animal and Plant Lice, Mosquitoes, Ants, and all insect life. It is a vegetable compound. Absolutely harmless to children, adults or domestic animals. The only insecticide packed in the patented bellows box, always ready and easy to use. Get a box today and rid the house of all insects. Use at your druggist or direct.

ALLAIRE, WOODWARD & CO., 118 Main St., PEORIA, ILL. DEALERS. All Drug Jobbers Sell El Vampiro.

Protect Yourself At Soda Fountains *Ask for* ORIGINAL GENUINE

The Food-Drink for All Ages

Delicious Digestible

Others are Imitations

The flaps of the tent were dashed aside and Peter Lone Wolf leaped into view, yelling as he came. Naked, save for a breechclout, moccasins and streaming war bonnet, streaked and splashed with all the colors of the rainbow, a butcher's knife in one hand and a tomahawk in the other, he was indeed an eye-filling, nerve-paralyzing spectacle; and—horror of horrors!—he was heading straight for Mr. Peckinpaw!

Moving-picture people are trained to grasp the action of a scene without loss of time, and this probably explains why Mr. Peckinpaw had a few yards the worst of the general start. In the midst of a frenzied stampede of cow-punchers, actors, extra people and one director, a single figure remained rooted to the spot—Charlie Dupree, true to tradition, did not desert his beloved camera; but he clung to it for support.

"Run, Marsh!" yelled Buck. "For the love of Mike, hump yourself! He's got 'em again—and he's after you!"

And Marsh ran. Two men were in a position to witness his amazing burst of speed. Charlie Dupree afterward declared that the celebrated author ran the first mile in nothing flat. Buck Parvin said he lowered all world's records up to ten miles. The truth may lie somewhere between the two statements. It is certain the author was almost immediately swallowed up by the nearest cañon, distant some two hundred yards. Later he was seen passing over a low ridge half a mile away, his short legs flying like drumsticks. They had need to fly, for ten feet behind him loped Peter Lone Wolf; and the wind brought back the echoes of his terrible death yell.

"What is it all about?" asked James Montague, crawling out from under a prairie schooner. "Is Peter pickled, or what?" Then he saw Buck Parvin smiling at him—a meaning and virtuous smile.

"You owe me fifty, Jim," said Buck.

"You darned fool!" yelled Montague. "Why didn't you tell me what was coming off? Don't you know I've got a weak heart?"

II

BLACK dark hung over the encampment, but in the director's tent there was a light. This much was observed by one who peered through the brush at the edge of the clearing. With halting steps and many pauses for listening, he drew near; voices came to him and the click and rattle of poker chips.

The reader is a good guesser; he knows we have here a celebrated author returning from a journey into the hills. Mr. Peckinpaw's clothes were torn and dirty; he had lost his hat; his hair was matted with burs; his face was scratched, and he walked with two separate and distinct limps—one for each leg. He was about to lift the tent flap when he heard a voice that gave him pause. Buck Parvin, his friend and protector, was speaking:

"As a writer he may be a joke—I'm no judge; but as a runner—say, what would he do to one of them Marathons? Put an Injun behind him and he'd run first, second and third—that's all! I'll bet he ran so far that it'll take him a month to walk back. You reckon he'll want to sue somebody for this?"

"No chance!" This was Montague speaking. "Don't you think he knows how much fun the newspapers can have with this story? An author chased by one of his own creations! No; he'll never tell that on a witness stand. They'd kid him to death. He won't sue!"

"The modern Frankenstein, eh?" A third voice took up the strain—a deep, vibrant voice, which Mr. Peckinpaw told himself he had never heard before. "Yes, that would make fairly good reading. Somehow it isn't the fellow's manner that I object to, offensive as it is. He doesn't know any better! Some communities turn out creatures of his sort by the gross—and it takes a gross of 'em to make a man. Peckinpaw is as God made him, and I excuse a great deal on that account; but I do hold him criminally liable for that piffling book. I read it when it first came out. That it sold at all is proof of the decline of our literary standards; that it became a best seller is a fearful indictment against public taste. I can excuse lack of plot; I can wink at ignorance of subject matter; I can even read a Western novel with Fenimore Cooper Indians in it—but sheer, bad workmanship is where I draw the line! Peckinpaw is a pitiful little literary hack. What he mistakes for attainments are the cheap tricks of the penny-a-liner, and his sentence construction is vile. He has been taught not to split his infinitives, but as for the rest phew! . . . Gentlemen, I will now crack this pot for a large shining dollar. Come in, Buck! Faint heart never filled a spade flush, which is the best thing I learned at Harvard."

Mr. Peckinpaw's face flushed painfully in the darkness and his hand fell away from the tent flap; but it returned again. At any cost he must know who dared call Marcellus M. Peckinpaw a pitiful little literary hack. Cautiously he moved the canvas a fraction of an inch and applied his eye to the aperture. Three men were sitting at the table. Two of them he had recognized by their voices. The third man was speaking again.

"Ah, Buck! That's a bad habit you have—trying to beat threes with a four flush. It has been done, but in the long run the practice is ruinous."

The man who was speaking—the owner of the deep, vibrant voice and Harvard prejudice against poor literary workmanship—was none other than Peter Lone Wolf, moving-picture Indian.

Mr. Peckinpaw gulped and stole quietly away in the darkness.

The next morning the distinguished author returned to civilization in one of the company's automobiles. He explained to James Montague that he had washed his hands of the movies, once and for all time.

Peter Lone Wolf, feathered and painted within an inch of his life, waiting to play a scene with Miss Manners, the leading woman, watched Mr. Peckinpaw's departure with the changeless expression of his race.

"I think he is on to us, Buck," said Peter. "I tried the hypnotic eye on him again this morning, but there was nothing doing. I even woofed a few woofs and stamped my foot, but he only glared at me. He looked as though he wanted to stick out his tongue. I have lost my power over him. I wonder why!"

"Well," said Buck, "even Rip Van Winkle had to wake up some time."

"I have had a lot of fun with him," said the Indian, rising and stretching himself, "and I shall miss him. It was worth the strain of playing the wild and untutored savage—on and off, as it were. . . . By the way, Buck, if we ever get that fifty out of Montague, how do we split it?"

"Fifty-fifty," was the prompt answer.

"And I ran five miles and howled myself hoarse!" murmured Peter Lone Wolf. "It just shows that the Indian always gets the worst of it from the white man. . . . Yes, Mr. Montague! Coming!"

New Methods in Music

GREAT composers are no longer wholly dependent on others for the production of their music in following generations, as the moving-picture machine has made it possible for a composer to make an exact record of the way his work should be interpreted. Noted conductors can also record in this way their own interpretations.

A moving picture is taken of the conductor actually leading an orchestra in some classic. Then, at any time in the future, the picture may be thrown on a screen in front of a living orchestra, and it is possible for them to follow the desires of the conductor as shown on the screen, just as though he were before them in life.

Tests of the idea in Berlin, using the overture to Carmen, proved so satisfactory that films are being taken of many noted conductors. Records made by Weingartner and by Arthur Nikisch were among the first.

WHOLESOME FICTION *versus* SCAVENGER FICTION

By E. W. REYNOLDS

Some people read "scavenger" fiction from choice. Others read it in order to be, as they imagine, up to date. But many read it because it comes into their hands **like a thief in the night.**

Books do not have to be unclean to be interesting, nor do they have to be uninteresting to be good literature.

The "high-brow" with an overbalanced artistic sense, who writes fiction with his rules of English in one hand and his tea-table etiquette in the other, writes good literature and his books are clean, but—they are uninteresting. The author who said he would feel disgraced if one of his books were to sell 100,000 copies, has cause to blush for shame when he hears The Western News Company, Chicago, on April 3rd ordered 100,000 copies of "The Eyes of the World," **the biggest single order ever given for one book.**

The "literary scavenger" with genius, using material that decent writers reject and putting it in form so attractive that it appeals to the baser emotions of men and women, affording them thrills that respectability will not permit them in public, writes good literature and his books are interesting—to some readers—**but they are unclean.**

It is no sign that a book is wholesome, or good literature, because it is found in the various lists of "best sellers." Neither is it proof that the book is crude, or unclean.

But it **is** true, of every book that gains the distinction of being a "best seller," that it has in it something, besides literary style, that makes a strong appeal for readers.

This is also true: A wholesome book crudely written frequently finds its way into the "best seller" class, while a "scavenger" book rarely attains to such heights, **unless its literary style is good.** Vice and crime, filth and vulgarity, lust and sensuality, in order to be the invited guests of respectability **must appear in faultless attire.**

There are some—present day authors, perhaps—who have gained much notoriety through the prostitution of their talents, but no writer of fiction has made a record as enviable as the one made—in scarcely more than ten years—by Harold Bell Wright.

His books are wielding a steadily growing wholesome influence. They are the germ of a new order of fiction for the strength of the race.

His first book, "That Printer of Udell's," a vigorous story of practical Christianity, has given a new hope, a new inspiration, to millions of readers. From the date of its publication in 1903 it has grown in popularity. **Nearly 100,000 copies are now sold every year.**

Harold Bell Wright must have written with jaws set and soul on fire. In his greatest novel, **"The Eyes of the World,"** he strikes a mighty blow at artists and authors prostituting their work and other present day evils in art and literature. The story is so convincingly told that it is stamped with the truthfulness of a chapter out of real life.

Authors who get their material from the cesspools of life and write filthy stories in good English to appeal to the baser emotions of men and women are literary scavengers.

Publishers who promote scavenger books and stamp them respectable—with their imprint—are creating for the youth of the land an inheritance of degeneracy for which human law does not provide adequate punishment.

Ask your bookseller, or write the publishers for a complimentary copy of **"Why I Published That Printer of Udell's,"** a great human-interest story.

"The Shepherd of the Hills" published in 1907, "The Calling of Dan Matthews" published in 1909 and "The Winning of Barbara Worth" published in 1911 are important factors in the life and thought of the present generation. They are an inheritance for the boys and girls of today who are the men and women of tomorrow.

"Their Yesterdays," published in 1912, exalts life and love, and is the author's greatest contribution to the race, **for the perpetuation of the race.**

"The Eyes of the World"—**to be published August 8th**—strikes a powerful blow at present day evils in the world of literature and art that is most opportune. It will have a tremendous influence for arousing the public conscience to the necessity of censure before the youth of the land is poisoned to the verge of degeneracy by **"scavenger" fiction.**

"The Eyes of the World" is a ripping romance with over 400 pages of wholesome action, plot, counter-plot, mystery and love, sweet sentiment and strong passions.

The scene is one of Southern California's cities among orange groves and the San Bernardino mountains.

The real charm of the story is its style, color, conception and fancies. They admirably fit the theme and make "The Eyes of the World" the most romantic novel the author has yet written. One half million copies will be sold before publication day because it is wholesome—it is interesting—it is good literature.

Harold Bell Wright has, in his thirty millions of readers in the United States, Canada, England and Australia, the largest audience of any living author. "The Eyes of the World" is his sixth consecutive successful novel. He has never written a failure.

To secure a copy from the first printing (also a complimentary photograph of the author and his family) **you should place your order now,** with your bookseller. The Book Supply Company, Publishers, 231-233 W. Monroe St., Chicago. Cloth, 12mo. Net $1.35. Illustrations by Cootes.

Note: Harold Bell Wright does **not** contribute to any magazine. His books are **not** published as serials. His books are **not** shown in moving pictures, but they are dramatized and produced on the regular stage under leased rights.

Copyright 1914 by E. W. Reynolds

San Diego Panama California Exposition

Where East and West Meet

California's Great Exposition

All roads will lead to San Diego in 1915. There the people of the country will join with California in celebrating the opening of The Panama Canal.

The seas of the East and West will be linked and the peoples of the East and West will mingle in the sunny Southern atmosphere of California.

The San Diego Exposition is a flower decked city of Sixteenth Century Spain, set down in "The Gold Dollar Garden of America." It is an Exposition of Opportunity. An education in itself. The development of man physically and mentally, and his arts and crafts since the time of Adam, will be spread out before your eyes.

The things you use and wear and eat will be made before your eyes, with machinery transplanted from the big factory back home. This is not the usual fair of finished products.

A great part of the Exposition is out of doors among the millions of trees and shrubs with which Nature has decorated the hills and slopes of Balboa Park. Added to these millions are other millions of plants of all variety, gathered from every quarter of the world. No other city could have it thus for all the year, for no other city could boast a sky from which never comes snow, scorching heat or long rainfalls.

The architecture is Spanish Mission Colonial. That suggests to your mind quiet patios with tiled floors, shaded arcades with here and there a Spanish dancing girl with her castanet, rounded domes and low towers in which hang old mission bells, rug draped balconies and purring fountains.

You are Going Somewhere in 1915

Far more alluring than your favorite lake or stream, your mountain retreat or seaside resort, is the call of San Diego. All that they offer and more is to be found in your Western trip, plus a world of education, a fund of knowledge on the opportunities of the great Southwest.

It matters not whether you be banker or clerk, tired city man or farmer, the San Diego Exposition holds out to you a view of a new world and a new life on the one hand and a long look-back upon the centuries gone by on the other.

Your railroad agent will tell you all about the special rates that have been made on Western travel in 1915. The many big San Diego hotels have filed with the Exposition a schedule of each of their rooms and fixed a very reasonable rate on each. You can't possibly be imposed upon.

Any trip you make in 1915 should include San Diego. This is none too early to plan it.

Get Your Ticket For San Diego

Los que en una altura, entre las montañas y el mar,
eligieron este lugar sagrado, vislumbraron quizás en el
último fulgor del sol poniente alguna promesa de futura grandeza.

1915 "Perchance the men who chose this sacred spot
Set high between [illegible]
In that last ruddy [illegible]
Some promise [illegible] 1915

LOOKING ACROSS CABRILLO CANYON FROM BALBOA PARK

A HUMDINGER IN KANSAS

(Continued from Page 15)

the processes of time. If his hair is red now it is red in a subdued and unobtrusive manner. However, the fact that the outward and visible sign of his temperament was shaded down by the years—and not so many of them at that, for Murdock is only forty-three—does not and need not adduce a correlated fact: that his inner and temperamental works have changed any. He is still of the rufous temperament.

He took a chance when he became a candidate for senator, for he is very strong in the Eighth Congressional District, which is the one he represents in Congress. And in all probability he could return to Congress from that district as often as he liked; but duty called, and far be it from any red-haired or even formerly red-haired insurgent to decline when duty calls, or to fail to hunch duty in the ribs and hasten the call should duty appear dilatory in issuing the same. He has all the Progressives with him, and he is hoping for a lot more of the let-us-have-peace brand who may vote in the primaries for Bristow, in the event that Curtis defeats Bristow—the men who cannot go so far along the paths of peace as to support Curtis.

The third side of the once all-Republican triangle is Charles Curtis. Curtis retired from the Senate in 1913, when he was defeated for renomination by Walter Roscoe Stubbs, also by way of being red-headed in a modified degree. This fight came in 1912 and was a regular Kansas fight, with a few extra trimmings. Stubbs got nothing out of his defeat of Curtis, for when the election came the Curtis men calmly and decisively walked up to the polls and voted against Stubbs, thus allowing to escape from Kansas the present Democratic statesman and senator, the Honorable William Howard Thompson.

Mr. Curtis, emboldened by the fact that most of the friends and supporters of Stubbs have become Bull Moosers until the last call of that noble animal shall resound throughout the land, desires to return to Washington, where he was an able and influential senator; and he is running as a standpat Republican. There is no Republican doctrine, from the days of 1856 until the present, that he does not indorse. He is a standpatter without a quiver or a qualm. He has nailed the old flag to the mast and is standing beneath its protecting and formerly highly protected folds; and, being of Indian descent, he is neither forgiving nor forgetting.

His race is to beat Bristow, who, having returned to the old party, is anxious that his advanced views shall be indorsed, but indorsed in a regular manner and by the regulars. The result, as between Bristow and Curtis, will be interesting, for it will show just how what is left of the Republican party in Kansas likes its Republicanism—straight or with trimmings.

Bristow's Favorite Weapon

When Bristow was fighting the standpatters he fought them with whatever was handy; but his favorite implement of warfare was a club. Still, some of the former enemies of Bristow think his nomination will be wise, on grounds of ultimate party good, and will bring about, it is hoped, the return of some of the wavering Bull Moosers to the old party. This is complicated by the possibility that Arthur Capper may be nominated for governor by the Republicans. The argument against the Bristow and Capper combination is that, as both have progressive tendencies, the old-line folks—the indurated ones—would repeat the performance of 1912 and vote the Democratic ticket, and thus make the victory of the Democrats certain.

Then, again, there are politicians who say that if Curtis is nominated for senator and Capper is named for governor by the Republicans no Republican can have an excuse for not voting the ticket, as it will be fifty-fifty and built to catch them coming and going.

Curtis is out on the stump, advocating himself and the "return to reason." He is a good campaigner; but so is Bristow and so is Murdock. Bristow and Murdock are held in Washington most of the time by Congress, but they will be in Kansas long enough before the primaries to say a few things for themselves. There is not a doubt that, in the old days, a ticket composed of Murdock and Allen, who is the Progressive candidate for governor, would have had Kansas up and shouting from one end of the state to the other; nor is there any doubt that the Bristow men, the Curtis men and the Democrats are wholesomely afraid of that combination even in the present circumstances.

The Democrats think they have a good chance, but they are afraid they will not avail themselves of it. They fear they may name the wrong man. Inasmuch as they have six men to pick from, they have five chances to get the wrong one; and then, too, they have a very unneighborly and untimely row in their own party between the organization, headed by the present governor, Hodges, which is for Hugh Farrelly for senator, and the Neeley men, who want Neeley.

Aside from these two, the other candidates are Judge Frank Doster; Major W. L. Brown, who is known locally as Iron-Jaw Brown; William F. Sapp, who is Bill Sapp to every Kansan; and former Representative Jere Botkin. Two or three others are hoping something may break that will get them into it. The politicians think the race is between Farrelly and Neeley; but there are many chances for an upset, and those chances are based on the appeal made by Doster and by Sapp. You never know what Kansas will do until Kansas does it, but you generally know why.

Doster's Populist Days

Doster—Judge Frank Doster—was a leader in the Populist movement of twenty years ago. The Kansans speak of that movement as the Populist Uprising. It uprose to such an effect that it reduced the usual Republican majority of eighty thousand to a minority in one campaign, and took the offices away from the Republicans for the first time since the state was organized. The mildest thing said about the Populists was that they were crazy; but they were the first to introduce as issues into the politics of this country the initiative, the referendum, the recall, the control of railroads, the regulation of freight rates; and the new and present plan of currency reform and its regional banks had its inception in the plans of the Populists to get more money and to make it freer of access.

They wanted subtreasuries located in every state of the Union, and they were not crazy, except incidentally. They were prophetic. They saw ahead. They did not know how to get what they wanted and did not get it, but they had a pretty clear idea of what was needed and what was coming.

Doster was made a judge of one of the district courts of Kansas by the Populists. He had a lot of vivid ideas concerning what Kansas and the country needed, and he furnished the party with most of its issues and outlined most of its principles. One day when handing down a decision in his court he declared: "The rights of the user are paramount to the rights of the owner."

Next morning Kansas was on fire from one end to the other. The opponents of the Populists howled lustily against this doctrine of "anarchy," and they turned on Doster and planned to eliminate so dangerous a man from public life. Their elimination was not a success. Instead of retiring Doster, this fight on him elected him to the Supreme Bench of the state, where he served for several years, until he retired voluntarily to resume his law practice.

The strength of Doster is this: There are many old-time Populists in Kansas who live on the farms. Most of them are just as Populistic in their ideas as they were in 1892, and if they think that Doster is still true to them at heart they may do some surprising things on primary day. They can make it very interesting for the other candidates if they take kindly enough to Doster.

Another factor is Bill Sapp. Bill Sapp is the only man in Kansas who always—on every occasion—wears a plug hat. Kansas has one eminent citizen who wears a monocle and he is the only one who so decorates himself, just as Bill Sapp is the sole plug-hatted person in that commonwealth. Sapp wore a plug hat when he arrived in Kansas some thirty or forty years ago, and he has worn a plug hat ever since. In the early days he used to scare horses in the streets with his headgear, and he has never faltered from that day to this.

Bill's hat and Bill never appear without each other. Also, Bill's hat is always the

"The Girard Smile"

Is conceived by W. H. D. Koerner

The countenance sometimes speaks more clearly than words. So we ask you to watch the faces of those whom you see smoking

GIRARD Cigars

You will find there intelligence and contentment. The Girard supplies the contentment because it is so full-flavored, and the intelligence is shown by the good sense of the smoker in choosing a cigar which is "easy on nerves."

The Girard Cigar is made in fourteen sizes and shapes, from 3 for a quarter to 20c. straight.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Philadelphia
Established 1871

Cooling Clicquot Turns Your Thirst to Bliss
Clicquot Club is pure ginger ale made of ginger root and fruit juices. It quenches the most stubborn thirst, cools you off on the hottest day, wets your parched membranes, trickles down your arid throat and leaves delight in the wake of every drop.
Clicquot Club
Pronounced Kleek-O
GINGER ALE
Sold by Good Grocers and Druggists
THE CLICQUOT CLUB CO., Dept. A, Millis, Mass.
New York Office, The Clicquot Club Co., 100 Hudson St.
Chicago Office, 356 North Michigan Avenue
Western Office, Maritime Building, Seattle, Washington

Let Us Show You How to Push Your Collections

Business men throughout the United States and Canada are this month being shown by our sales organization—525 men—how to *increase the efficiency* of their collection departments.

Machine-made statements can be gotten out in ⅓ to ⅔ less time than by hand written.

You are one of the business men we want to *show*—not just to tell you, but to show you how thousands of other business men are getting better collections—and then actually *do* it that way with *your* statements so *you* can *see* the results. We have shown over 2,000 business men already—so it's no experiment.

The sooner your statements *go out* after the first, the sooner your remittances *come in*. It is a fact that a lot of bills are paid each month on the principle of first come first paid. And statements *must* be accurate—it's never good business to have to explain a wrong statement. We will come into your place of business just as soon as we can make arrangements—for there may be others ahead of you—and show you how to get your statements out *accurately, neatly, on time* and *at less cost.*

Getting out statements promptly to get remittances in quickly, is the Burroughs way of handling the money-collecting end of business, big or little. We *can* do it for you.

Try making collections the Burroughs way *once*—it will cost you nothing and place you under no obligation—if you sign the coupon.

Name _____

Firm _____

Street _____

City and State _____

Let me know when your representative can see me about getting the statements out for my firm to show us actually, by demonstration, how it can be done more promptly, in better style and at lower cost.

Burroughs Adding Machine Company

99 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan

European Office, 76 Cannon Street, London, E. C., England

86 different models in 892 combinations of features—$150 to $950 in U. S.

same hat. He is no fickle follower of fashion to change the style of his plug at the dictates of fashion.

Sapp is more than a Democrat: he is a Dimmycrat. None of the political convulsions in Kansas caught him in their tortuous folds. He has never wavered, but has worn his plug hat, and from beneath its imposing shade has declaimed for the principles of Jefferson and Jackson as he understands them. He is opposed to woman suffrage, to prohibition, and to all such "foolishness."

Nobody in Kansas thinks Bill will be nominated—except Bill. While the other Democratic candidates take great pains to announce their unfaltering adherence to all the progressive ideas of the progressive Democracy as headed by President Wilson, Bill shouts for the old order. He appeals to the conservative Democrats, to the old boys.

Take this into consideration: Perhaps—I say perhaps—there are enough of Bill's kind of Democrats in Kansas to give Bill the nomination, with five other candidates running against him, all appealing in fairly equal measure to the other kind of Democrats and, it may be, equally dividing their votes. There may not be many of these, but it will not require many, with the opposition divided into five reasonably equal groups.

Thus it will be seen that the Kansas situation is somewhat complicated; but these intricacies are not all. This year, for the first time, the Kansas women will vote for state and national offices.

There are three hundred thousand women in the state who have the voting privilege, and it is thought that at least half of them will exercise it; but for whom will they vote? Not a Kansas politician can answer that question.

The Progressives think they will get a large share of the woman vote, and it is said that Murdock and Allen are in high favor with these new voters. Both the Republicans and the Democrats are organizing women's clubs in the hope of controlling their wives and sisters and daughters and keeping them in line with father.

T. R. as a Campaign Factor

Further than that, a good deal depends on what Colonel Roosevelt does. Roosevelt is strong in Kansas. He polled one hundred and twenty thousand votes out there, with the women not voting, in 1912, to seventy-four thousand for Taft and one hundred and forty thousand for Wilson. The Progressives want him to come out if he can; but, whether he can or not, undoubtedly his influence will be for Murdock and Allen. And that will help some.

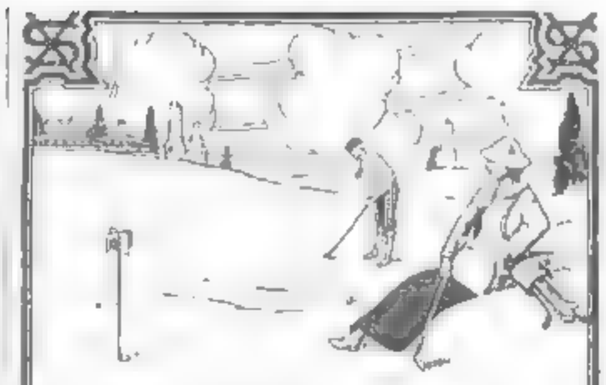
The governorship fight has a direct and important bearing on all this. The Democratic candidate is very likely to be the present governor, Hodges; and the Republicans will name Arthur Capper. These men opposed each other two years ago and Hodges defeated Capper by a plurality of thirty-one votes.

However, this year Capper, like Bristow, is running as a regular Republican and occupies a position exactly the reverse of his position two years ago. Then he was supported by the progressive Republicans, who, since that time, have become the party progressives of the state. When Capper decided not to go all the way with White, Murdock, Allen and the rest, the old-line Republicans seized on him and brought him forward as their candidate for governor.

Capper is the able Kansan who edits and owns the Topeka Capital, one of the great daily papers of the state; and he is very popular with the people. The plan to use him as a harmonizer would have been easier of execution had not the Progressives nominated Henry Allen, of Wichita. Allen is also an editor and one of the most brilliant campaigners in the state. Everybody knows him and everybody admires him.

In addition to this, though Hodges has taken some bad advice and listened to some poor advisers, he is strong throughout the state and has a good organization. So there is a situation that has as many angles to it as the senatorial situation.

No matter how it splits at the primaries the campaign that will follow will be a hot one. So far as the governorship is concerned no one knows whether the present incumbent will have to beat Capper or Allen. It is pure guesswork; but there is nothing supposititious about the battle itself, either for the senatorship or for the governorship. That, like the crop, is a humdinger, as they say in the state where it is in progress.



You Want the Best Rubber Soles and Heels Your Money Can Buy

Whether your hobby is golfing, yachting, tennis or merely walking, there is an Essex Rubber Soled Shoe in the style you want at the price you have fixed to pay.

Essex Rubber Soles and Heels Are Best

for any purpose—their remarkable popularity among shoe manufacturers conclusively proves this. They combine quality in material, expert workmanship in manufacturing and intelligent attaching—the progressive manufacturers use Essex Rubber Soles *exclusively*. Most of the Rubber Soles worn in the United States bear the Essex trademark.

Definitely specify Essex goods the next time you purchase a pair of rubber soled shoes. All good shoe stores, department stores, and repair shops carry or can get Essex Rubber Soles and Heels.

ESSEX RUBBER COMPANY

Manufacturers of Soft Spot Heel and Arch Cushions and Essex Rubber Heels

TRENTON, N. J.

ESSEX GOLF RUBBER SOLE & HEEL

"Mum"

(as easy to use as to say)

is a great toilet comfort in warm weather

takes all the odor out of perspiration

Does not stop perspiration; that would be harmful; merely neutralizes all odor and preserves the soap-and-water freshness of the bath all day.

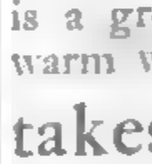
25c at drug- and department-stores.

"Mum" Mfg Co 1108 Chestnut St Philadelphia

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED. Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. Patents advertised free. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for them sent free. **FREE**

Wanted New Ideas Send for list of PATENT BUYERS. Reports from Manufacturers. [illegible], 1439 Chestnut St., Phila.

Main Offices, VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.



TYPEWRITERS Prices $15.00 up. Rebuilt machines SOLD or RENTED anywhere at ½ to ⅔ MANUFACTURERS' PRICES, allowing rental to apply on price. Free Trial. Installment payments. TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen patents. Send for 3 free books, inventions wanted, etc. Highest grade or no fee. Manufacturing facilities. RICHARD B. OWEN, 32 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

If a College Education

would be of benefit to you, or if you would like to obtain a course in any business college, agricultural school or musical conservatory, we'd like to tell you how about a thousand young people have obtained courses without one cent of expense to themselves and how you can do the same thing.

Box 572, Educational Division

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

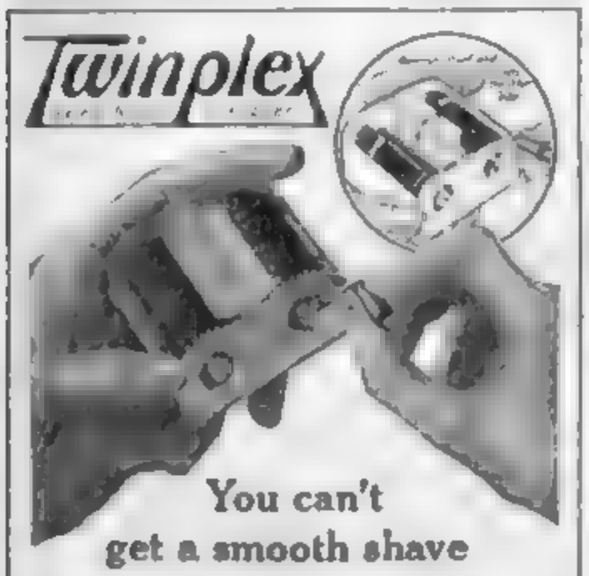
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & CO., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

A Fortune to the Inventor

who reads and *heeds* it, is the possible worth of the book we send for 6c. postage. Write us at once.
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. A, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Twinplex

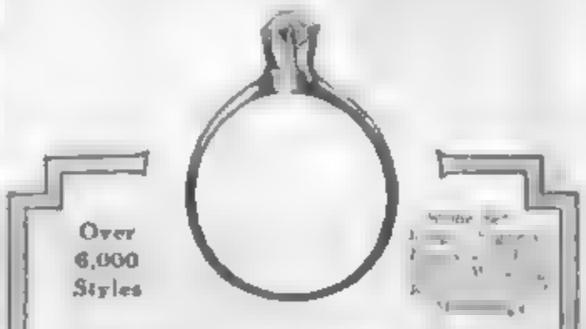


You can't get a smooth shave from an unstropped blade!

Edges of razors have thousands of tiny teeth. A single shave gets these teeth out of alignment; and the razor *pulls*. Stropping puts them back into line and restores a smooth edge.

Twinplex makes the stropping of safety razor blades easy. Two edges at once!—strops first one side, then the other; the only correct principle of stropping. Reverses the blade automatically. 100 shaves from 1 blade. Saves its cost in a year—then the saving and the shaving are both velvet. Guaranteed 10 years. At leading dealers everywhere. 30 days trial. Send for booklet.

Twinplex Sales Co., 315 N. 10th St., St. Louis; 25 Beaver St., New York. Twinplex Sales Co. of Canada, Montreal.



Over 6,000 Styles

Your Engagement Ring

Holds valuable stones as well as precious sentiment. There must be wear in the setting—full measure of pure gold in the assay.

If you believe, as we do, that a trademark is a promise, you will know why we have maintained the O-B ring standards so rigidly for thirty-five years. Your fine jeweler is glad to point out the O-B mark when he sells you the ring.

Send for the *O-B Ring Book*, showing a selection of the latest styles in rings. Your name on a post card brings it free.

Osthy & Barton Co., Providence, R. I.

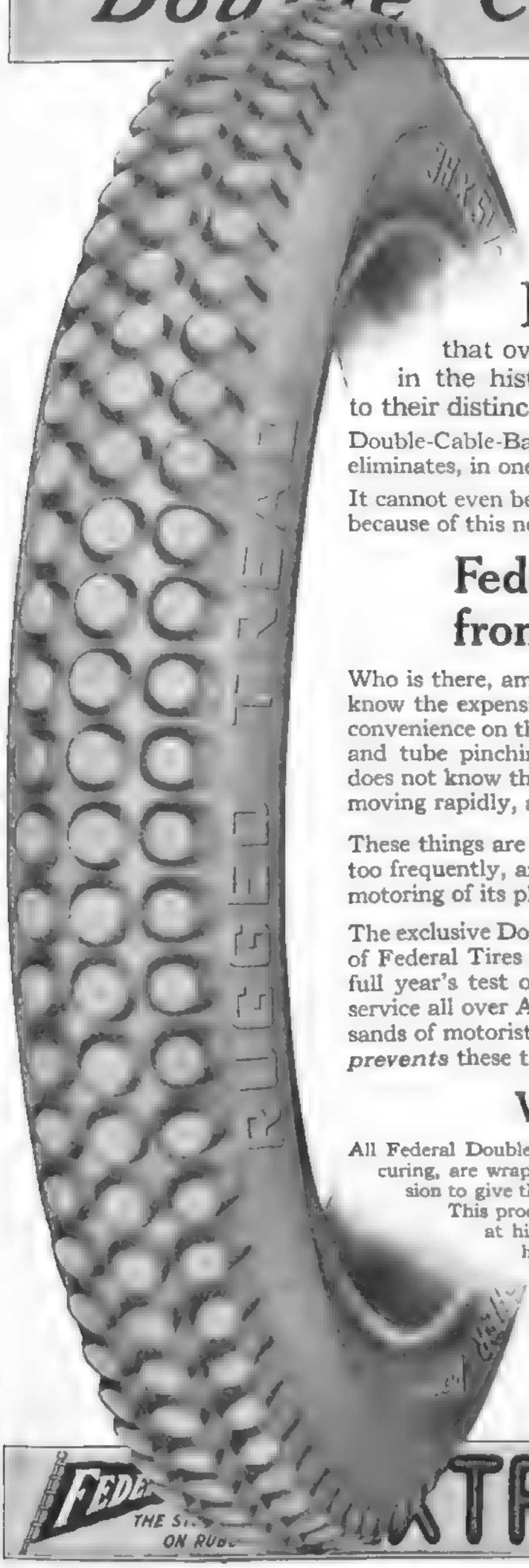
Largest Manufacturers of Rings in the World

Address Dept. E.

O-B RINGS

FEDERAL

Double-Cable-Base Tires



Thousands of motorists, each using from one to four Federal Double-Cable-Base Tires, have proved every statement we make regarding the new and *exclusive* Federal Double-Cable-Base construction.

FEDERAL TIRES are not only as well made as the very best of other tires, but they possess an exclusive feature of construction that over-shadows in *service importance* any other single development in the history of tire making. Motorists all over America are proving this, to their distinct advantage, every day.

Double-Cable-Base construction can be found in Federal Tires only. And the Double-Cable-Base eliminates, in one stroke, four common and costly forms of tire trouble.

It cannot even be estimated how great is the saving for motorists, this year and in years to come, because of this new tire base.

Federal Construction Frees Motorists from Undue Tire Trouble and Expense

Who is there, among motorists, that does not know the expensiveness and the annoying inconvenience on the road of rim cuts, blow-outs and tube pinching? And who is there that does not know the *danger* when, with the car moving rapidly, a tire blows from its rim?

These things are not *fancies*. They occur all too frequently, and when they occur they rob motoring of its pleasure.

The exclusive Double-Cable-Base construction of Federal Tires eliminates these troubles. A full year's test of the Double-Cable-Base, in service all over America in the hands of thousands of motorists, *proves* that it *absolutely prevents* these troubles. This is how.

Instead of the ordinary hard, sharp-pointed rubber and fabric bead-filler with its many small, fine wires or its single cable in the center, Federal uses heavy endless double steel cables of great tensile strength imbedded close down to the rim in a *flexible* bead-filler of soft rubber and cotton. This Federal bead-filler *cannot* cut and grind into the side-wall of the tire and cause rim-cuts and blow-outs just above the rim.

So, too, the heavy double cables anchor the tire to the rim and hold it *immovable*. A Federal tire cannot "rock," and the same vise-like grip that prevents the inner tube from slipping under the base and being mutilated *keeps the tire on the wheel*.

Wrapped Tread; Slow, Open-Steam Cure

All Federal Double-Cable-Base Tires are of the "wrapped tread" type—i. e., the carcass and tread, before curing, are wrapped with heavy cotton bands under strong tension, thereby adding the necessary compression to give the tread the utmost cohesion and ensuring an even flow of the rubber during vulcanization. This process permits of a long, slow cure at low temperature in open steam, as against a quick cure at higher temperature used in making molded tires. The wrapped tread tire therefore, while highly resilient, is much tougher and far more durable than any molded tire possibly can be. This wrapped tread process, coupled with the Double-Cable-Base construction, makes Federal Tires distinctly Extra Service tires.

All Styles and Sizes—Plain and Rugged Treads

FEDERAL RUBBER MFG. CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

Branches, Distributors and Service Stations in Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere.

FEDERAL THE STERLING MARK ON RUBBER EXTRA SERVICE FEDERAL THE STERLING MARK ON RUBBER

The value of Good Light

is not always realized because it is so subtle. Customers avoid stores that are harshly or insufficiently illuminated; but where seeing is easy and comfortable, they stay longer and buy more *without knowing why.*

Employees do more work with less strain and fewer mistakes. They see better; feel better; have clearer heads, and don't stay away so often.

Poor light is usually poor planning. When you know the facts, it is generally possible to get good light by a few simple changes.

Macbeth-Evans Lighting Equipment

(With Alba and Decora Glassware)

combines right globes and correct fixtures into efficient, artistic lighting units for stores, offices, homes, factories and institutions. Alba or Decora globes and shades on Macbeth-Evans fixtures are handsome, make seeing easy and comfortable, diffuse and direct the light where it is needed, and make good light cost even less (less current) than poor light.

Learn How to Get Good Light for your particular purpose by sending for one of the following articles on Good Light and a Portfolio of Individual Lighting Suggestions for your needs:

1—Homes	5—Offices	9—Theatres
2—Department Stores	6—Clubs	10—Hospitals
3—Restaurants	7—Hotels	
4—Stores	8—Banks	11—Churches

Macbeth-Evans Glass Co Pittsburgh

Sales and Showrooms also in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia St. Louis, Boston, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, San Francisco Macbeth-Evans Glass Co Ltd Toronto

THE LATE MR. KREIN

(Continued from Page 13)

in the rooms. They're all two dollars a day, American plan—and they're all rotten!"

"Much obliged!" Vernay said, opening the door; and then, as he started to close it after him, he paused. "By the way," he said, "are you a member of the Knights of Sparta?"

"No, sir," the storekeeper replied. "I ain't a member of nothing; but it don't make no difference to me whether a stranger is a lodge brother or not. I am willing to do him always a favor even if he wouldn't buy from me a nickel's worth of goods."

He smiled amiably at Vernay and, with a brisk nod to his assistant, resumed his pencil and inventory.

"The last was one dozen House of Lords Brand celluloid collars, size eighteen," he said. "Go ahead, Tzvee."

Though Vernay was a heavy sleeper and generally rose at eight, such were the bedroom accommodations of the Kinnear House that by ten o'clock he had made a canvass of the entire town and had discovered the Knights of Sparta there resident to be intact. Not a death had occurred among them for five years, and the victim of the railroad accident who had boarded the train at Kinnear proved to have been a high-school student, who was ineligible for membership in any fraternal order short of a Greek-letter society.

Having thus concluded his labors in Kinnear, Vernay consulted a time-table and found he had two hours to kill before leaving for the next town on his list. Accordingly he dropped into the clothing store opposite, and this time he found the proprietor at the comparative leisure of examining the previous night's inventory.

"Well, mister," he said with a twinkle in his eye, "did you get a good night's rest last night over to the Kinnear House?"

"So-so," Vernay replied.

"So-so is much more as some people would say," the proprietor went on, "because Rutherford B. Hayes slept in one of those beds when he was running for President, y'understand, and the mattresses ain't been done over since. They got lumps in 'em as hard as cannon balls."

"You must know the history of this town pretty well," Vernay observed.

"I've lived here thirty years," the proprietor answered, "and I ain't got nervous prostration yet."

"Perhaps you remember the night of the big train wreck ten miles down the road last November," Vernay suggested.

"What train wreck?" the storekeeper asked; and Vernay, with the facility of long practice, unfolded a ten-minute narrative which left no essential detail of the accident uncovered.

"Well, it must have been quite a wreck," the storekeeper acknowledged; "but all the same I didn't pay much attention to it, because, if you say it was in the early morning of the first of November, I got something happening home here, which, if you would live thirty years in a town like this, such a thing would be quite exciting already." He glanced toward the rear of the store, where the assistant was arranging garments on a display rack. "The thing was this," he said. "Tzvee comes to work for me."

"Tzvee?" Vernay repeated.

"The feller you seen here last night. He's in the back of the store now; and I want to tell you, mister, it's a quincidence like in the old times already, you read it in the *Haphtorah*—in the Bible, mister—which one of them old-timers like *Oorohom oder* Moses, or some of them other *Tzudeekim*, is praying that something should happen 'em—and, sure enough, it happens."

The proprietor cleared his throat and Vernay settled himself for the hearing of a long and tedious narrative.

"Well, only the night before, mister," the storekeeper said, "I says to my wife, 'Mommer,' I says, 'if I could get here the right kind of a feller *von unsern Leute*, which stands willing to work for ten dollars a week,' I says, 'I would take him on looks, never mind the references,' I says. And my wife says to me, 'Sure,' she says; '*aber* where would you find such a feller?' And I says —— Why, good morning, Mrs. Matthews. Ain't you got them buttons yet?"

A customer had entered the store, and the proprietor jumped to his feet and hastened behind the counter, on which stood a small package.

"Here it is, Mrs. Matthews," he said. "I'm sorry it was forgotten."

Your shirt for summer comfort

at office or recreation

The specially designed collar, which is low and yet fits the neck so perfectly that it looks dressy, the cut of shoulders and sleeves, the cool fabric, are some of the features of this splendid summer shirt—*it has a summer price of* **$1.**

No matter how hot or humid the day, you are comfortable and well-groomed—ready for work or recreation. It is the sensation short of all time. Send for one today.

SIGNAL Pongeplay Shirt

We pay particular attention to the manufacture of soft [illegible] The Signal line comprises a large variety of styles and patterns. Some have flat collars, others have military collars, others detachable collars. The prices range all the way from $1 to $3.00. They are cut with special regard [illegible]

SIGNAL SHIRT

HILKER-WIECHERS MFG. CO.
1260 Mound Ave., Racine, Wis.
Manufacturers of famous Signal Brand.

an "EDISON" will give you two hours before dinner

Get your work out before the heat gets its work in. Don't wait for a stenographer. Talk your mail to an *Edison Dictating Machine.*

Send for "Getting the Bulge on Summer." It tells how. *Service everywhere.*

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc.
236 Lakeside Ave. Orange, N. J.

Make Big Easy Money As a Well Driller!

1914's demand for [illegible] drilling. The ruinous 1913 drought—the Typhoid and Malaria epidemics due to impure water—have tremendously increased the need for deep drilled wells.

Men Like You Are Making $20 to $50 per Day with the Simple

Armstrong Well Drills

Men who had no experience have made big successes in the drilling business. Many of them write us they are averaging up to $50.00 a day clear profit. The Armstrong Well Drill—built in both traction and portable styles—pays for itself on our part cash and time payment plan. Learn the *facts!* Write for free book.

ARMSTRONG MFG. CO.
403 Chestnut Street, Waterloo, Iowa

Quick! Write for Big Free Book

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

MASS. COLLEGE OF OSTEOPATHY
Chartered 1897. Right to confer Doctor's degree given by the legislature. Faculty of 60 Osteopathic physicians [illegible] Sept. 15th. Write for catalogues. 18 Craigie St., Cambridge, Mass.

Harvard Dental School
A Department of Harvard University
New buildings. Modern equipment. Degree of D.M.D. Certificates from recognized preparatory schools accepted. Catalog
EUGENE H. SMITH, D. M. D., Dean, Boston, Mass.

The Phillips Exeter Academy
Unusual opportunities for boys of exceptional character and ability. 134th year opens September 16th, 1914. Catalogue and views. Address
The Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire

Have You Chosen a Profession?
There are Opportunities in Medicine, especially Homœopathic Medicine. Send for catalogue M. NEW YORK HOMŒOPATHIC [illegible]
ROYAL S. COPELAND, A.M., M.D., Dean
NEW YORK, New York City, Avenue A, 63d and 64th Sts.

CHAUNCY HALL SCHOOL
563 Boylston St. (Copley Sq.), Boston, Mass.
Established 1828. Prepares boys exclusively for
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
and other scientific schools. Every teacher a specialist.
FRANKLIN T. KURT, Principal.

Louisville College of Dentistry, Louisville, Ky.
[illegible] courses. Strong faculty. Efficient corps of demonstrators. Building, equipment and apparatus modern in every detail. Opportunities for the clinical application of the principles of dentistry unequaled. Information gladly furnished. Write W. E. GRANT, M.D., D.D.S., Dean, 131 E. Broadway

CUMBERLAND UNIVERSITY LAW SCHOOL
A one year course covering the entire field of American [illegible] Not a lecture school. Text book work is supplemented [illegible] both houses of Congress. Sixty-eighth Year begins first Wednesday in September. For catalog address
LAW SCHOOL, Lebanon, Tenn.

MUSIC AND DRAWING
SPECIAL ONE-YEAR COURSE
Thoroughly equipping young men and women to teach these subjects in the Public Schools. **The demand for these teachers greatly exceeds the supply.** Field offers great opportunities and large salaries. We have been [illegible] teachers and placing them in well-paying positions for 24 years. Domestic Art. Domestic Science. [illegible] Training. Industrial Arts and Manual Training. Also [illegible] Catalog
The Secretary, Thomas Normal Training School,
2750 W. Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.

CHATTANOOGA COLLEGE OF LAW
Two years course leading to the degree of [illegible] B. and admission to the State and U. S. [illegible] Terms reasonable. School may be self-supporting. Term begins Sept. 23, 1914. For illustrated catalogue address
Judge CHARLES B. EVANS, Box P.
Chattanooga, Tenn.

DETROIT COLLEGE OF LAW
Established 1891. Prepares for the Bar in all States. Two distinct schools—Day and Evening. Three years' course leads to the degree of LL. B. Students may witness 20 courts in daily session. Law Library 19,000 Vols. Catalog mailed free. Self-supporting students should write for pamphlet describing our efficient Bureau of Self-Help. Address
MALCOLM McGREGOR, Sec'y, 536 Penobscot Building, Detroit, Mich.

You should drive with ventilated gloves this hot weather!

This Grinnell Ventilated Back is a great summer glove feature. It keeps your hands cool, allows free circulation of air—yet the dust cannot get through. But this is only *one* Grinnell advantage.

Whether you motor or golf, hunt fish, paddle a canoe, garden, ride or do heavy work, you will find there is a **Grinnell Glove** made especially for your purpose and with extreme care in every detail.

Grinnell Gloves

Best for every purpose

Grinnell Gloves are made of finest Reindeer and Cape Buck. The Wash Gloves are of Mocha Suede. The Dress Gloves are of Reindeer Suede and Mocha. Ask your dealer to show you the Grinnell line.

Original Grinnell features: Grinnell "Rust-Fit" Vent ... to fit the wrist closely, yet allowing free comfort. Unique Elastic Cuff prevents it sagging.

Grinnell "Grip Tite" style is ideal for motoring or motorcycling. It has a non-slip corrugated double cuff which gives two ... Wrist for ... bars.

Pair on approval
Free Glove Book

Most good dealers sell Grinnell Gloves. If your dealer does not, write for handsome Glove Book, illustrating the proper styles for ... and give dealer's name.

Morrison-Ricker Mfg. Co.
Established 1876
25 Broad St.
Grinnell, Iowa
Style V 4400

A Suggestion to the Thrifty

If you find it difficult to save money you probably lack system. The Partial Payment Plan of buying standard securities offers a convenient system.

Send for Booklet 9—"Partial Payment Plan"

John Muir & Co.
SPECIALISTS IN
Odd Lots
of Stock

Members New York Stock Exchange

MAIN OFFICE: 74 BROADWAY, N. Y.
Branches:
42d St. & B'way—Longacre Bldg., N. Y.
125th St. & 7th Av.—Hotel Theresa, N. Y.
Nat'l State Bank Bldg.—Newark, N. J.

Ride a "RANGER"

1915 model

bicycle and *know* you have the best. Buy a machine you can prove before accepting. **DELIVERED FREE** on approval and *30 days' trial*. NO EXPENSE ... LOW PRICES, marvelous improvements and values never before equaled in our 1915 offers.

WRITE for our free catalog showing our complete line of 1915 ... TIRES ... and sundries at half usual prices. Write for special new offer and learn how we will give you a bicycle to ride and ... buy until you know what we can do for you.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. P-55, CHICAGO

TRAVELING MEN!

Profitable side line for salesmen to call on hardware men, garages, etc. **Testbestos** brake lining for automobiles has behind it the prestige of a manufacturer known to the trade and is covered by an ironclad guaranty. Liberal commissions may ... **Testbestos** line more profitable ... interfering with your regular work. Address

American Asbestos Co., Norristown, Penna.

As the door closed behind the departing customer the storekeeper reseated himself by Vernay.

"That's the only trouble with him—he ain't got no memory at all!" he continued; "but, as I was saying, I said to my wife: 'Mommer ——'"

"By George!" Vernay cried, looking ostentatiously at his watch, "I haven't much more than ten minutes to get my things over at the hotel before it'll be train time."

"They must of changed the schedule, then," the storekeeper replied; "because the way I figure it, you've got two hours for the up train and two hours and a quarter for the down train. So I says to my wife, 'Mommer,' I says ——"

And forthwith he began to drone the dialogue between himself and his wife, while Vernay sat back in his chair and thought out his procedure at the next town.

"But, to make a big story smaller," the storekeeper went on, "the next morning I was standing in front of the store at six o'clock, on account I had fixed up the windows the night before, and along comes Tzvee."

Vernay nodded and yawned.

"Well, now, I suppose you believe in the efficacy of prayer," he said. "You prayed for an assistant and you got him."

"I didn't exactly pray for him," the storekeeper said; "and even if I would of prayed for him I wouldn't of prayed for a sick feller like Tzvee."

"He doesn't look sick for an old man," Vernay said.

"I don't think he is old—anyhow not older as fifty—and at fifty when a man ain't got no memory at all it's a serious thing; but, anyhow, I was telling you how Tzvee come along down the street here."

Vernay settled down in his chair again and surrendered to the inevitable.

"I was standing there at six o'clock in the morning," the storekeeper said, "when along come Tzvee down the street."

"You said that before," Vernay protested mildly.

"Down the street," the storekeeper continued with a severe glance at Vernay. "He had nothing on him but a nightshirt and an overcoat; and where he come from I ——"

But he proceeded no further, for Vernay jumped excitedly from his chair.

"Holy smoke!" he shouted. "I never thought of that."

V

THE fortnight that intervened between Mosha's visit to Vernay's office and the latter's journey to Kinnear had brought Mosha Fried to the brink of a dissolution with his partner, Leon Jerkowsky; and as a result of a personal call made on the firm by Isaac Sipkin and Harry Gomel, Jerkowsky had been addressing his partner only in hoarse monosyllables for over a week.

Hence, when precisely at noon that Saturday a messenger boy handed him a telegram addressed to Mosha Fried, he turned it over to his partner without a word. Mosha ripped open the envelope and read the telegram many times before he spoke.

"They must of dug him up!" he said at last.

"Who up?" Jerkowsky inquired, and Mosha passed over the telegram. It ran as follows:

"KINNEAR, N. Y.

"Come immediately and identify Krein.

"VERNAY."

"What d'ye mean—dug him up?" Jerkowsky asked.

"Well, they wouldn't keep the now remains all that time," Mosha said. "Do we got maybe a railroad guide here?"

"What for do you want a railroad guide?" Jerkowsky demanded. "You ain't going nowheres."

"You bet your life I am!" Mosha said. "I'm going up to that place, wherever it is; and as soon as I see them now remains, Jerkowsky, it wouldn't make no difference if they was ten times Max Krein, I would tell Vernay I don't recognize them at all. Do you think I want those *Roshoyim* they should get that money, Jerkowsky?"

"A lot of difference it makes to us now whether they get the money *oder* not, Fried," Jerkowsky commented bitterly.

"But anyhow, Jerkowsky," Mosha went on, "I leave here this evening and I would be back Monday morning; and so long as I don't ask you you should pay my expense, Jerkowsky, I guess I could do what I want with my own Sundays."

Despite Jerkowsky's protest, which took the silent but effective form of venomous glances in his partner's direction during the

Colt AUTOMATIC PISTOL

All the talk or claims in the world cannot down this one big, public-guiding fact, viz.:—

That after severe comparative tests, *the Colt was adopted by the Army and Navy because of its marked superiority to any other pistol.*

Marked superiority! Did you get that? Among the many leading features come automatic safety and quick action. A Colt cannot be discharged until you *purposely* pull the trigger, but it

Fires the First Shot First

because you don't have to think or do anything to release the action. Just pull the trigger—the grip safety takes care of itself and you.

"Colt's to the Front at Vera Cruz" (reproduced here in miniature) is one of the most powerful pictures of modern war scenes. We have had a limited number, without advertising, finished in beautiful tones by the new offset process, size 26 in. x 20 in., on heavy white stock suitable for framing. Sent on receipt of 10c to cover cost of postage. Mention picture No. 65. Also request booklet, "How to Shoot."

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
Hartford, Conn.

"You Can't Forget to Make a Colt Safe."

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Art Academy of Cincinnati
Established 1869. Large endowments—Faculty of artists of national reputation.
J. H. GEST, Director, Art Museum, Cincinnati

Tri-State College of Engineering
Make you a Civil, Mechanical, Electrical or Chemical Engineer in two years. $165 covers tuition, board and furnished room for 48 weeks. Preparatory courses at same rate. No entrance examination.
10 S St., Angola, Indiana

MECHANICS INSTITUTE
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Technical Training
For Engineering, Industry, Trades, Art, Home Economics, Teaching, Manual Training, Domestic Science and Art, Applied Fine Arts. ... Year Courses. Mechanical, Electrical, and other special courses for grammar school graduates. Engineering and professional courses for high school graduates. Inexpensive. Apply for special bulletin.
THE REGISTRAR, 38 Plymouth Avenue.

Study Dentistry at the INDIANA DENTAL COLLEGE
... for catalog and descriptive ... extension ... and Post-graduate ... The course in these years ... Clinical facilities ... We ... Write
INDIANA DENTAL COLLEGE
3 W. North St., Indianapolis, Ind., U.S.A.

Racine College School
"The School for Manly Boys"
—*Chief Justice Fuller, of the U. S.*
Character building is our serious work. Modified military system. Location convenient to Chicago ... Rev. William Francis Shero, A.M., Ph.D., Warden and Headmaster, Racine, Wis.

Shattuck FARIBAULT MINNESOTA
48th year. Prepares for college and business. Diploma admits to ... colleges. Large faculty. ... Quarter mile cinder track. ... Swimming pool. ... of St. Paul. Moderate inclusive charges. Usual extras not charged. Resident trained nurse. Separate school for younger boys. Catalog and view book.
Rev. James Dobbin, D. D., Rector
Rev. E. T. Mathison, Asso. Rector

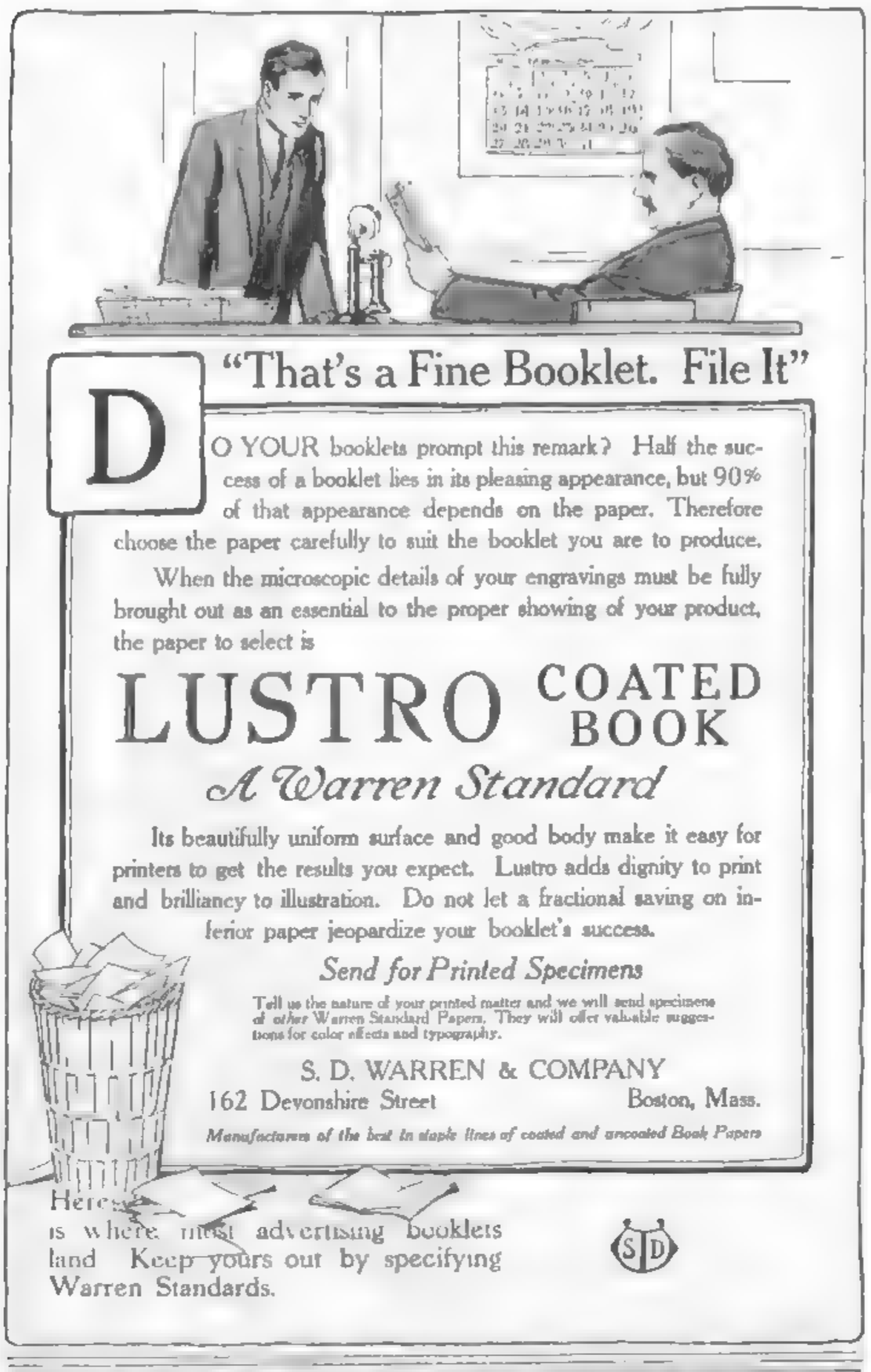
ENGINEERING—ARCHITECTURE
Georgia School of Technology

The leading school of Engineering and Architecture in the South. Trains young men for positions of responsibility and power in industrial and business life. Graduates are leaders in the great work of developing the South's natural resources.

In the matter of salary or income Georgia Tech. men rank as high as the graduates of any school in the United States.

Courses, thorough and practical in Mechanical, Electrical, Civil, and Textile Engineering, Engineering Chemistry, Chemistry, Architecture, and Commerce.

The moral tone of this institution is unusually high. Students are taught that manly character is greater even than scholarship. For catalogue address **K. G. MATHESON, President, Atlanta, Ga.**



"That's a Fine Booklet. File It"

DO YOUR booklets prompt this remark? Half the success of a booklet lies in its pleasing appearance, but 90% of that appearance depends on the paper. Therefore choose the paper carefully to suit the booklet you are to produce.

When the microscopic details of your engravings must be fully brought out as an essential to the proper showing of your product, the paper to select is

LUSTRO COATED BOOK

A Warren Standard

Its beautifully uniform surface and good body make it easy for printers to get the results you expect. Lustro adds dignity to print and brilliancy to illustration. Do not let a fractional saving on inferior paper jeopardize your booklet's success.

Send for Printed Specimens

Tell us the nature of your printed matter and we will send specimens of other Warren Standard Papers. They will offer valuable suggestions for color effects and typography.

S. D. WARREN & COMPANY
162 Devonshire Street Boston, Mass.

Manufacturers of the best in staple lines of coated and uncoated Book Papers

Here is where most advertising booklets land. Keep yours out by specifying Warren Standards.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

OLDEST AND LARGEST MILITARY SCHOOL IN MIDDLE WEST

Rated by United States Government as one of the ten "honor schools"

WENTWORTH MILITARY ACADEMY

The Secretary, 1612 Washington Ave. Lexington, Mo.

WENONAH Military Academy

12 miles from Philadelphia, in a residential town with no factories or saloons. Combination of individual and military training. Pres. Woodrow Wilson, before becoming Governor of New Jersey, said Wenonah was one of the best equipped academies he knew. Healthful outdoor life produces unusually successful athletic teams. Only N. J. preparatory school under U. S. Army detail. Special school for Juniors. For catalog address

Dr. CHAS. M. LORENCE, President
CLAYTON A. SNYDER, Ph.B., Supt.
Box 410, Wenonah, N. J.

TENNESSEE MILITARY INSTITUTE Sweetwater, Tenn.

Col. O. C. HULVEY, President

GEORGIA MILITARY ACADEMY

The most superbly equipped boy's school in the South. Classed A by U. S. War Department and one of the six military schools in the United States on the Honor Roll.

Our catalogue, sent on request, will give you details not only of the scope of our instruction, but of our careful attention to health, physical development and the installation of ideals that make men.

COL. J. C. WOODWARD, *President*, COLLEGE PARK (Near Atlanta), GEORGIA

rest of the day, Mosha wired Vernay he was coming and boarded a train for Kinnear that very evening.

Meantime Delos H. Vernay had wasted no time in consulting the best local physician who, but for the possession in his library of a thirty-year-old work on mental diseases, knew as little about the treatment of amnesia as did Vernay himself. He therefore advised Vernay to do all the things Vernay suggested ought to be done; and these included, first of all, the shaving of the patient's beard and the cutting of his hair, to restore as nearly as possible his physical aspect of the period preceding his loss of memory.

Tzvee submitted with entire docility to all these operations, but to the questions with which Vernay plied him he responded with a puzzled smile. The utterance of Max Krein's name and as many of the details of Max Krein's business and home life as Vernay knew produced no effect on Tzvee.

"And you could go on asking him them things till you are blue in the face," his employer informed Vernay while Tzvee sat in the barber's chair, "and you wouldn't get nothing out of him. The most he could remember from names is once my wife made some *gefullte Tebeches*, and when Tzvee ate 'em he said, 'Wasserbauer's'; but afterward he couldn't say it again."

"What are Wasserbauers?" Vernay said.

"You come from New York and you don't know Wasserbauer's, which used to was on Canal Street, a restaurant!" the storekeeper cried. "Excepting my wife makes 'em, I never tasted nowheres such *Tebeches* like they make it at Wasserbauer's—*Kreploch*, neither."

"And didn't you make any inquiries of Wasserbauer's?" Vernay asked.

"What for?" the storekeeper said. "Tzvee was perfectly happy here. He was getting ten dollars a week and he worked hard here; and ——"

"But how about his family?"

"I asked him always about his family and he only shakes his head; so I made up my mind he don't want to have nothing to do with his family, on account he is getting all the time ten dollars a week, which I must say he worked hard for it."

At this juncture Tzvee's barbering operation was complete; and as he rose from the chair and looked at himself in the glass he straightened out his shoulders and began to finger his mustache, which had been untouched by the barber.

"Well, now you look like a young feller," the barber said.

"I bet he feels like one too," the storekeeper added; and, for the first time since he had known Tzvee, the worried, half-stupid look on the latter's face disappeared and he assumed instead an expression of annoyance.

"Should I look like an old feller at my age?" he said.

"Why, how old are you?" Vernay asked quickly; but the inspiration had fled and Tzvee's old manner returned.

"My memory ain't so good no more," he replied.

For the remainder of the day Tzvee made the same answer to all Vernay's questions. He was entirely tractable, however, and willingly accompanied Vernay, the storekeeper and the physician when they went to the station to meet Mosha Fried the next morning. They sat him down in the dingy waiting room, and when at last the train drew in Vernay went alone on the platform to greet Mosha.

"Well, Fried," Vernay said, "can you stand a shock?"

"After what I stood in that day coach coming up here," Mosha replied, "I can stand anything. I assure you every part of my body aches."

"You're sure you don't want a drink before you see him," Vernay said.

"I might get one on my way up to the hotel," Mosha said.

"But we've got him right here in the depot," Vernay told him.

"Here!" Mosha cried. "Do you mean to ship the coffin to New York to-day yet?"

"He isn't in a coffin," Vernay said. "He's alive."

Mosha stopped short and staggered against Vernay's shoulder.

"Alive!" he croaked.

"He's alive, if the man I have here is Krein. I think it's Krein," Vernay added; "but that's what I brought you here for—to identify him."

Mosha gulped convulsively and licked his lips, which had grown suddenly quite dry. "Don't he know himself who he is?" he asked.

"He's completely lost his memory," Vernay answered; "but the doctor says that in the shock of seeing some one he knows he may recover it again. So when you meet him don't get excited, but just say to him: 'Hello, Max!' as though you had met him only yesterday."

Mosha nodded feebly.

"All right," he said; "let's go in."

He seized Vernay's arm and tottered into the waiting room, where Tzvee sat on a bench between the storekeeper and the doctor; but at the sight of his nephew-in-law restored to life Mosha forgot all Vernay's instructions. He rushed wildly forward, with both arms extended.

"Max!" he screamed. "Max, don't you know me—Mosha Fried?"

Tzvee, or rather Max Krein, straightened up on the seat and bent a terrible frown on Mosha Fried.

"*Koosh!*" he bellowed. "What the hell you are making all this fuss for round here? I told you before *schon* many times already, Fried, when we want linings we would send for you, and you shouldn't come round here bothering the life out of us, even if you would be my wife's an uncle." Here Max Krein stopped and stared about him. "W-why," he said—"w-what—what——"

The muscles of his face began to work without control; and even as he attempted to get up from the bench consciousness left him and he sank back into the storekeeper's arms.

The doctor jumped up and with a brisk professional air opened his medicine case.

"Good! Very good!" he said. "I've no doubt that when he gets over this fainting spell he'll be all right."

VI

"YES, Leon," said Mosha Fried to his partner, Leon Jerkowsky, as they sat in their office four weeks afterward, "Max says he didn't blame her in the least. He says he would of done the same thing in case it would be vice versa. The only person he was really sore at was Sipkin, Leon, which he says if my niece was good enough for him to marry, y'understand, what is Sipkin, he should stick up his nose at her!"

"And ain't they going to fire Harry Gomel even?" Leon asked.

"*Oser a Stück!*" Mosha replied. "Max says he wouldn't go on the road again never no more; and, so long as Gomel is already acquainted with their trade, y'understand, they might just so well keep him."

"And does he remember everything now?"

Mosha flapped his hand emphatically.

"I should say so!" he exclaimed. "He even remembers we was six yards short in that piece of striped mohair we shipped 'em last spring yet."

"And how about the feller with the Knights of Sparta button?" Leon inquired.

"He remembers him too," Mosha answered. "Max says the feller boarded the car drunk like anything at Elmira, and he had the upper berth, which he made such a racket up there Max couldn't stand it any longer; so he went to find the conductor. While he was gone the feller climbed down into Max's berth, and when Max comes back with the conductor he gets into such a scrap with the feller, y'understand, that Max thought he had better go into the next car till it was over. He was just on the platform of the day coach ahead when the smash comes; and, what with the scrap and the smash and everything, Max says he jumped off the train before he knew what he was doing."

"Well, ain't Mrs. Krein going to fire this here Knight of Sparta out from the burial plot of her poor father?—*olav hasholom!*"

"Max wanted to, but the cemetery asked fifty dollars for opening the grave and he must got to pay a lawyer also ten dollars to get a permit from the Health Department; so Max says, after all, he owes his life to the feller, and they should let him stay there."

"But ain't the feller got any relations?" Jerkowsky asked.

"Not one," Fried said, "only lodge brothers he got it, Leon; and they're satisfied with things as they are."

Jerkowsky examined an order for linings written on one of Sipkin & Krein's letterheads.

"I guess everybody else is too," he commented.

Mosha Fried's face spread into a malicious smile.

"Everybody except Schafran, the *Schatchen*," he said.

SAXON $395

Price of $395 includes windshield, top, storm curtains, lamps, tools, jack and tire repair kit F. o. b. Detroit

Actually just as stylish and up-to-date as it looks in the picture

Judge the SAXON by What it is Doing

The picture above represents the Saxon in a new dress, with a new color scheme—elegant dark blue body, and black running gear, with running boards, headlights in front, gasoline filler cap extending through cowl, hinged bonnet and 38 other detail refinements.

ON July 4 the Saxon car finally demonstrated its independence of all road conditions. For on that famous day a Saxon reached San Francisco, having traveled 3,389 miles overland from New York in 30 days across the Lincoln Highway—the first automobile to make a continuous trip from New York to San Francisco over the Highway and the first car of its size and price to make the journey from coast to coast.

Over the Alleghanies, over the Rockies, over the Sierras went the Saxon without faltering. Through mud, through sand, over the great plains, across the Great American Desert, the Saxon held to its schedule, and averaged 30 miles to the gallon of gasoline all the way.

It went from New York to Canton, Ohio, across the long grades of the Alleghanies through the hottest weather of the year, without needing a drop of fresh water in the radiator. Folks used to say "Cool as a cucumber," now they say "Cool as a Saxon."

8,000 Miles in 60 Days

The same car from April 8 to May 8, ran 135 miles a day for 30 consecutive days—4,050 miles—averaging 30 miles to the gallon of gasoline and 150 miles per quart of oil, covering the entire distance on the original set of tires. In 60 days this transcontinental car has covered almost 8,000 miles—as far as the average owner drives in two years.

On May 16, 100 regular stock Saxon cars in as many towns all over the country, made non-stop runs of 200 miles each, averaging 34.53 miles per gallon of gasoline—less than half a cent a mile for fuel, less than ¼ cent a mile per passenger.

On May 28 and 29 two Saxon cars were driven from Detroit to the Indianapolis Speedway races in a cross country tour of the Wolverine Automobile Club with cars of all sizes and prices. The Saxons kept up with the other cars, arriving on time, averaging 25 miles an hour for the entire distance, making 31.3 miles to the gallon of gasoline and taking no car's dust.

C. L. Summons, Richmond, Ky., has just made a trip of 1,000 miles in eight days over the sand roads and through the swamps of Florida, averaging nearly twenty-five miles to the gallon of gasoline.

Walter W. Wood, Marietta, Ohio, reports a 500 mile trip. He says, "Gas consumption was one gallon to each 35 miles. Motor never gave us a minute's trouble."

W. A. Coleman and wife, of Warsaw, Ind., drove to the Indianapolis Speedway races, making the round trip of 290 miles at a cost of $1.10, averaging 35 miles to the gallon of gasoline.

More Saxon Records

The remarkable feats described above are only a few of the records being made every day in all parts of the country by the thousands of Saxon cars now in use.

The Saxon Company, itself, has made some striking records to date. Note these:

Nearly 6,000 Saxon cars shipped since March 1.

Present shipments averaging 75 per day, with a high mark of 102 on June 22.

Orders received for immediate shipment of cars average over 100 every day.

One day in June we received 290 orders.

Orders—What They Mean

The remarkable rate at which orders continue to flow in is significant. When orders are numerous in response to the announcement of a new model, they may be accounted for on the ground of public curiosity over a novelty, or a quick response to a sensational price, or a stampede of buyers as the result of big advertising.

But when nearly 6,000 cars of any model have been shipped and the orders continue to come in stronger from week to week, it can mean only one thing: That the car itself is making good.

Secret of Wonderful Records

It is plain to understand why these performances, and hundreds of others in owners' hands, are possible, when you consider the high quality of material used in Saxon cars, the care employed in building them, the thorough testing in the factory and in road tests, the logical, scientific design, and the sturdy construction.

From the start we set out to build a *good, low priced car*—to secure quality in the Saxon. Performances every day, everywhere, prove that the Saxon is just what it is represented to be—a sturdy, reliable, comfortable, economical, good-looking car of standard design and standard features.

High Priced Car Features

For example, it has a 4-cylinder motor of special Saxon design—all anyone can ask, we believe, in motor excellence—a long stroke motor that gives almost the power and flexibility of a "six."

The Saxon is handsome, with French lines—the only car below $950 with genuine French line body. An indication of style in the Saxon.

You get comfort in the Saxon as in no other small car—as much leg room as in high priced "sixes." Comfort comes also from the cantilever type of spring suspension, so successfully used on many high priced English and French cars. Saxon upholstery is of the best design.

A honeycomb radiator, the finest type known, with large cooling surface, keeps the motor cool.

Wire wheels on most other cars cost from $25 to $100 extra. On the Saxon they are standard equipment—no extra charge.

Further evidence of high priced car construction in the Saxon is found in the sliding gear transmission, which engineering experience has proved to be the best type.

In addition, the Saxon employs a dry plate clutch—just such as $2000 cars use—another indication of quality.

Order Your Saxon Now

With all this evidence before you there is no reason for hesitating to buy your Saxon now. You who have been waiting to know whether the car would make good can now purchase with absolute assurance.

Why not get the benefit of the motoring season, now at its height—in a Saxon? The demand for these sturdy cars is great, so we urge you to act quickly. Call on the nearest Saxon dealer and place your order today, for the earliest possible delivery.

Catalog and dealer's name on request.

America's Wealthiest Men Among Saxon Owners

Leaders in Financial World and Substantial Citizens Everywhere buy Saxon Cars. Here is a partial list of representative Saxon purchasers.

Vincent Astor, New York
Stuyvesant Fish, Jr., New York
Dr. [illegible] Mayo, Rochester, Minnesota
[illegible] Yacht Club, Rochester, N. Y.
[illegible] Hubbard Banker, New York
[illegible] M. Marvin, Detroit
[illegible] Clark, Chicago
Dr. J. B. Black, New York
H. E. Avery, Detroit
Albert Bond Lambert, St. Louis.
E. DeAngelis, Mgr. Metropolitan Life Ins. Co., New York
[illegible] 118 Phoenix Bldg., Minneapolis.
Albert Schenk, Packer, Wheeling, W. Va.
Roy Barcal, Director Chicago Yacht Club, Chicago.
[illegible] Leslie Johnson, New York.
Dr. [illegible] Brooklyn, N. Y.
A. H. Lamborn, Banker and Broker, New York.
Geo. Weimer, Packer, Wheeling, W. Va.
[illegible] O'Brien, O'Brien Art Galleries, Chicago.
[illegible] Vice-Pres. Standard Tallow Co., New York.
[illegible] Chicago.
[illegible] Mgr. Cosmopolitan Magazine, New York.
[illegible] Wheeling, W. Va.
[illegible] Pres. Western Wholesale Grocers' Assn., Chicago.
Weston Seyburn, Detroit.
Rev. John Polczynski, Chicago.
R. T. Conklin, Orange, New York.
D. M. Hutchinson, St. Louis.
Curtis Quincy Smith, Broker, Chicago.
M. A. Barnett, Great Barrington, Mass.
Stuyvesant LeRoy, New York.
Arthur L. Rice, Chicago.
Frankon H. Walker, Detroit.
Miss Juliet Goodrich, 1210 Astor St., Chicago.
J. C. Dilworth, Pres. Dilworth-Porter Co., Pittsburgh.
H. Massingham, Western Elec. Co., Chicago.
Stevens Milk Co., New York.
Norwood Johnston, Vice-Pres. Carnegie Steel Co., Pittsburgh.
S. H. Wade, Instructor Lewis Institute, Chicago.
[illegible] Gen. Mgr. McConway-Torley Co., Pittsburgh.
Hon. [illegible] Ward, New York.
P. F. Brockmeyer, 348 McKnight Bldg., Minneapolis.
C. M. Johnson, Engineer, Forest Park, Chicago.
Fred L. Richards, Banker, New York.
[illegible] Plymouth Bldg., Minneapolis.
Dr. J. Stewart Doubleday, Shelter Island, N. Y.
F. H. Shattuck, Plymouth, Mich.
Mrs. Theresa Holmes Daniels, Pelham, N. Y.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Saxon Motor Company, Detroit
Please send catalog

Name____

Address____

Saxon Motor Company, Detroit, Dept. C.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Interlaken—
a school on a farm

where boys learn by doing. Actual contact, under competent instructors, with growing of crops and care of live stock on a 670 acre farm. Shops, work with tools and animals, deep woods, beautiful lake, boating, bathing, skating, healthful sports, right associates.

High standards of scholarship—under experienced instructors who know life and modern educational methods. Preparation for American and European universities. An exceptional school plant—gives opportunity for imitative and executive work. Only the sons of American business and professional men of good moral character admitted; the number is limited. Send today for catalogue. Edward M. Rumely, principal, Rolling Prairie, Indiana.

Suffield School For Boys

For a thorough training of brain, body and morals. Located in an attractive New England town, 3½ hours from New York City. Complete equipment with modern buildings, new gymnasium and athletic fields. 81st year. Prepares for college, business or scientific school. An endowment permits moderate rates. ROBERT G. TRUESDELL, A.M., Principal
Conn. Literary Institution. 21 Main St., Suffield, Conn.

Rensselaer Established 1824 Troy, N. Y.
Polytechnic Institute
Engineering and Science

Courses in Civil Engineering (C.E.), Mechanical Engineering (M.E.), Electrical Engineering (E.E.), Chemistry and Chemical Engineering (Ch.E.), and Physics and General Science (B.S.). Graduate and Special courses. Well equipped Chemical, Physical, Electrical, Mechanical and Materials Testing Laboratories. For catalogue and illustrated pamphlets showing work of graduates and students and views of buildings and campus, apply to
JOHN F. NUGENT, Registrar

A school that prepares for business or agricultural life, Harvard, Yale and other leading colleges. 6 new fireproof buildings. Gymnasium, athletic fields and cinder track.

LOOMIS

100-acre school farm and manual training shops offer opportunity for practical work. $2,000,000 endowment makes possible the low annual charge of $400. Address
N. H. Batchelder, A.M., Headmaster, Windsor, Ct.

"I have always considered Monson Academy a school of the highest class, and admirably adapted to fitting boys for college." Henry B. Brown, Ex-Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court

MONSON ACADEMY 111th YEAR

Fifteen miles from Springfield. An endowed school. Over 2000 graduates in business and college. Certificate privilege. Thoroughly Equipped Athletic Field. New Dormitories. Gymnasium. Resident Physical Director. Rate $250 to $300. Fund for boys of proven worth. For catalogue and book of views address
HENRY FRANKLIN DEWING, Prin., Monson, Mass.

Franklin and Marshall Academy Box 605, Lancaster, Pa. Prepares boys for leading colleges and technical schools; also Academic Courses. Terms moderate. Inspection invited. Catalog. Theodore G. Haim, A. M., Edwin M. Hartman, A. M., Prins.

School Information Free catalogs and advice of all Boarding Schools in U. S. (Name kind; girls' or boys'.) American Schools Association, 1019 Times Bldg., N. Y., or 1518 Masonic Temple, Chicago

AN HOUR OF LEISURE

(Continued from Page 18)

Mighty to the hands of her crew and a managing secretary or two, and crossed on one of the big liners, on which he would reserve and cause to be roped off a whole cityful of staterooms for his exclusive use. The November passage had not been of the best; and the Major had kept to his quarters, in such a bad way indeed that even his indispensable secretary, Charlin, had been forced to busy himself with his own affairs while the frail craft was being tumbled about in the winter seas. Only the valet, Hopkinson, had seen the old man for two weeks, when the Mighty picked up a pilot off the lightship and finally dropped her anchor to await the port inspection.

The Major emerged from his cabin and saw reporters. He was in rare good humor; and straightway he presented Beeston, New York, with another cloud of first-page advertising straight across the continent and under the sea to Europe. In the course of his interview, which he took standing and smiling, he had the supreme impudence to talk of the business situation, which was notoriously bad; and to point to the affairs of Beeston, New York, as evidence that the country was entering on a new era of prosperity. Modern business with this stimulus, said the Major—when the photographers were through with him—might aptly be represented by a mule and a pitchfork, the latter constantly urging the former into longer strides forward. Thus, said the Major, if by any chance the affairs of Beeston, New York, in December, 1914, should not compare favorably with the records of December, 1918, some one would have to sweat for it—some one would have to give up his yellow jacket. And the Major assured his hearers that so thoroughly had he impressed his capacity as mule-skinner on his own executives, that he felt assured that his business would continue indefinitely *accelerando!* The Major was in rare good humor! Cartoonists, to the last mother's son of them, dipped their brushes in ink and gave their readers a thrilling realization of the Major in action. In fact, the interview was so happy and so full of meat that everybody who read it smiled—that is, everybody except the sixteen qualified executives of departments of Beeston, New York, who were now and ever had been in a state of constant oscillation among the eight available jobs in the establishment. The Major did not add, as he might have done, that another secret of his sterling success was to keep two men for every desirable job, so that they might at all times be imbued with the ambition to occupy both sleeves of the yellow jacket. There was one line in the interview that was especially significant to those executives who held the dubious honor of being on the private pay roll of the old pirate.

"Does this mean that you intend to retire?" a reporter had asked the Major.

"Not exactly," the genial czar had answered. "It means that in the future I shall watch my business from the other side of the keyhole."

Charlin had grown gray of feature. That wild flight across Spain and Portugal with the dogged Sarny at their heels had been enough to try any man's nerves; but his employer had actually seemed to enjoy it; and then, at the last minute, just when it seemed that they had shaken the detestable pursuer from their heels, the smooth Sarny had inexplicably walked in on them and gobbled Mingling's five thousand.

Charlin had to attend to the business of putting his august lord through the customs; but no sooner was this done than he received orders, not from the lips of the master himself but from those of Hopkinson, that the secretary would leave the personal suite of the head of the house, and play the part of the cat over the shivering mice in the big trap called Beeston, New York. It was a distinct shock to the young man, who had grown up to accept the theory that the king can do no wrong. The Major was his king, by divine right; and if his liege lord chose to thrust him aside it was no reason why he should be unfaithful to the name which had always represented to him the very pinnacle of business genius, as we recognize business genius in these United States. So, though his heart was heavy, the displaced courtier went his way, first taking the precaution to arrange that he be kept informed of the affairs of the master's household, to be ready at a moment's notice to step in should the ship of state get out of her course.

However, if those about him sat on hot griddles, and even newspaper editors awoke in the middle of night and asked themselves how badly they were being duped by this prince of advertisers, the Major himself accepted the situation that presented itself on his homecoming with delight. The hungry crew whose mouths had watered at the first mention of that million dollars were aroused to fresh hope when the august foot of the colossus touched shore. The Major awakened each morning with the greatest zest for life. His first act was invariably to patter in his bare feet to the window of his hotel apartment, cautiously draw aside the hangings and peep out, as an actor might squint through the peephole of his drop curtain to size up the house. On the first morning there was a "house." On the second, the house was even greater in numbers. On the second day the master electrified his suite by sending away the closed electric that was to air him in the park; and he started out on foot with no other bodyguard than the faithful Hopkinson, one step behind. It was a rash act. He walked to the park, to the Mall—an eventful journey, attended by a mob, with photographers intersprinkled and the bland Hopkinson just a step behind to seize any too-importunate beggar by the collar and tumble him over into a snow pile. The Major repeated the feat the third day and the fourth, swinging along in utter oblivion. At the end of a week the bombastic parade had become a center of attraction, like the rehearsal of a society wedding at St. Thomas', or the Count de Castle Anny airing the poodle dog of his fiancée.

But the crowning folly of all came on the seventh night following the reappearance of the Major on this side of the Atlantic. He spoke from the stage of Cooper Union! The public was cordially invited, came, and was amply rewarded. For the great publisher, it seemed, had kept hidden under his bushel an amazing forensic talent. He took to the stage like a duck to water. He took the nondescript audience, among whom Charlin sat shivering, into his confidence. His life had been wasted. He was not the mule-skinner the cartoonists would have them believe. The cruel hoax anent that million dollars had opened his eyes to one thing—the need of a soft heart and an open mind toward the sufferings of the needy. He had cut out for himself a plan for the alleviation of the sorrow and misery of the world. It was too early to announce his plans as yet. Charity, in these days of intricate sociology, was a thing of science; still, there was one purpose close to his heart which he was about to realize. He would aid the honorable calling of the stage. He wrote his signature to a check for one thousand dollars as the start of a fund for a home for indigent actors; and, while the hat was being passed around among this strangest audience in the world—an audience made up of professionally unemployed, charity mongers and the idly curious—he permitted the photographers of the press to take flashlights of his donation.

It was not only the man's ridiculous manner that aroused a feeling of dread in Charlin, who turned hot and cold as he noticed the line of reporters at the table writing like mad, and winking at each other between times. It was the master's face. Charlin watched it under his glasses. It seemed that in the last few weeks it had been gradually losing its network of lines, it was ironing itself out, as though the fingerprints of that stupendous mental energy, which for more than a generation had been the Major's chief characteristic, had been curiously erased. The face was growing pink and smooth, the eyes were bright—a little too bright; the voice was becoming modulated, free from the harsh, strident tones of former times. Even that ridiculous spike of an eyebrow had become almost calm. In fact, it was such a face as one sees in those persons whose minds are sick and don't recognize the fact. Major Beeston was becoming senile! These last few weeks had been too much for a nervous energy such as his. Through the crowd Charlin caught a glimpse of the little German doctor, the one he had picked up in Paris and taken to the Villa Tricorne, and away again with the Major in such wild flight when he suddenly had become aware that Sarny had found them out.

Charlin's first thought was to fight his way to the doctor's side; but he quickly dismissed the idea. He knew the Major better than the doctor; and, at that, this

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

The Peddie boy is educated
—not merely instructed

Because Peddie is endowed it offers at $450 to $850 [illegible] of exclusive schools. All [illegible] Peddie graduates [illegible] Princeton, Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Lehigh, Pennsylvania, Dartmouth, West Point, Annapolis, New York University, Columbia and other universities. Peddie is for boys of 11 to 14 years. For booklets and catalog write Roger W. Swetland, Headmaster, Box 8 Q, Hightstown, N. J.

Defeated but Game

Practical Education
at a low cost for young men and women

These courses are all taught by specialists and are adapted to present-day needs and plan to thoroughness. our low [illegible]

Highland Park College

Well-grounded, thorough, practical courses. Liberal Arts, Normal, Engineering, Pharmacy, Oratory, Music, Domestic Science, Commerce, Manual Training, Agriculture and Home Study.

[illegible] large [illegible] Thorough [illegible] courses offered [illegible]

Dr. GEORGE P. MAGILL, President
Des Moines, Iowa

WORCESTER ACADEMY
For Boys 81st Year

[illegible] prepared in last 4 years for 31 different colleges [illegible] and plan to thoroughness. our low [illegible]

D. W. Abercrombie, LL.D., 103 Providence St., Worcester, Mass.

The Tome School

The Most Highly Endowed Preparatory School in America

where the highest standards of scholarship and character are maintained
—where an unusually extensive and thorough course of study is offered
—where the most generous provision is made for the physical fitness and welfare of students. [illegible] new, 9-hole golf course, 3 athletic fields, running pool, batting cage, [illegible]

A completely equipped Lower School for Little Boys

Send for illustrated prospectus

THOMAS STOCKHAM BAKER, Ph. D.
Port Deposit, Md.

ELECTRICITY in One Year

A thorough student course [illegible] and [illegible] illustrated

BLISS ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
10v Takoma Ave., Washington, D. C.

The Sargent School for Physical Education

Established 1881. Largest normal department for physical education in the world. Sessions at all seasons. New buildings in 1904 and 1914. Address for booklet

Dr. D. A. SARGENT, 12 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Columbia Military Academy

Gift of the Government—
value half a million

A HIGH CLASS MILITARY SCHOOL [illegible] The hand [illegible] grounds and the best equipment of any Military School in the United States

SEPARATE DORMITORY FOR YOUNG BOYS

Officers detailed by U. S. Army in charge of Military at the [illegible] Columbia Military Academy, Columbia, Tenn.

Kemper Military School

Boonville, Mo.
Designated as "Honor School" by the War Department, the highest rating given

A teacher to every ten boys. Modern buildings and extensive grounds. All athletics. [illegible] Army officer detailed. Manual Training. Business Courses. 71st year. For catalogue address Col. T. A. Johnston, Supt. 732 Third St.

OHIO MILITARY INSTITUTE

Purpose—Academic, military and physical training under personal supervision.

Scope—Admits to colleges on certificate. Lower school for boys of eight to fourteen years. Only recommended boys taken.

Location—A picturesque suburb of Cincinnati, the great art and music center.

Write for catalog to

A. M. HENSHAW, Superintendent, Box 22, College Hill, Ohio

Porter Military Academy

Established in 1867. A national school for boys and [illegible] Has [illegible] Costs [illegible] than the public schools. Send for catalog.

REV. WALTER MITCHELL, D.D.
Box D Charleston, South Carolina

Augusta Military Academy

(Roller's School)

Fort Defiance, Virginia

In the famous Valley of Virginia. Highest endorsement by V. M. I. and State Universities. A school with an [illegible] Steam heat. Electric lights. Gymnasium containing running track, bowling alley, swimming pool. 125 acres with large campus. Able faculty of college men. Best [illegible] Here in the [illegible] 20 miles represented. Last session 39 years of successful work. Charges $600. Catalogue on application.

THOS. J. ROLLER, CHAS. S. ROLLER, Jr., Principals.

MISSOURI Military Academy

Chosen "A" by the U. S. War Dept. [illegible] Thorough preparation for college or business. Certificate of graduation [illegible] Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City Athletics. Rates moderate. Dry town. Address Col. E. Y. Burton, Box 11, Mexico, Mo.

KIMBALL UNION ACADEMY

A high grade preparatory school with a moderate tuition [illegible] 100 acres. New and [illegible] School farm for boys. New gymnasium. Athletic field. School [illegible]

CHARLES ALDEN TRACY, Principal, Meriden, N. H.

Lesley Normal School For Kindergartners and Grade Teachers

[illegible] Highest references. Prepares for kindergarten, play [illegible] and third grades. A limited number of resident pupils.

Mrs. Edith Lesley Wolfard, 29 Everett St., Cambridge, Mass.

The Technical Normal School

A teachers' training school in special branches only. One and two years courses in Public School Music, Drawing, Domestic Science, Domestic Art, Physical Education. Trained faculty. Graduates assisted to positions. Fall term opens Sept. 2nd.

Address Dept. 10, Lewis, Chicago, 3407 Michigan Blvd.

COLBY ACADEMY

New London, N. H. In the New Hampshire Hills. Coeducational. [illegible] Literary, Scientific and Classical courses. Domestic Arts. Music. $175 [illegible] Gymnasium and Athletic field. Moderate terms. Endowment. 61st year.

JUSTIN O. WELLMAN, A.B., Principal

CUSHING ACADEMY

40th year. Endowment permits all the advantages of a high priced school for moderate terms. College certificate. Music. Six modern buildings. Laboratories. Athletic fields. Gymnasium. Co-educational. Winter [illegible] Illustrated booklet. H. S. COWELL, A. M., Prin., Ashburnham, Mass.

Wayland Academy

Beaver Dam, Wis. Co-educational. 8th grade to 1st year college. All courses. 6 buildings. 20 acres. Athletic field. Endowed. Expenses $300. [illegible] Music, Voice Elocution, Stenography. EDWIN P. BROWN, P.O. Box C.B.

new doctor had from the beginning accepted the Major's eccentricities with the air of a man who was working for a salary and not for his employer. So why ask this physician something that was already only too evident to the eyes of the troubled, faithful secretary?

The horrible night was at last over; but Charlin did not seek his bed. He looked at his watch. He wanted to see how the papers handled this latest and most grotesque act of old Beeston's. It was two o'clock when the newsboys began hawking the first editions of the morning paper at Forty-second Street and Broadway; and Charlin, with a bundle under his arm, sought out an all-night restaurant where he could sit in peace and examine them.

As he opened the first paper he was conscious of a distinct thrill. There was not a word about the Cooper Union Meeting on the first page. That indefatigable advertiser, the Major, had been pushed off the first page by some other sensation, with which the editors, in response to the demands of the fickle reading public, would probably fill their display columns for the next week at least. Charlin heaved a sigh of relief. One after another he examined his papers. All, with the exception of Mingling's paper, the Courier, had relegated the time-worn sensation of Beeston to an inside page, some had reduced it to a mere column, one had crowded out the account of the Cooper Union Meeting. The Courier, however, compromised by dividing its first page between the two headliners. Major Beeston was still there as large as life, waving his thousand-dollar check over his head in a flashlight picture. The check itself was reproduced, with the curious signature of the publisher, a signature that seemed almost impossible to counterfeit. Evidently Mingling was still after his business rival, because his paper reported at inordinate length the old man's wandering and pompous utterances. However, it was with a distinct sense of a weight lifted that Charlin realized that all the dogs except one had been called off his idol's heels.

He glanced hurriedly at the reigning new sensation of this new hour as his late supper was brought on. It concerned a police raid on a den of actors, men and women who, under the guidance of one David Hartmann, one-time famous as a Shaksperean reader but never an actor himself because of his bandy legs and grotesque personal appearance, had all but succeeded in a bold plan to rob Mrs. Jeremiah Trigg, a wealthy, harassed philanthropist, by the unusual expedient of duplicating not only the old lady herself but her entire household of servants. But they had been brought to book at a critical moment by the police, led by a young bank clerk, Moberly Grimsy, who by a curious accident had stumbled on a dress rehearsal of the scene. Charlin smiled as he recognized the face of young Grimsy looking out on him from the first page of every newspaper. He had often noticed this young man in his cage at the bank, had in fact passed a word with him on several occasions.

Something prompted Charlin to look up from his examination of the picture; and to his immense surprise he found himself looking straight into the eyes of young Grimsy himself. Grimsy was seated at an adjoining table. Charlin rose and went over to him, paper in hand; and holding out his hand he said:

"I haven't read the story yet, but it looks like a big haul."

Young Grimsy turned to his companion.

"You know Mr. Godahl, don't you, Mr. Charlin?" he said by way of introduction.

"Who does not?" said Charlin, and he found himself shaking hands with that elegant young dandy. Godahl, a well-found young man about town, was famous for the pranks he played on the gay youth of the smart set, who aped his style of dress and his manner. "Who does not know Godahl!" said Charlin, smiling. "Why, he is one of our institutions! Like ——"

"Like Major Beeston," suggested Godahl as he drew out a chair for the newcomer. "You find me sitting up all night with a sick friend." And he indicated the embarrassed Grimsy with a wag of his thumb. "Fame has hit him in the midriff, and he is afraid of his own shadow. How did your meeting come out at Cooper Union? Nice little collection for the poor and needy, I suppose?" asked Godahl with a sly smile. Charlin raised his hands in an expressive gesture.

"I trust we shall have a little rest now, with this David Hartmann business coming

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Black Horse Troop Escort to Vice President Marshall, March 4, 1913

"I have seen the cadets of all nationalities at their work, but I must say that you beat the lot"

GENERAL SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
Founder of Boy Scouts

"Culver is a national asset"

U. S. War Dept. Report 1915.

Copyright 1913

The Culver Type

A boy at Culver associates with other boys from [illegible] every State in the Union [illegible] to live with others [illegible] good mixer." His actions [illegible] of character maintained and cherished by [illegible] wholesome fear of a gun [illegible] not his worst, but his best—his Culver—quality [illegible] he is a good sportsman. His mind is as [illegible] his body is vigorous and his conduct manly. [illegible] Culver catalog fascinates everyone with red blood.

Address The Commandant's Secretary

CULVER MILITARY ACADEMY, Culver, Indiana
(On Lake Maxinkuckee)

RANDOLPH-MACON ACADEMY for Boys and Young Men

Fits for college, scientific schools or business. [illegible] Beautiful [illegible] Location. Modern [illegible] Gymnasium. Terms $285. New catalog. For catalog address

E. SUMTER SMITH, Principal, Bedford City, Va.

WILLISTON SEMINARY FOR BOYS

Scientific and Preparatory Departments. Athletic fields. Five buildings including residence halls, cottage and gymnasium. Write for illustrated booklet. JOSEPH H. SAWYER, L. H. D., Principal, 6 High Street, Easthampton, Mass.

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY (Episcopal)

The American Rugby. Situated on high, well drained land.

Trains the boy for life. [illegible] fads are avoided and [illegible] The result is an improved [illegible] mind, and strengthened moral [illegible] prepared to take his proper place in [illegible] make good." The School appeals to the wide-awake boy and satisfies the [illegible] parent. It is rated by the [illegible] institution." Address

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY
Box 14, Delafield, Waukesha Co., Wis.

Western Military Academy

A preparatory school not excelled by any secular [illegible] in the West. Prepares boys for [illegible] business. Work accepted by Colleges and Universities. Designated an Honor School by the War Dept. Location noted for healthfulness and beauty, [illegible] and equipped [illegible] Large Recreation Room. Swimming Pool. Gym. Large Recreation Room. Supervised athletics, many sports and strong teams.

40th year begins Sept. 10th. Room assignments now being made. Capacity of 300 is taxed annually. Early correspondence is advisable. Tuition $500. Address

COL. A. M. JACKSON, A.M., Superintendent
Box 45, Alton, Illinois

STAUNTON Military Academy

An Ideal Home School for Manly Boys

385 Boys from 45 States last session. Largest Private Academy in the United States. Boys from 10 to 20 years old prepared for the Universities, Government Academies or Business.

1,000 feet above sea-level; pure, dry, bracing mountain air of the famous, proverbially healthful and beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah. Pure mineral spring waters. High moral tone. Parental discipline. Military training develops obedience, health, manly carriage. Fine, shady lawns, expensively equipped gymnasium, swimming pool and athletic park. All manly sports encouraged. Daily drills and exercises in *open air*. Boys from homes of culture and refinement only desired. Personal, individual instruction by our *tutorial system*. Standards and traditions high. *Academy fifty-four years old.* New $150,000 barracks, full equipment, absolutely fireproof. Charges $360. Handsome catalog free. Address

COLONEL WILLIAM G. KABLE, Ph. D., Principal, Staunton, Va.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

SEA PINES

Home School for Girls

Distinctively Devoted to Developing Personalities

Genuine happy home life, personal attention and care. Growing girls inspired by wholesome and beautiful ideals of real womanhood. Location climate exceptionally favorable for an outdoor life, with tennis, basketball, boating, bathing, riding, golf, etc. 1000 feet above sea level. Hygienic and up-to-date throughout. Especially fine record in health. Extensive recreation grounds. Modern equipment. Thorough courses in English, French, German, Spanish—native teachers. All branches of study under patient and expert instructors. Address

Rev. THOMAS BICKFORD, Miss FAITH BICKFORD, Prins., P. O. Box M, Brewster, Cape Cod, Mass.

Sweet Briar College

Sweet Briar, Va.

For Women. A four years' collegiate course leads to the A. B. degree. A sub-freshman department prepares for college. Strong music department. Located in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains on an estate of 3000 acres. Health conditions unsurpassed. On Southern Railroad south of Washington. Ninth year opens Sept. 22, 1914. Catalogue and views sent on application.

DR. MARY K. BENEDICT, President, Box 137

Southern Seminary

48th Year. For Girls and Young Women.

LOCATION. Notable health record. THE SCHOOL. THE HOME. HOME LIFE IN THE MODERN SCHOOL.

SOUTHERN SEMINARY, BOX 977 BUENA VISTA VA

WARD-BELMONT

Uniting and Continuing, on beautiful Belmont Hill, BELMONT COLLEGE for Young Women (35th year) and WARD SEMINARY for Young Ladies (60th Year).

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

IRA LANDRITH, President, J. D. BLANTON, Vice President

Lasell Seminary

Auburndale, Massachusetts. 10 Miles from Boston

Courses in Language, Literature, Science, Music and Art, with thorough instruction in the theory and practice of Household Economics. Instruction given in the Art of Entertaining, House Furnishing and Management, Marketing, Cooking, Dressmaking and Millinery. Twenty acres, twelve buildings. Tennis, Boating, Swimming, Riding and other sports are encouraged.

G. M. WINSLOW, Ph.D., Principal, 118 Woodland Road

BRENAU COLLEGE CONSERVATORY

GAINESVILLE, GA. P.O. BOX F

Located among the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, famous health resort. College of first rank; Conservatory in affiliation. Special courses in music, art, oratory, domestic science. Average expense, scholastic year, $350. Summer term, $60. Students from 30 states. Summer term, June 30. Fall term Sept. 15. Complete story in illustrated catalog on request.

COMBS CONSERVATORY

Where you get the benefit of an original system which has produced phenomenal results. Individual attention is given to each student. Faculty of specialists in Piano, Voice, Violin, Harmony, Theory, Composition, Public School Music, Languages, Dramatic Art, Elocution, Physical Culture, Dancing, Normal Training. Diploma and Teachers' Certificate. Recitals and lectures by eminent musicians. Students may enter at any time. Catalog free.

Address, Gilbert Raymonde Combs, Director, 1325 S. Broad Street, Phila.

Wheaton College FOR WOMEN

Norton, Mass.

(30 miles from Boston.) Full four-year course with A. B. degree. Training for efficient home making as well as for the duties of life. Special two-year [illegible] courses in English, Library Science, Music, Art, Expression, Physical Education, Business, Home Economics, Secretarial Training. Rev. Samuel V. Cole, L.H.D., LL.D., Pres.

Bradford Academy For Young Women

BRADFORD, MASSACHUSETTS. 112th year opens September 16th. Thirty miles from Boston. Address the Principal.

Miss LAURA A. KNOTT, A.M.

THE LOUDOUN Select School for Girls and Young Ladies

Location to Washington, D. C. Rare combination of social advantages of National Capital with home comforts of refined family life. Healthful, beautiful. Preparatory and [illegible] college courses. Personal attention. Catalog.

Rev. G. L. Allen, A. M., Ph. D., Pres., Box 533, Belmont, Va.

William Woods College owned by the Christian Churches of Missouri. A [illegible] fully accredited by State University, 3 years' state [illegible] to graduates. Special courses to count [illegible] Art, Expression, Physical Education, Commercial [illegible]

CHEVY CHASE SEMINARY

Washington, D. C. A home school, preparatory and [illegible] for girls. Music, Art, Languages, Domestic Science. Campus of eleven acres for outdoor [illegible] Attractive [illegible] Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Barker, Prins.

LOWTHORPE SCHOOL

OF LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE AND HORTICULTURE for Women. Founded 1902. Opens to women a new and [illegible] field of work. Two-year course [illegible] For information apply to Percival Gallagher, Manager, Groton, Mass.

Akeley Hall

Location unsurpassed on beautiful Lake Michigan. Thorough preparation for College. Music, Art, Domestic Science, Physical Culture. Excellent [illegible] tennis, basketball, boating, [illegible] separate house for younger girls. Rosenland, Grand Haven, Michigan. Miss Helen Yemans, Resident Principal, Grand Haven, Michigan.

FERRY HALL

[illegible] preparatory for Girls. Junior College. Certificate accepted by Smith, Vassar, Wellesley, Mt. Holyoke and Bryn Mawr. Art, Music, expression, domestic science. Swimming pool. Gymnasium and athletic field. [illegible]

MISS FRANCES L. HUGHES, Box 303, LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS

MISS HART'S Training School for Kindergartners

5040 Walnut St., Philadelphia. Junior, Senior, Graduate and Normal Trainers' Courses. Practice Kindergartens. Opens October 1st, 1914. For particulars address

Miss CAROLINE M. C. HART, The Pines, Rutledge, Pa.

The Fannie A. Smith Froebel Kindergarten and Training School

We have found the demand for our graduates greater than we can supply. [illegible] year course. [illegible]

Fannie A. Smith, Principal, 871 Lafayette St., Bridgeport, Conn.

TILTON SEMINARY

In the foothills of the White Mountains. Seven buildings, including a $30,000 gymnasium and new dining hall. Separate dormitories for young men and women. Athletic fields. Preparation for college or business. Music, Art, Elocution. Manual Training. Special courses for high school graduates. Home Economics, including Sewing, Dressmaking and Domestic Science. Moderate rates.

CHASE COTTAGE FOR YOUNG BOYS

Formerly the [illegible] Number limited. All advantages of Seminary faculty, gymnasium and athletic fields. [illegible] other [illegible] privileges at moderate terms. For information of either department address

GEORGE L. PLIMPTON, Principal, 34 School Street, Tilton, N. H.

up," said the secretary hopefully. "Tell me, are Hartmann and his gang mixed up in anything else, or is it just this Trigg matter?"

"Do you know a man named Sarny?" asked Godahl suddenly, ignoring the other's question. As a matter of fact Godahl—the infallible Godahl—had played the rôle of stage manager in the raid on the actor's gang, but he had managed it so cleverly that his name had not appeared at all. The rogue had not spoiled the cleverly conceived plot of substitution because of any embarrassing compunctions, but simply because the plot was directed against poor harassed Mrs. Trigg, whom he greatly admired. Just now he didn't care to talk about David Hartmann and his gang of made-to-order doubles, because, to tell the truth, his part in that adventure had left a bad taste in his mouth.

"Do you know a man named Sarny?" he asked, eying Charlin sharply.

"Damn his hide! What's he up to now? It's that little shrimp who was at the bottom of our troubles."

"Well," said Godahl, smiling, "I don't know what he is up to now, but it looks to me as if he had decided to make a career of Major Beeston. He has hired out to Mingling and is now in the city—so I hear, anyway; and I pass the information on to you for what it is worth."

"The devil you say!" cried Charlin.

"And Mingling is after Beeston—always has been, ever since Beeston busted into the book business. I don't need to tell you that. Putting two and two together makes four very simply, I should say," added Godahl. "You know Mingling's fine Italian hand as well as I do—better, I suppose. Now, Mr. Charlin, I am not taking sides in this matter. Both gentlemen are among our foremost institutions, and may the best man win! But meeting you here on this propitious occasion"—and Godahl waved airily toward young Grimsy, who was reading newspapers—"I can do no less than pass you the latest news about your friend Sarny."

Charlin turned over the pages of the Courier, Mingling's morning paper. Godahl's news explained it all. There was a page and a half devoted to the farce at Cooper Union, sickening drivel that did not omit, in detail, a single inconsequential act of the senile old man. And Sarny, with his teeth sharpened for the task by hatred, had been employed to be in at the death.

Sick at heart, Charlin arose and, gathering his things, started out, leaving his food untasted. This was a bitter night for him indeed! First, to have come suddenly to the realization that the great mind of his employer, which he had worshiped through all these years as something absolute, was not an absolute thing after all; and then that his employer's implacable enemy, Mingling, had seized on this moment to crush his rival—these were the thoughts that Charlin carried to bed with him. It was small wonder that when he arose at daylight, with eyes that burned in their sockets, he had not slept a wink. He would force his way in to the stronghold of Beeston, which had been shut to him practically since that day at the Villa Tricorne when he had whisked his employer away from the pursuing Sarny. He would be faithful to this man in spite of the man. How better could he prove himself worthy of the trust that the Major had so long reposed in him, than by acting now and saving the Major from himself? One had but to look at the bland, smooth face of the Major to realize that he needed nothing so much as salvation from himself.

It was eight o'clock when one of the secretaries brought Charlin word that Beeston was at breakfast, attended only by Hopkinson and the morning papers. The old man, said the assistant secretary, apparently was not in the best of humor—due, no doubt, thought Charlin with a bitter smile, to the lack of advertising he had secured from his latest exploit.

Charlin did not announce himself. He pushed his way in through the corridor and softly opened the door, which had a trick spring concealed under the knob for the express purpose of keeping chance visitors out. On the threshold he paused. There sat Beeston at table, surrounded by his mountain of papers. He closed the door with a slight jar and advanced boldly. The old man turned on him with a start. Hopkinson, who had at that moment entered with a tray from the butler's pantry, stopped still in his tracks, staring in astonishment at this effrontery. The old man went apoplectic with rage.

"What the devil are you here for?" he cried. "Get out!"

Charlin continued to advance. He had his line of attack on his tongue's end. He put a hand on the Major's arm.

"Major!" he said sharply; "I am here because you need me more than you need anybody else in the world. They are after you!"

Hopkinson, at this psychological moment, dropped his tray of dishes—unheard-of thing! The master turned his head so slowly and evenly that it seemed operated by machinery. He stared at the manservant; and the manservant stared at him. To Charlin's wondering eyes the pair seemed to hypnotize each other. Charlin sprang forward, regardless of the explosion which he felt sure was coming. It would be terrible when the storm burst—Hopkinson guilty of such a blunder! But this was no time to stand on ceremony.

"Get out of here!" cried Charlin in exasperation. He seized the flabby mummy by the shoulders and, paying no heed to the scattered contents of the tray, he propelled the valet to the door and through it. Then he came back to his master, who had regarded the scene in silence. The secretary turned on the old man almost fiercely.

"They are after you!" he repeated. "Do you know what that means? You have to get out—quick!"

The old man whistled through his fat lips, still staring stupidly at Charlin. He seemed incapable of utterance. Finally he found his voice.

"After us?" he said incredulously. "After us?" he repeated, and his eyes wandered to the door through which the valet had disappeared. His gaze came back to the pile of newspapers lying on his table, and he pointed at them with trembling fingers. "But," he whispered, "Hartmann is in jail. Do they know ——"

He ceased abruptly, looking queerly at Charlin.

"Hartmann?" cried Charlin savagely, his troubled mind vaguely trying to follow what he imagined to be the old man's maundering. "Hartmann? What the devil do we care about Hartmann? It's Mingling Mingling, I tell you!"

At this information the fishy eyes of the old man seemed to become even more clouded. He drew a long breath, seemed to be making an effort to control himself. When at last he spoke he repeated abstractedly: "Mingling? Mingling?" as if the name were new to him.

"Yes, Major, Mingling," reiterated the secretary, now convinced that the Major's mind was wandering. "You haven't forgotten your worst enemy, have you?".

"To be sure. To be sure!" replied the old man, recovering himself. "And what of Mingling, Charlin? Forgive me, I am disturbed!" His gaze reverted to the papers on the table.

"Mingling has got hold of Sarny," went on Charlin. "He means to smother you, you understand. You are not strong enough to stay and fight him now. You must get away—hide. Go any place! It doesn't make any difference so long as you get away—hide!"

"Yes, hide!" repeated the old man. "Where is my wife? Where are the children?" asked the old man, now thoroughly himself again. Charlin's straight talk had had the effect of a cold douche.

"Mrs. Beeston is in Florida. Goodness knows where the boy is. I have had several letters from your daughter Helen. She is at Bedford Lodge; and, Major, she is extremely solicitous about you ——"

"Ha-ha!" he roared, banging the table with his fist. "Solicitous! That's good! My daughter solicitous! Why, Charlin, you liar, my daughter wouldn't know me if she met me face to face. Solicitous, Charlin!"

"Yes, Major."

"I'll go away. I'll go to Bedford. You take the first train. Hopkinson will bring me out in the car at noon. Clear the house!" he cried fiercely. "Clear the house of the whole kit and caboodle of them! Pack 'em away! Get 'em out of my sight, Charlin!"

Charlin helped the old man to his feet. The master leaned heavily on him, gazing fixedly at the door through which the discomfited Hopkinson had been propelled.

"Have me smuggled out of here, Charlin. No one must see me! No one must know—you understand, Charlin, eh? Be off! Here! Remember! Not a hide nor hair of them! Remember that, Charlin."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LA PREFERENCIA

The celebrated pioneer Broad Leaf-Havana cigar, that has never been successfully imitated.

Experienced smokers appreciate its deliciously mellow, sweet, full Flavor, unvarying Quality and superior Workmanship.

HAVANA-AMERICAN CO., N.Y.

THE NATIONAL SMOKE

Lamps that last longer

—lamps built not only for brilliance but for reliability—are marked with this name—

EDISON MAZDA
Automobile Lamps

It is your guarantee that back of every detail there lies the unrivalled EDISON experience of making over 500 million incandescent lamps and the world-wide research of "MAZDA Service."

These are the lamps used in equipping over 40 leading cars, and for renewals everywhere by owners of cars, motor boats and motorcycles.

You get these lamps wherever you see an EDISON Agency or Service Station sign. You can get a complete set—all packed in this handy little lamp-chest. And by keeping this chest always filled with new EDISON MAZDAS, you protect yourself against emergencies and insure maximum efficiency from your lighting system.

A complete set of EDISON MAZDAS for your car—headlights, sidelights, speedometer and taillights—can be had packed in this handy little chest.

Be sure the MAZDA lamps you buy bear the name EDISON

EDISON LAMP WORKS
OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
General Sales Office, Harrison, N.J. Agencies Everywhere
4777

No. 0 Brownie

The little camera that does big things.

Price $1.25

Photograph made with No. 0 Brownie (Actual Size).

HERE is an efficient little camera that any boy or girl can operate—so light and compact as to be easily packed or carried without inconvenience—so accurate that enlargements can be made from the negatives to the post card size without loss of detail.

The No. 0 Brownie uses Kodak Film Cartridges of eight exposures (size of pictures 1⅝ x 2½ inches), loading and unloading in daylight. Has automatic shutter for time and snap shot exposures, tested meniscus lens, and two finders. It is neat, strong, attractive. You can do your own developing and printing (without a darkroom), or your dealer will do it or have it done for you.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

Ask your dealer to show you one, or write us for Kodak catalogue.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Buy Wider Tires

Get This Extra Service When You Pay an Extra Price

This is today's chief tire question: Can I get less trouble—longer service—by paying an extra price?

You can. But not by paying more than Goodyear prices for the same-size tire. You can't buy better than No-Rim-Cut tires.

But nearly every motorist can use a half-inch wider tire—and one inch larger. And it will perfectly fit his rim. For instance—

A 31 x 3½ will fit the rim using a 30 x 3.
A 33 x 4 will fit the rim using a 32 x 3½.
A 37 x 5 will fit the rim using a 36 x 4½.

So with many other sizes. Your dealer will inform you. It will pay you well to use the largest size that your wheel allows.

No Extra Price to Many

Many of you now pay for tires more than Goodyears cost. Sixteen makes are sold at extra prices. Some are one-third higher. And a half-inch wider Goodyear doesn't cost as much.

That extra price can buy you nothing better than Goodyear, so far as our tests clearly show. No extra mileage—no less trouble—no longer service. For Goodyear is the utmost in a tire.

Let it buy a real advantage. Let it, if you pay it, buy a wider tire—more size, more air capacity. Then the extra will come back to you—perhaps over and over—in the added mileage.

All That Tires Should Cost

In our opinion, Goodyear tires cost all that tires should cost. If there are ways to make tires better, we have never found them out.

And we should know. We spend $100,000 yearly on research, tests and experiments—just to make sure that Goodyears are not anywhere excelled.

In four ways they excel all others—in the four great trouble-saving features listed at the right. So we see no reason why a same-size tire should cost $5 to $15 more.

Goodyear prices are simply due to Goodyear popularity. Our No-Rim-Cut tires once cost far more than other standard makes. But multiplied output and new efficiency brought those prices down.

They outsell any other tire. The sales this year are growing faster than ever. That after millions have been tested on some hundreds of thousands of cars. All of which argues that Goodyear prices buy the best that men can give. Any dealer can supply you.

Goodyear's Four Exclusive Features

These four great features are embodied in Goodyear tires alone:

No-Rim-Cut feature—the faultless way to end rim-cutting. It makes this trouble impossible—that we guarantee.

"On-Air" cure—an exclusive process conducted under actual road conditions. It costs us $1,500 daily, but it saves the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric.

Rubber rivets—hundreds of which are formed in each tire to combat tread separation. They reduce the risk 60 per cent.

All-Weather treads—the tough, double-thick anti-skids. Flat and smooth, so they run like a plain tread; but with deep, sharp, resistless grips.

These are all costly features. They are saving tire users millions of dollars. But not one is found in any tire save the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire. Tell your dealer that you want this tire.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Toronto, Canada London, England Mexico City, Mexico

Dealers Everywhere Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber

(1739)

You've had a Bath!

with

JAP ROSE

The "Instant Lather" Soap

There is nothing so nice for the bath and toilet as this *good* soap. Rose scented bubbles of health-giving purity and fragrance.

You can buy fancier packages and get less soap value, more penetrating odor and less refinement.

You pay ten cents the cake for Jap Rose and get the *best* bath and toilet soap made.

Special Jap Rose Week End Package—Contains a miniature of Jap Rose Soap, Jap Rose Talcum Powder and Jap Rose Toilet Water—for 15 cents in stamps or coin.

JAMES S. KIRK & CO., 347 East Austin Avenue, Chicago, U. S. A.

Old Dutch Cleanser
Chases Dirt
Old Dutch Cleanser
Chases Dirt
MAKES EVERYTHING "SPICK AND SPAN"
Take it off with